Sept. 26, 1983

THE NEW YORKER

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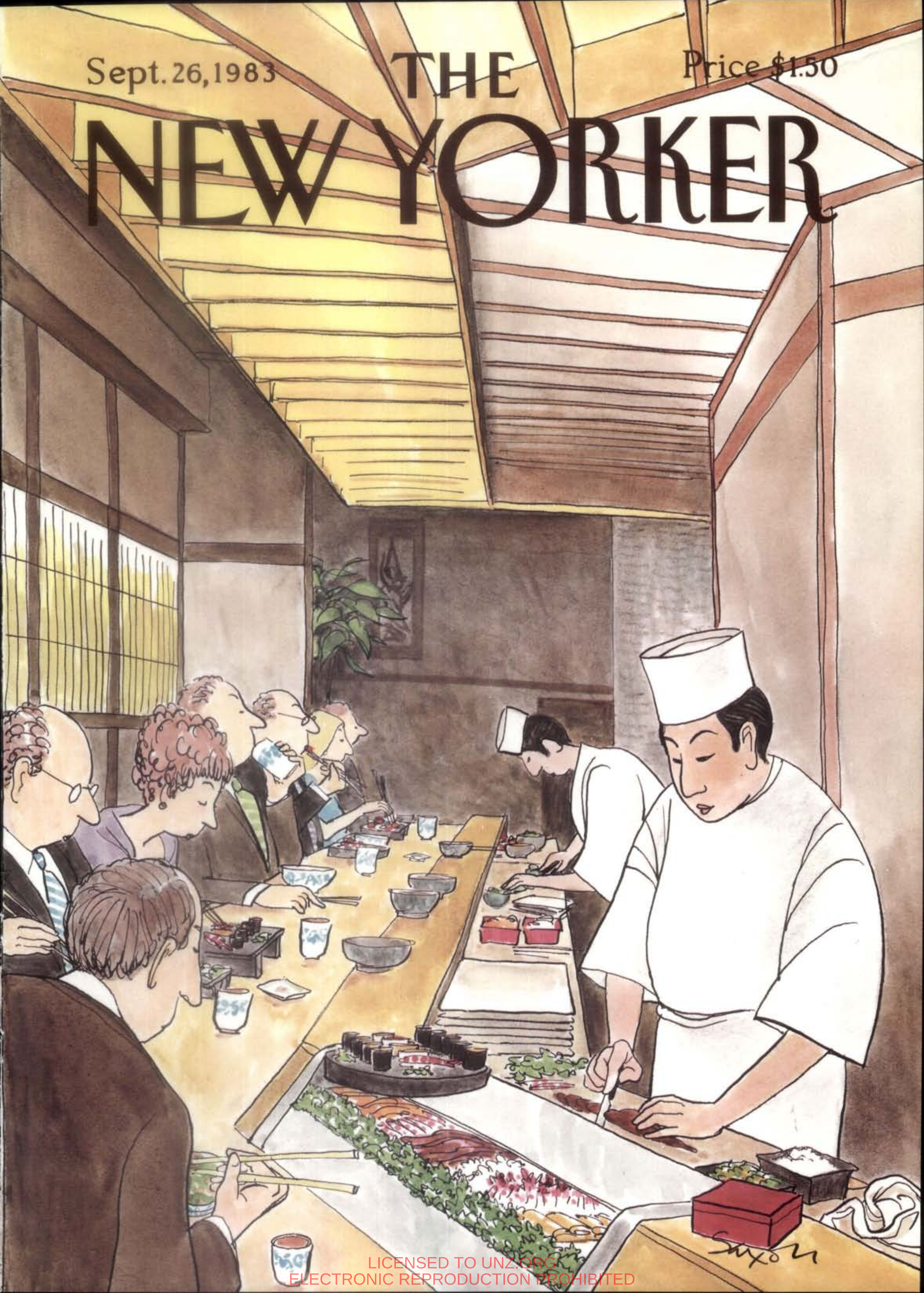

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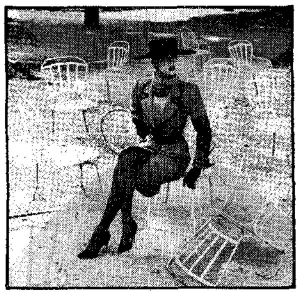

From today till November 6, Bloomingdale's will celebrate a romance with France that began a century ago, with our first trips to see and to buy. Today, the romance blooms into a true love affair.

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SEPTEMBER 13 – NOVEMBER 6

bloomingdale's

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Basin Street: The Storyville Musical—As the title states, with a book by G. William Oakley and Michael Hulett, music by Turk Murphy, and lyrics by Mr. Hulett. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 25.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe" first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider was the impeccable director. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/27/83.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. Now with Fisher Stevens as the wisecracking adolescent Neil. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A musical worth attending for the performances by George Hearn and Gene Barry as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez and for the production itself, which is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics, which in the context are oddly conventional; the book, by Harvey Fierstein, is a primerlike and unnecessary defense of a drag queen's capacity to experience family love. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—A distinguished cast, headed by Michael Moriarty and Philip Bosco, breathes plenty of life into Herman Wouk's time-tested melodrama about a Navy minesweeper in the Second World War. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Edmund Kean—A one-man play by Raymund FitzSimons, starring Ben Kingsley. Alison Sutcliffe is the director. Previews through Monday, Sept. 26. Opens officially on Tuesday, Sept. 27, and will run through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Christopher Fry's comedy "The Lady's Not for Burning" will be the first in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Sept. 22, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 9. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Two Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, Sept. 22-23, at 8:30; Saturday, Sept. 24, at 4 and 8:30; and Sunday, Sept. 25, at 4: **The Mikado.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, Sept. 29-30, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 1, at 3:30 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 2, at 3:30: **Princess Ida.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288.)

My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twiggy are the stars of this merry, newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's eloquent play about a young woman determined to end her life, superbly acted by Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The director was Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Your Toes—The Rodgers and Hart musical, with choreography by George Balanchine, has survived wonderfully undiminished after the wear and tear of almost fifty years. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Orgasmo Adulto Escapes from the Zoo—Estelle Parsons in a one-woman performance of eight short plays by Dario Fo and Franca Rame. The plays are being presented in two parts. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Part I: Wednesdays and Fridays at 8, and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ Part II: Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 8. . . . ¶ Selections from both parts: Tuesdays at 8. Closes Sunday, Oct. 2.)

Preppies—A foolish, harmless musical spoof. (Promenade, Broadway and 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Colin Stinton, and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **Galas.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Sad Lament of Pecos Bill on the Eve of Killing His Wife and Superstitions—A pair of brief, musical one-acters. The words are by the incomparable Sam Shepard and the songs, in all varieties, by a group called the Overtones, along with Mr. Shepard. Mark Petrakis and O-lan Shepard act and sing to perfection. (Reviewed in this issue.) (La Mama, 74A E.

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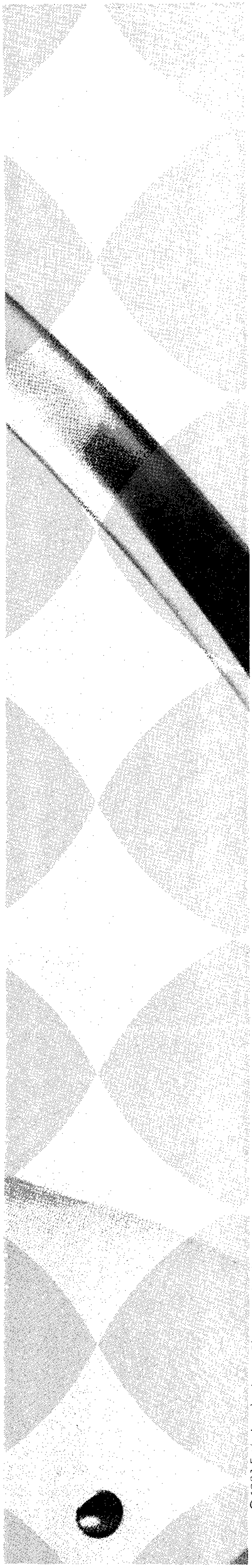

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4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 2.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

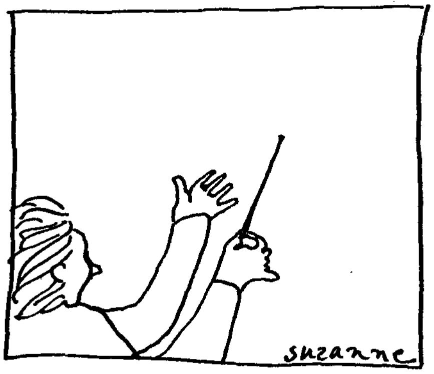
Uncle Vanya—This production is more Andrei Serban (director) than Anton Chekhov (playwright), but it has its engaging moments all the same. Joseph Chaikin, F. Murray Abraham, and Frances Conroy are among the good actors. (Reviewed in this issue.) (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 2.)

A Weekend Near Madison—All the characters in Kathleen Tolan's play were friends back in the sixties and have gone their separate ways since then. They are, by and large, a plaintive, talky lot except for a lesbian rock singer who is on top of the world at this low-spirited reunion. Mary McDonnell gives a cheerful, funny performance as the singer, and the other actors—especially Randle Mell—do quite well, too. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Yellow Fever—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi was the deft playwright, and the Sam Spade role—here named Sam Shikaze—is assumed with admirable aplomb by Donald Li. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas's direction. (1/17/83) (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 586-2696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

You Can't Take It with You—Eddie Albert, Colleen Dewhurst, and an army of others in the Kaufman-Hart comedy of 1936. Most of the lines and all of the fireworks are as funny as ever. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with John Horton, John Thomas Waite, and Maureen Moore heading the large cast. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 27, Daniel Davis and Peter Crook will replace the Messrs. Horton and Waite. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EXTREMITIES:** Farrah Fawcett in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,736 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREATER TUNA:** Ron Lee Savin and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed almost twenty years ago. Sergio Franchi plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a seething satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phillip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production originally, has now been transformed by the clowning of James Belushi and Gary Cole. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)



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MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century—Wednesday evening, Sept. 21, and Saturday matinée and evening, Sept. 24: "Eros Thanatos." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Sept. 22-23; Sunday matinée, Sept. 25; Tuesday evening, Sept. 27; and Saturday matinée and evening, Oct. 1: "Wien, Wien, Nur du Allein" (American première). . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 28: Two American premières—"Greek Dances" and "Concerto in Re"—and "Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Sept. 29-30: "Concerto in Re," "The Divine" (American première), and "Rite of Spring." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Oct. 9.)

Bat Dor Dance Company of Israel—Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 2: "Cloven Kingdom," "Games They Play," "Rhapsody," and "Prophetic Visions." . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 24, and Monday, Sept. 26, at 8: "Blue Skin," "Women Song," "Othello," and "Journey." . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 25, at 3: "Blue Skin," "Women Song," "Games They Play," and "Prophetic Visions." . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 25, at 7:30: "Khamsin," "Eve of Death," "Alto Rhapsody," and "And After." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 8: "Illusion," "Tzaikerk," "Jeremiah," and "And After." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 2: "Cloven Kingdom," "Eve of Death," "Alto Rhapsody," and "And After." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Rhapsody," "Jeremiah," "Tzaikerk," and "Journey." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, Oct. 2.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances of mostly modern dance. **RACHEL HARMS DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, Sept. 28, and Friday, Sept. 30, at 8. . . . **CHARLES MOORE DANCE THEATRE:** Thursday, Sept. 29, and Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 2, at 2 and 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

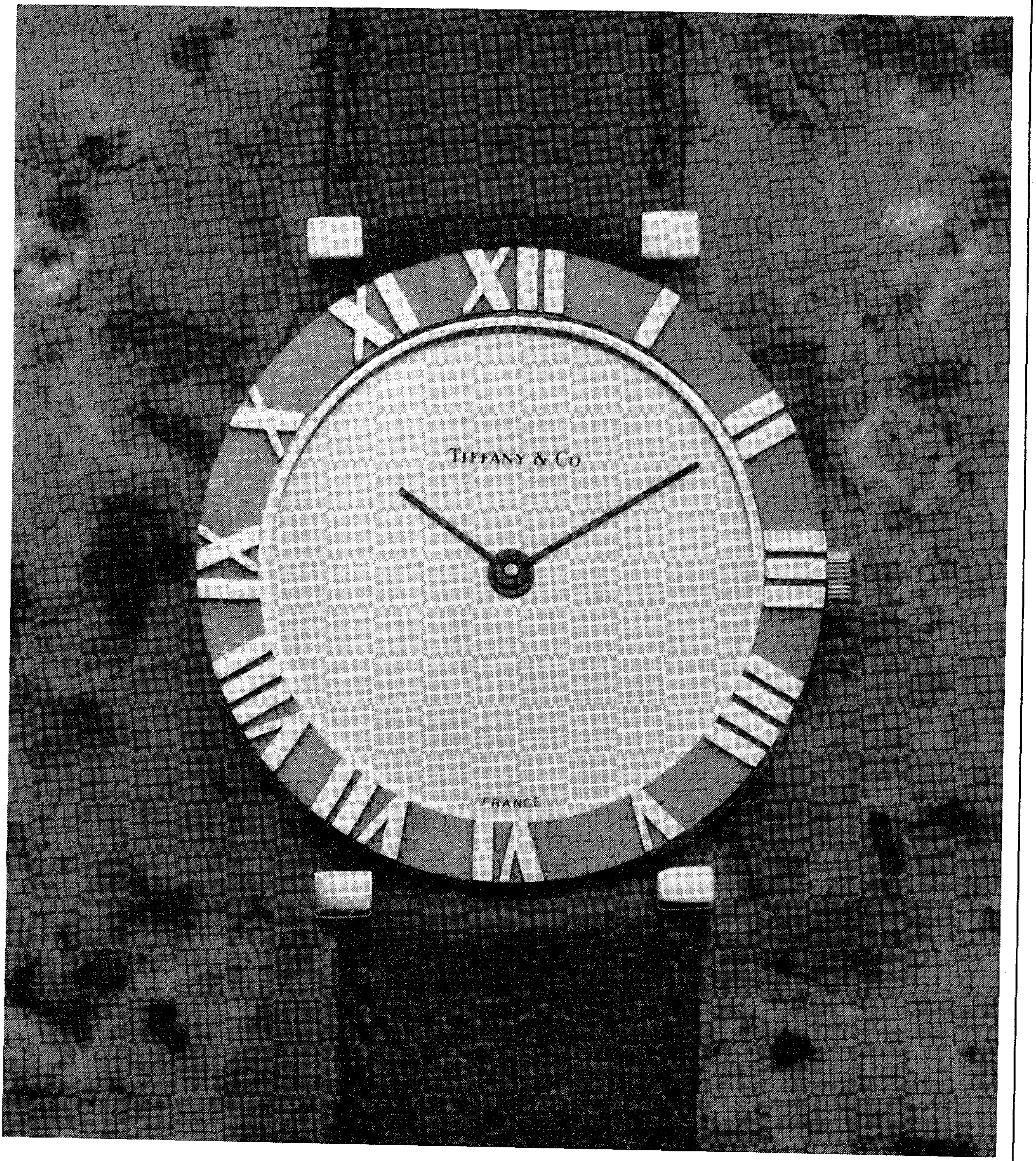
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, hard-bopping tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** will lead his band. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Wednesday, Sept. 21, Latin-jazz flutist **DAVE VALENTIN;** Thursday and Friday, Sept. 22-23, percussionist **RAY BARRETTO** and his Salsa/Jazz Orchestra; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 24-25, the fiery alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA;** Monday, Sept. 26, Destiny, with Bryan Carrott, and Karen McPherson and Stephanie Crawford; and starting Tuesday, Sept. 27, Leny Andrade. Music from nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied roster: Wednesday, Sept. 21, Adrian Belew; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, Tower of Power; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, **NRBQ.** Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through



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Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Joyce Collins and **RED MITCHELL** play piano-bass duets through Saturday, Sept. 24; on Sunday, Sept. 25, pianist **HANK JONES** will join **RED MITCHELL** for a week. Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Wednesdays and Thursdays from eleven to two, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** leads a trio. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave., at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Peter Nero can be found in the Café Carlyle performing Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has moved back into this dark-brown restaurant around the corner from Carnegie Hall. His delicate, elegant piano solos, performed before hushed, attentive audiences, are encased, at times, in very short sets. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry: Wednesday, Sept. 21, Skunkedelic, Token White, the Late Shift, and American Standard. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Pianist **BOBBY ENRIQUEZ** plays beautiful, satisfying solos every night of the week (pant! pant!). Shows at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Sept. 21, James Kelly; Saturday, Sept. 24, Kenny Kosek, Alan Feldman, and Rick Epping; Wednesday, Sept. 28, Eileen Clohessy, Johnny Cronin, and Maureen and Tom Doherty; and Saturday, Oct. 1, String Fling, with Stacy Phillips. Music Wednesdays from eight and Saturdays from nine.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. Sunday, Sept. 25, pianist Mike LeDonne's quartet will take charge from about nine-fifteen. On Mondays, trumpeter Ed Polcer heads his group from eight-thirty, and on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A spiffy downstairs jazz room that has, for the moment, become a jazz vocalist's room: **ESTHER SATTERFIELD** is here through Sunday, Sept. 25, and on Tuesday, Sept. 27, **MORGANA KING** will come in. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, Sept. 21, True West, the Cyclones, and Never Never; Thursday, Sept. 22, Helen Hooke & Cindy Scalfi and Linda Webb; Saturday, Sept. 24, singers **TERRY GARTHWAITE, BOBBIE LOUISE HAWKINS,** and **ROSALIE SORRELS;** Sunday, Sept. 25, Jane Brucker; Monday, Sept. 26, Lynn Samuels; Tuesday, Sept. 27, Suzanne Vega, Michael Fracasso, Carrie, and Bob Miles; Wednesday, Sept. 28, Legal Weapon; Thursday, Sept. 29 (at eight and eleven), **BOYS OF THE LOUGH;** Friday, Sept. 30, **GEORGE GERDES & HIS ALL-MALE VEGETARIAN ORCHESTRA;** and Saturday, Oct. 1, bluesman **BROWNIE MC GHEE.** Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. Wednesday, Sept. 21, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** and pianist **STANLEY COWELL;** Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 22-24, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND;** Sunday, Sept. 25, pianist **ARMEN DONELIAN;** Monday through Thursday, Sept. 26-29, **ARMEN DONELIAN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ;** and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, pianist **HUGH LAWSON** and his trio. Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER'S** trio, which features pianist **DON FRIEDMAN,** is present through Sunday, Sept. 25. On Mondays, pianist Baba Motta works with bassist John Belzaguy, and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin about ten. On Sundays from five to ten, Baba Motta is present, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—**ART HODES,** whose sets are less like sets and more like History of the Jazz Piano 101, as he dips into Jelly Roll Morton, Fats Waller, Count Basie's early and late blue periods, and other swinging musical memorabilia. Through Saturday, Sept. 24. Sunday and Monday, Sept. 25-26, will be claimed by a fine, more modernist pianist, **MIKE ABENE,** and on Tuesday, Sept. 27, **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** who looks like a wisp of a girl but is actually a fireball of a stride pianist, will move in. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A large room with ceiling fans, jazz fans, and dancing fans. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, will be given over to **SUN RA** and his **ARKESTRA,** and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND** will play for the deft of foot. Music from ten. Dancing.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

CORT
THEATRE

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The good reasons are the good pianists and bassists: **DR. BILLY TAYLOR** and **VICTOR GASKIN,** who have settled in for the Tuesday-through-Sunday shift, and the Sunday and Monday guys, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can spot the down-home folks; they're the guys in Bermudas and sockless loafers who look like former high-school football players. Wednesday, Sept. 21, will belong to **SOLOMON BURKE,** former boy preacher and sixties soul star. Mr. Burke, who is wonderfully expressive whether he's singing loud and strafing or soft and low, always (somehow) comes across as subtle and convincing, and he can get his audiences considerably worked up—he wasn't a boy preacher for nothing. If asked to testify at the end of his sets, they'd gladly say, "I believe. I believe. I believe in the rhythm and blues." The rest of the lineup: Thursday, Sept. 22, Sam Moore and the Screamin' Honkers; Sunday and Monday, Sept. 25-26, blues singer **PAUL BUTTERFIELD;** and Thursday, Sept. 29, Chicago-blues musicians **BUDDY GUY & JUNIOR WELLS** and Elly Brown. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it, even though it's been around less than two years. Open-minded Thelonius Sphere Monk lovers be on alert: **SPHERE,** a quartet composed of **CHARLIE ROUSE** (Monk's tenor saxophonist for more than ten years), **BEN RILEY,** (Monk's drummer for a bit in the sixties), bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and pianist **KENNY BARRON,** lovingly performs Monk tunes (they also perform Benny Carter tunes and their own originals) Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 22-25. If you're open-minded enough, you won't be disconcerted by the familiar phrasing of Charlie Rouse coupled with the un-Monk-like smooth piano of Kenny Barron—nobody's as rough around the edges as Monk was. The rest of the schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 21, Jessica Williams; Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 27-28, (E. J.) Eddie Allen; and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 29-Oct. 2, Argentine pianist **JORGE DALTO.** Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS;** Monday, Sept. 26, Benny Russell; Wednesday, Sept. 28, Ivy Ray; Thursday, Sept. 29, Alvin Fields; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his latest class of **JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and, lately, more-than-occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 21, the Adults, L4, and Mystery Girls; Thursday, Sept. 22, Squeaky Clean, Strate A's, and Sharps; Friday, Sept. 23, the **PERSUASIONS** and **BRIDGET ST. JOHN;** Saturday, Sept. 24, alto saxophonist-singer **OLIVER LAKE** and his reggae-and-blues band **JUMP UP** and Pluto Pluck & the I Witness; Sunday, Sept. 25, Mark Suozzo; Monday, Sept. 26, Stevie & the Riffs, Whirling Dervishes, and the Party; Wednesday, Sept. 28, Bachelors of Art, Falgares, and the Spinouts; Thursday, Sept. 29, Kitty Bruce, Bouncing Balls, and Accent on Travvel; Friday, Sept. 30, Chicago-blues singer and guitarist **OTIS RUSH** and Topper Lilien; and Saturday, Oct. 1, blues guitarist **LUTHER ALLISON** and Mojo Bone. Tuesday is comedy night with Nancy Parker, Chicago City Limits, Otto & George, and the Gross National Product. Shows start at ten and

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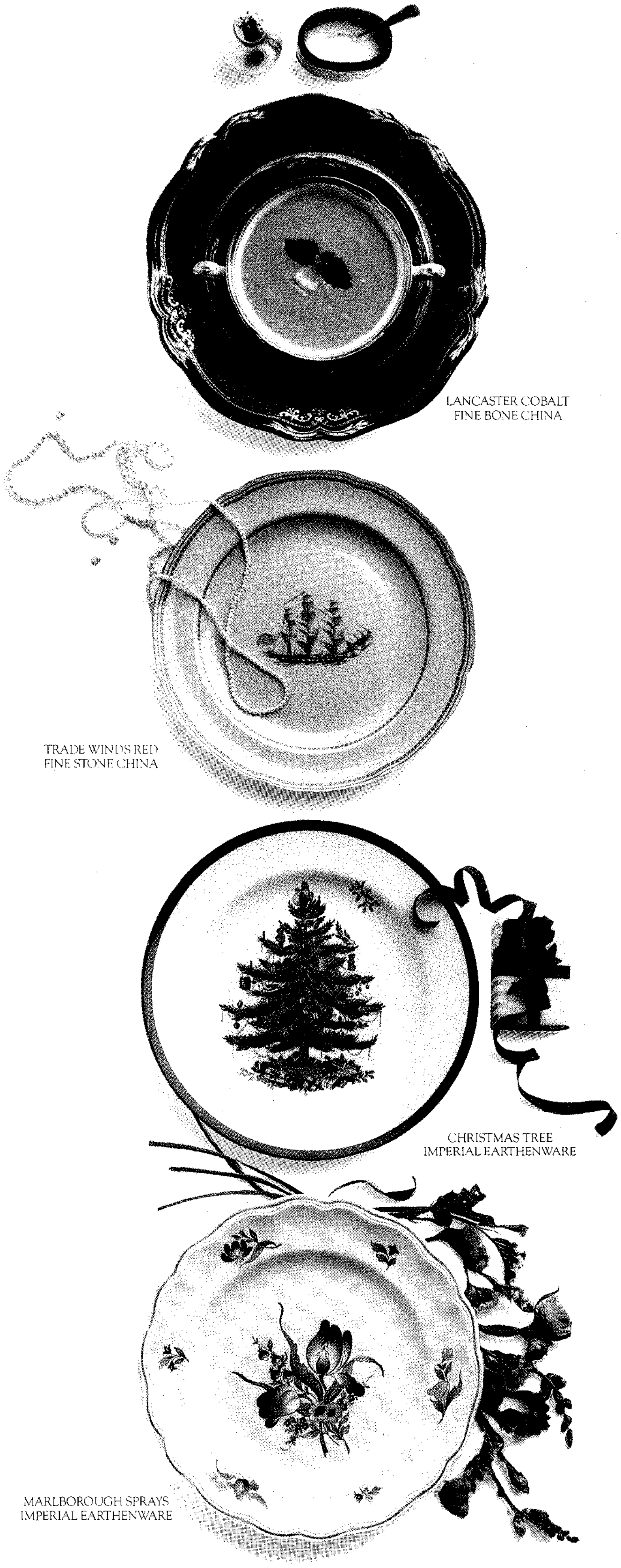

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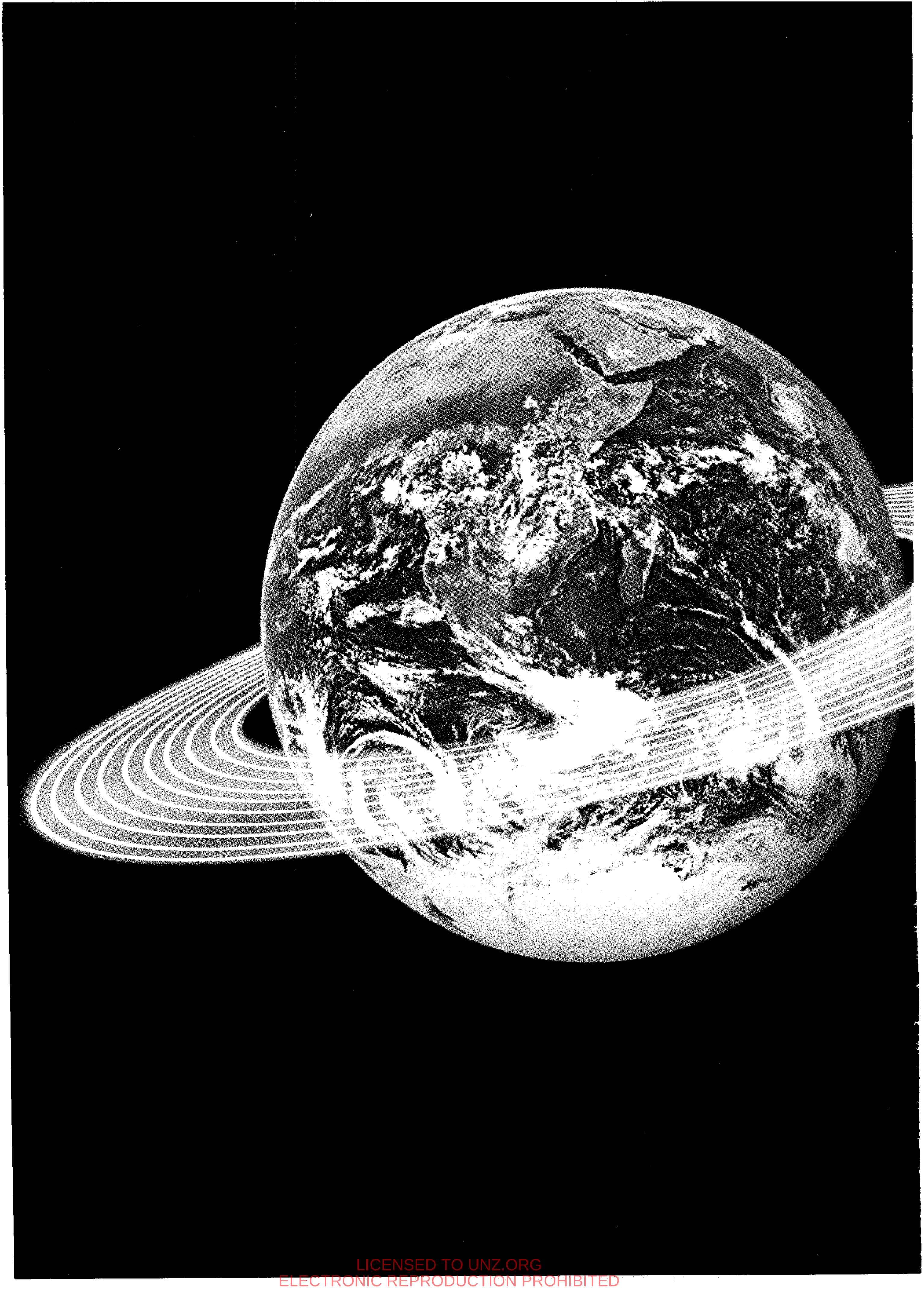
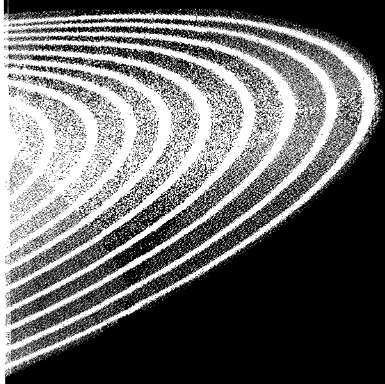


Who on earth will install enough lightguide fiber to circle the earth 10 times?



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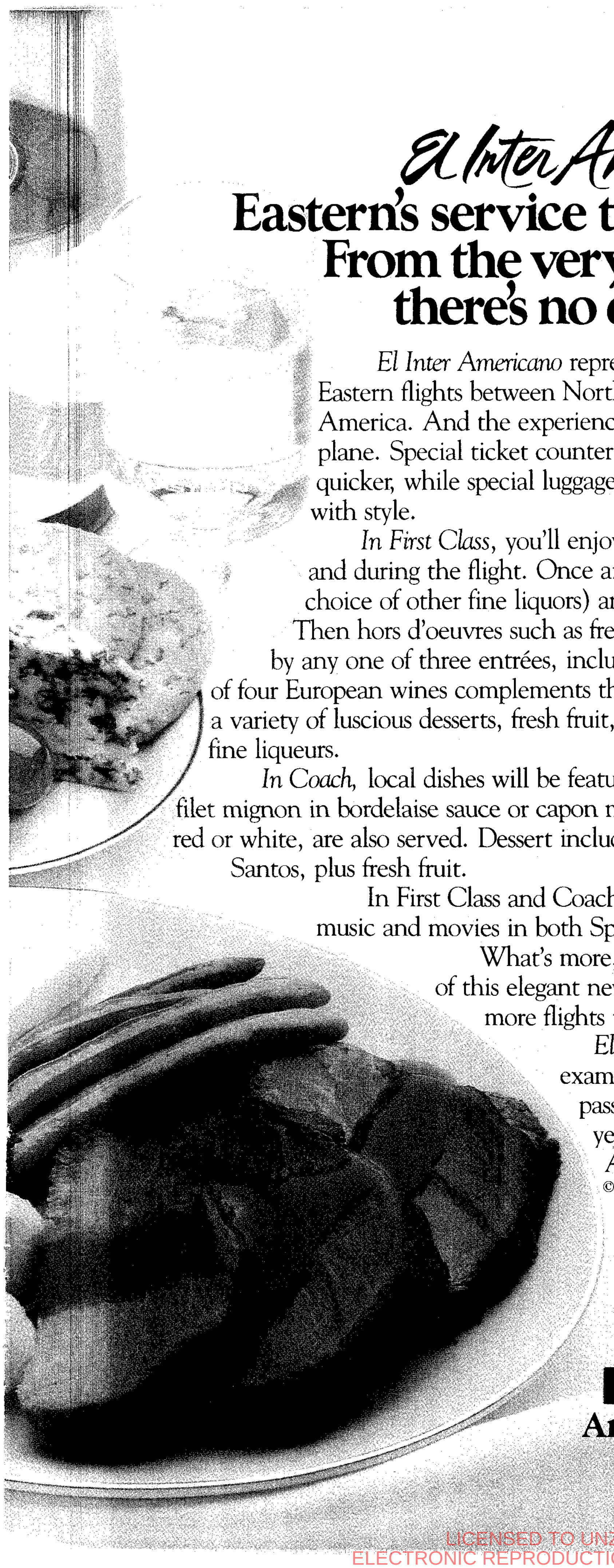

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

twelve-thirty. Sundays after ten are jam-session nights. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B., *if* you have a proper I.D. Friday, Sept 23, the Teddy Boys; Saturday, Sept. 24, Mari Wilson & the Wilsations; Friday, Sept. 30, the Suburbs and Indoor Life; and Saturday, Oct. 1, **DEFUNKT.** Live music from about eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS AND HIS SAVOY SULTANS** play absolutely irresistible and uplifting music to Lindy to Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, Sept. 21, reggaeist **YELLOWMAN;** Thursday, Sept. 22, **JOHNNY WINTER;** Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, the Alarm; Monday, Sept. 26, Chaka Khan; Wednesday, Sept. 28, Bad Manners; Thursday, Sept. 29, Marianne Faithfull; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, Roman Holliday. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Friday through Sunday, Sept. 23-25, trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER'S** quintet; Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 27-29, **STEPS AHEAD;** and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, vibraharpist **GARY BURTON.** Mondays have been reserved for pianist, composer, arranger, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his orchestra Music from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The exuberant weekend crush does nothing to dispel the rumor that Brazil is the Texas of South America. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 21, Cuban percussionist **DANIEL PONCÉ;** Thursday, Sept. 22, Gumbe Sounds; Friday, Sept 23, **PÉ-DE-BOI,** a ten-piece samba band; Saturday, Sept. 24, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Tuesday, Sept. 27, Mixed Grill; Wednesday, Sept. 28, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND;** Thursday, Sept. 29, African Heritage Dancers & Drummers; and Friday, Sept. 30, Brazilian Energy. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN** leads his quartet through Saturday, Sept. 24; on Monday, Sept. 26, South African pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** and saxophonist **CARLOS WARD** will be on hand; and on Tuesday, Sept. 27, long-distance pianist **CECIL TAYLOR** will arrive with his Unit. Sundays belong to **THIAGO DE MELLO & AMAZON,** a Brazilian-jazz band. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Where the spirit of fifties rhythm and blues lives on, thank heavens: Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, **ROSCO GORDON,** a Memphis-educated blues shouter and piano pounder, will perform at nine, eleven, and one.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll in the Roller Skating District: Wednesday, Sept. 21, Square One; Thursday, Sept. 22, Johnny Caruso and the Masterbeats; Friday, Sept. 23, the Bashers and Mimi & Me; Saturday, Sept. 24, Startoon and Connie & the Linguistics; Wednesday, Sept. 28, Third Wave and Diamond Dupree; Thursday, Sept. 29, Rick Shane; and Friday, Sept. 30, Taxi Dancer, the Gift, and the Late Shift. Dancing to recorded music-with-a-beat Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine to four; live shows from about ten.

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Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences: on Monday, Sept. 26, **TITO PUENTE** and his Latin Jazz Ensemble, **MACHITO** and his big band, and guest jazz soloist **DIZZY GILLESPIE** will all be present. And out on the Terrace, **JOANNE BRACKEEN** plays piano from nine-thirty nightly, except Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Altoist **PHIL WOODS** and his quartet wind up their visit on Sunday, Sept. 25; on Monday, Sept. 26, the **MEL LEWIS** big band will be graced by trumpet soloist **JABBO SMITH;** and on Tuesday, Sept. 27, trumpeter **CLARK TERRY** will move his quintet in. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. Guitarist **JIM HALL** and bassist **RON CARTER** are capable of sublime duets at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Susan Chinn is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Esther Blue has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

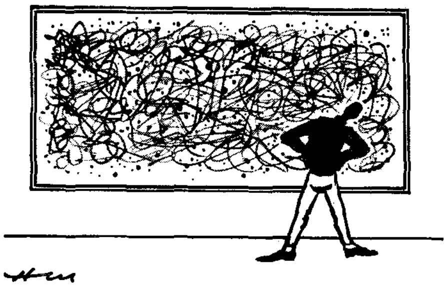
West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The musicians: tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH** through Saturday, Sept. 24; altoist **LEE KONITZ,** pianist **DICK KATZ,** and their quartet on Sunday, Sept. 25; **GEORGE KELLY'S JAZZ SULTANS** Monday through Friday, Sept. 26-30; and Shelbo's Jump Band on Saturday, Oct. 1. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—The piano-bass roster: **RONNIE MATHEWS** and **STAFFORD JAMES** through Saturday, Sept. 24; **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** beginning Monday, Sept. 26; and **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** every Sunday. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Rush—With Marillion. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 21-23, at 8.)

Highlights in Jazz—Joe Bushkin and Friends, with Bucky Pizzarelli and John Pizzarelli, Jr. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and La Guardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 8.)



Frank Foster and His Non-Electric Company—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 23-24, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

Linda Ronstadt—With Nelson Riddle and his orchestra. (Radio City Music Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 24-25, at 8.)

Hamiet Bluiett—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8:30.

Engelbert Humperdinck—Radio City Music Hall. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 29-Oct. 1, at 8.

Charles Mc Pherson—With the Barry Harris trio. (Jazz Cultural Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Carol Anthony—Architectural interiors and exteriors combined with landscapes, all with elements imported from the artist's imagination. Through Oct. 15. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Oscar de Mejo—Naïve paintings depicting scenes of the American Revolution. Through Thursday, Sept. 29. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Judith Dolnick—Abstract paintings on paper and on linen, some of them mounted on free-standing screens. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Dorothy Gillespie—Painted-aluminum wall pieces. Through Oct. 29. (Marymount Manhattan College Gallery, 221 E. 71st St. Daily, 9 to 9.)

Morris Graves—New paintings. Through Oct. 19. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. A Graves retrospective is at the Whitney Museum.)

Anthony Toney—Recent oils, abstract for the most part, but with recognizable elements (a face, a tree) appearing here and there. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Abbie Zabar—Panoramic slices of landscapes (views of the Grand Canyon, of the French countryside), all done in colored-paper collage. Through Oct. 8. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Group Shows—At the **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St.: A stimulating show of new drawings by gallery artists Dorothea Rockburne, Michael Heizer, Malcolm Morley, and others, plus a few that are less new, by Gorky, Giacometti, Klee, and Le Corbusier. Through Oct. 8. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A 1919 landscape by Modigliani is in the company of about thirty other early-twentieth-century works by painters and sculptors, many of whom were identified with the School of Paris. Through Oct. 15. . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Realist works on paper, from 1913 to the present, done primarily by Americans, among them Alexander Calder, Barbara Cushman, and William Bailey. Through Wednesday, Sept. 28.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Avigdor Arikha—Paintings, drawings, and pastels; portraits and studio still-lifes are prominent. Through Oct. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ed Baynard—Recent paintings in which landscapes are seen through windows. Through Oct. 15. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

John Chamberlain—Five small sculptures by this devotee of crushed automobiles, plus prints. Through Oct. 8. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Juan Hamilton / Paul Outerbridge, Jr. (1896-1959)—New abstract bronze and clay sculptures. / Carbro-color photographs of nudes from the thirties and early forties. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Lester Johnson—Figurative paintings from the fifties and sixties, when this artist's commitment to Abstract Expressionism predominated in his work. Through Oct. 15. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Henry Pearson—Recent paintings consisting of geometric shapes done in bright colors. Through Oct. 15. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Attilio Salemme (1911-55)—Paintings. Through Oct. 6. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Sean Scully—Recent abstract paintings. Through Oct. 5. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Paintings from the thirties and forties by the sculptor. Through Oct. 29. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St. and 113 Greene St.)

Ernesto Tatafiore—New figurative paintings by this Italian, a number of them with themes drawn from the French Revolution. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (*Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.*)

John Torreano—Large-scale paintings and sculptures of jewels; the latter are on the wall and freestanding. Through Oct. 4. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

William T. Wiley—Recent sculptures (some steel, some aluminum, and some a mixture of both) ranging in height from eighteen inches to eight feet, plus watercolors that served as studies. Through Oct. 13. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Troels Wörsel—Paintings by an artist from Cologne; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Frank Lloyd Wright (1869-1959)—Drawings from throughout the architect's career: the Johnson Tower, the Guggenheim, and so on. Through Oct. 15. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St. A larger show is at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum.)

Bodies & Souls—The title for a group show of group shows, sponsored by the Artists' Choice Museum, in which eleven Fifty-seventh Street galleries are displaying the figurative and narrative works (one apiece) of a hundred and fifty-six painters and sculptors. Moving from east to west along the thoroughfare, those galleries (and an arbitrary mention of some of the artists within) are: **marisa del re**, 41 E. 57th St. (Roger Brown, Valerio Adamio.) . . **david findlay, jr.**, 41 E. 57th St. (Phillip Sherrod, Nicholas Sperakis.) . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St. (Ida Applebrog, George Segal.) . . . **kornblee**, 20 W. 57th St. (Alex Katz, Helen Miranda Wilson.) . . . **alex rosenberg**, 20 W. 57th St. (Peter Dean, Mimi Gross.) . . **de nagy**, 29 W. 57th St. (Archie Rand, Charles Garabedian.) . . . **sachs**, 29 W. 57th St. (Janet Fish, David Humphrey.) . . . **sutton**, 29 W. 57th St. (Red Grooms, Howard Kalish.) . . **marlborough**, 40 W. 57th St. (Jane Freilicher, Reuben Nakian.) . . . **french**, 41 W. 57th St. (Gregory Gillespie, Robert Birmelin.) . . **tatistcheff**, 50 W. 57th St. (Isabel Bishop, Paul Resika.) All of the shows through Saturday, Sept. 24.

Group Shows—At the **blum helman**, 20 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Bryan Hunt, sculptures by Mel Kendrick, and photographs by Jan Groover. Through Oct. 8. . . . **getler-pall**, 50 W 57th St.: Paintings by gallery artists; two of them, Squeak Carnwath and Lance Kiland, are new members. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. . . **gruenebaum**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by artists who have shown work here in the past ten years, among them Elaine de Kooning, Milton Resnick, and Giorgio Cavallon. Through Saturday, Sept. 24. . . . **markel**, 50 W 57th St.: A theme show centering on light as a factor in contemporary paintings and sculptures, running all the way from lamp constructions (by R. M. Fischer) to cityscapes with street lights (by Yvonne Jacquette). Through Oct. 8. . . . **oscarsson hood**, 41 W. 57th St.: New sculptures by Bård Breivik; new paintings by Phil Sims and Thornton Willis. Through Oct. 8. . . . **siegel**, in a new location at 24 W. 57th St.: "Nocturne," a theme show of one work each (primarily paintings) by fifty-six artists from here and abroad, all dealing either directly—or obliquely—with the subject of night: Eric Fischl, Jean-Charles Blais, Rex Lau. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. . . . **holly solomon**, also in a new home, at 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: The inaugural exhibit has a selection of works that were seen in shows at this gallery during its eight years in SoHo; a few of the artists are Laurie Anderson, Jared Bark, Robert Mapplethorpe, Joe Zucker, and Brad Davis. Through Oct. 5. (Open Mondays.)

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GALLERIES—SoHo

Peter Berg—A large, painted abstract sculpture and twenty large-scale related drawings. Through Oct. 15. (Bonnier, 420 West Broadway.)

Cham Hendon—New paintings. Through Oct. 12. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Guy Johnson / Alan Wolfson—Recent paintings. / Dioramas (mounted on stands at eye level) depicting scenes from around New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Wilbur Niewald—Representational paintings: figures, still-lifes, and landscapes. Through Oct. 8. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Carolee Schneemann—Recent drawings, paintings, prints, and sculptures. Through Oct. 5. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Todd Siler—A large installation using constructions, drawings, photomontages, and collages. Through Oct. 8. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

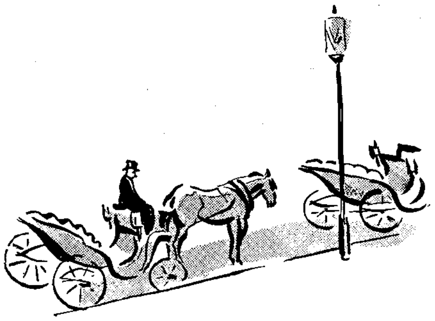
Group Shows—At **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Works by ten emerging artists, including an oversize paper-pulp sculpture of seedpods and a mollusk by Ming Fay and *computer-inspired* drawings by Roger Boyce. Through Oct. 29. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **knowlton**, 153 Mercer St.: New works by gallery artists, among them Robert Beauchamp, Shari Urquhart, and Frank Faulkner. Through Oct. 5. . . . **protetch mc neil**, 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts.: Recent portraits by Leon Golub, Frank Young, and others. Through Oct. 8. (Opens at noon.) . . . **soho 20**, at 469 Broome St.: A variety of works by ten of the women who are gallery members, such as Mary Ann Gillies, Cynthia Mailman, and Sylvia Sleigh. Through Oct. 5. (Opens at noon.) . . . **weber**, 142 Greene St.: Ink paintings by David Deutsch, lamp sculptures by R. M. Fischer, and sculptures made with mirrored Plexiglas and Day-Glo paint by Taro Suzuki are among the works in this show reflecting the artists' interest in science fiction. Through Oct. 8.

OTHER GALLERIES

Guy Pène du Bois (1884-1958) **and John Sloan** (1871-1951)—This show mounted by the Whitney Museum has a total of twenty paintings, plus a number of drawings by du Bois and etchings by Sloan. Through Oct. 28. (Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St., at Broad St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Darryl Hughto—Sculptures and related drawings. Through Oct. 2. (Lincoln Center Gallery, one flight below the plaza, at Broadway and 65th St. Open weekdays until 8; Sundays, noon to 7.)

Terry Rosenberg / Frank Young—A wall piece involving three hundred and seventy-five ceramic tiles, hand-cast by the artist at the Kohler factory in Wisconsin, each one measuring twenty and a half square inches. / Four new large-scale paintings. Through Oct. 30. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)



Italo Scanga—Sculptures. Through Oct. 29. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

Group Show—"Artist/Critic;" works by eighteen artists who also write art criticism. Carl Andre, David Salle, and Jeanne Silverthorne are among those with samples from both fields. Through Saturday, Oct. 1. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Larry Fink—Silver-print self-portraits of the artist at home, sometimes in the company of his daughter. Through Oct. 21. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Eikoh Hosoe—More than sixty prints are included in a retrospective of the works of this Japanese photographer. Through Oct. 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A hundred and fifty photographs from the National Archives catalogue people and events in American history from 1860 to 1960—Clara Barton, for instance, or the San Francisco earthquake. Through Tuesday, Sept. 27. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **prakapas**, 19 E. 71st St.: About thirty vintage photographs, mostly from the twenties, taken by artists whose names are associated with Surrealism (Magritte, Man Ray, and Hans Bellmer among them). Through Oct. 29. (Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 7.) . . . **studio museum in harlem**, 144 W. 125th St.: More than a hundred prints by photojournalist Roland Freeman, chronicling the day-to-day activities of contemporary black Americans in rural and urban America. . . . ¶ "A Century of Black Photographers, 1840-1960," has works by little-known artists from the nineteenth century and by their better-known twentieth-century counterparts, among them James Van DerZee and Roy DeCarava. Both shows start Friday, Sept. 23. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Edouard Manet retrospective has nearly two hundred paintings, drawings, pastels, and prints (a good number of them on loan), including "The Fifer" and "A Bar at the Folies-Bergère." Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ A survey of Henry Moore's career contains two hundred of his direct carvings in wood and stone, cast bronzes, drawings, and prints. Through Sunday, Sept. 25. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century paintings from the collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza; among the seventy-five works are ten newly acquired ones, including an O'Keeffe and a Mondrian. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibit that points up the working methods of Piet Mondrian by a display of cardboard compositions as he arranged them on the walls of his last studio. Also, the artist's last complete painting, "Broadway Boogie Woogie," and the painting that was unfinished at his death, "Victory Boogie Woogie." Through Tuesday, Sept. 27. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—An exhibit of sixteen of Charles Simonds' clay-brick sculptures of Lilliputian cities and neighborhoods for an imaginary civilization he calls his Little People, including a nine-and-a-half-foot piece (his largest to date) created specifically for the museum's rotunda. Starts Friday, Sept. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Morris Graves retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sculptures, and drawings done from 1935 to the present. Through Nov. 27. A complementary show is at the Willard Gallery, 29 E. 72nd St. . . . ¶ "The Sculptor as Draftsman," a show of about forty twentieth-century drawings by nearly as many artists, including Elie Nadelman, Isamu Noguchi, and H. C. Westermann. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the work of realist Philip Pearlstein offers more than a hundred paintings and drawings. Through Sunday, Sept. 25. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative cloth, puppets, looms, etc. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Highlights of a loan show here of Japanese *emaki* (narrative painted hand scrolls) include scenes from the twelfth-century "Tale of Genji" (a National Treasure) and a section of the eighth-century "Illustrated Sutra of Cause and Effect," which is the oldest hand scroll extant in Japan. Starts Thursday, Sept. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright and the Prairie School," an exhibit examining the evolution of that style, as well as the results of Wright's collaborations with artists and other architects in designing, furnishing, and embellishing such structures as the Robie house, Midway Gardens, and the Imperial Hotel. Drawings, photographs, sculpture, furniture, decorative glass, and silverware. A complementary show is at Max Protetch, 37 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Designs for opera sets and costumes, from the Renaissance to the present, are seen in a display (of paintings, drawings, prints, books, and models) marking the centennial of the Metropolitan Opera. Through Oct. 8. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A Japanese National Treasure, "Toiletry Case with Medallion Design," made in the mid-thirteen-hundreds, is included in a show that focusses on the autumn-grass and water motifs in the classical art of that country. Lacquerware, porcelain, screens, and textiles. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Four Centuries of Opera," a comprehensive show (also with the Metropolitan Opera in mind) offering original music manuscripts, printed scores and librettos, and drawings for stage designs representing a hundred or so works by Gluck, Mozart, Verdi, Massenet, and Gilbert and Sullivan, to name just a few. Through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifty drawings (dating from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth) by Italian masters, among them Canaletto, Piranesi, and Titian. Through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ "Letters from Notable Children": Even a fifteen-year-old Napoleon had to write his relatives from military school; among the other correspondents with items in this show are Mozart, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Helen Keller. There is also a book written and illustrated by the young John Ruskin and a science notebook belonging to a school-age Isaac Newton. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—The 1783 Treaty of Paris is here on a brief visit from London and is on view, opened to the page bearing signatures and personal seals of John Adams, John Jay, and Benjamin Franklin. Through Oct. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of drawings, watercolors, and gouaches depicting people, events, and life in general in France during and after the Revolution. Included are portraits of Danton and Talleyrand by David, and one of Napoleon by Duvivier. On loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Starts Thursday, Sept. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Yet another nod to the Met, this one concentrating on opera in the nineteenth century, starting with printed material from the first opera performed here ("The Barber of Seville," in 1825) and ending with memorabilia from the Met's first home, on Thirty-third Street. Through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ A century's worth of Central Park unfolds chronologically in a show of more than fifty paintings, drawings, and prints. Watercolors from 1814, when it was a virtual wasteland; Calvert Vaux's designs for Glade Arch and for Denesmouth Arch; Maurice Prendergast's May Day celebrations on the Mall; etc. Starts Thursday, Sept. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A look at Central Park at the time it was being designed and developed (the eighteen-sixties and seventies) includes drawings and watercolors of the Park's bridges, fountains, and the like, as well as correspondence among Frederick Law Olmsted, Calvert Vaux, and their chief horticulturalist, Ignaz Pilat. . . . ¶ More than a hundred photographs of people and places document Washington Square from 1830 to the turn of the century, in a show augmented by material related to Henry James: a first edition of "Washington Square," two autograph manuscripts, and so on. Both shows through Oct. 18. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—An exhibit fêting the Metropolitan Opera in its hundredth year. Among the close to a thousand items (primarily from the Met's own collections) are thirty-five costumes (such as Caruso's from "Pagliacci"), pieces of scenery, props, letters, contracts, and sketches. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

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(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Good*man House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719.* Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, April 21—Monday, Sept. 26, at 7: "Les *Troyens," with Tatiana Troyanos,* Jessye Norman, Placido Domingo, and Allan Monk; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 8: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Regina Resnik, Alfredo Kraus, and Ara Berberian; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Grace Bumbry, Isola Jones, José Carreras, and Renato Bruson; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 29, at 6:30: "Les Troyens," with Tatiana Troyanos, Jessye Norman, Placido Domingo, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 30, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Barbara Daniels, Neil Shicoff, and Brent Ellis; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 1, at 2: "La Forza del Destino," with Grace Bumbry, Isola Jones, José Carreras, and Renato Bruson; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Regina Resnik, Alfredo Kraus, and Ara Berberian; Richard Bonynge.

New York City Opera—The company's labor problems having been resolved, performances will resume as follows: Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 7: The company's première of Massenet's "Cendrillon," with Faith Esham, Erie Mills, Delia Wallis, and William Parker; conducted by Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 22, at 8: "Turandot," with Judith Telep-Ehrlich, Pamela Myers, and Jon Fredric West; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 23, at 8: "La Bohème," with Judith Haddon, Elizabeth Hynes, Jerry Hadley, and William Stone; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 24, at 2: "Turandot," with Judith Telep-Ehrlich, Pamela Myers, and Jon Fredric West; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8: "Cendrillon," with Faith Esham, Erie Mills, Susanne Marsee, and William Parker; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 25, at 1: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Elizabeth Hynes, Harry Theyard, and Arthur Thompson; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 25, at 7: "Madame Butterfly," with Catherine Lamy, Jane Shaulis, John Stewart, and William Stone; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 8: "Cendrillon," with Faith Esham, Erie Mills, Delia Wallis, and William Parker; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8: The New York stage première of Handel's "Alcina," with Carol Vaness, Erie Mills, *D'Anna Fortunato, and John Stewart;* Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 30, at 8: "Turandot," with Judith Telep-Ehrlich, Pamela Myers, Jon Fredric West, and Harry Dworchak; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 1, at 2: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Diana Walker, Jerry Hadley, William Stone, and Richard T. Gill; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Elizabeth Hynes, Harry Theyard, and Arthur Thompson; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

Amato Opera Company—Starting Saturday, Sept. 24: Boito's "Nerone," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Rafael Kubelik conducting—Thursday, Sept. 22, at 8; Friday, Sept. 23, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 7:30: An all-Beethoven program, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 29-Oct. 1, and Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 8: Performances of Beethoven's Violin Concerto and the American première of Karl *Amadeus Hartmann's "Cantata Gesang-*

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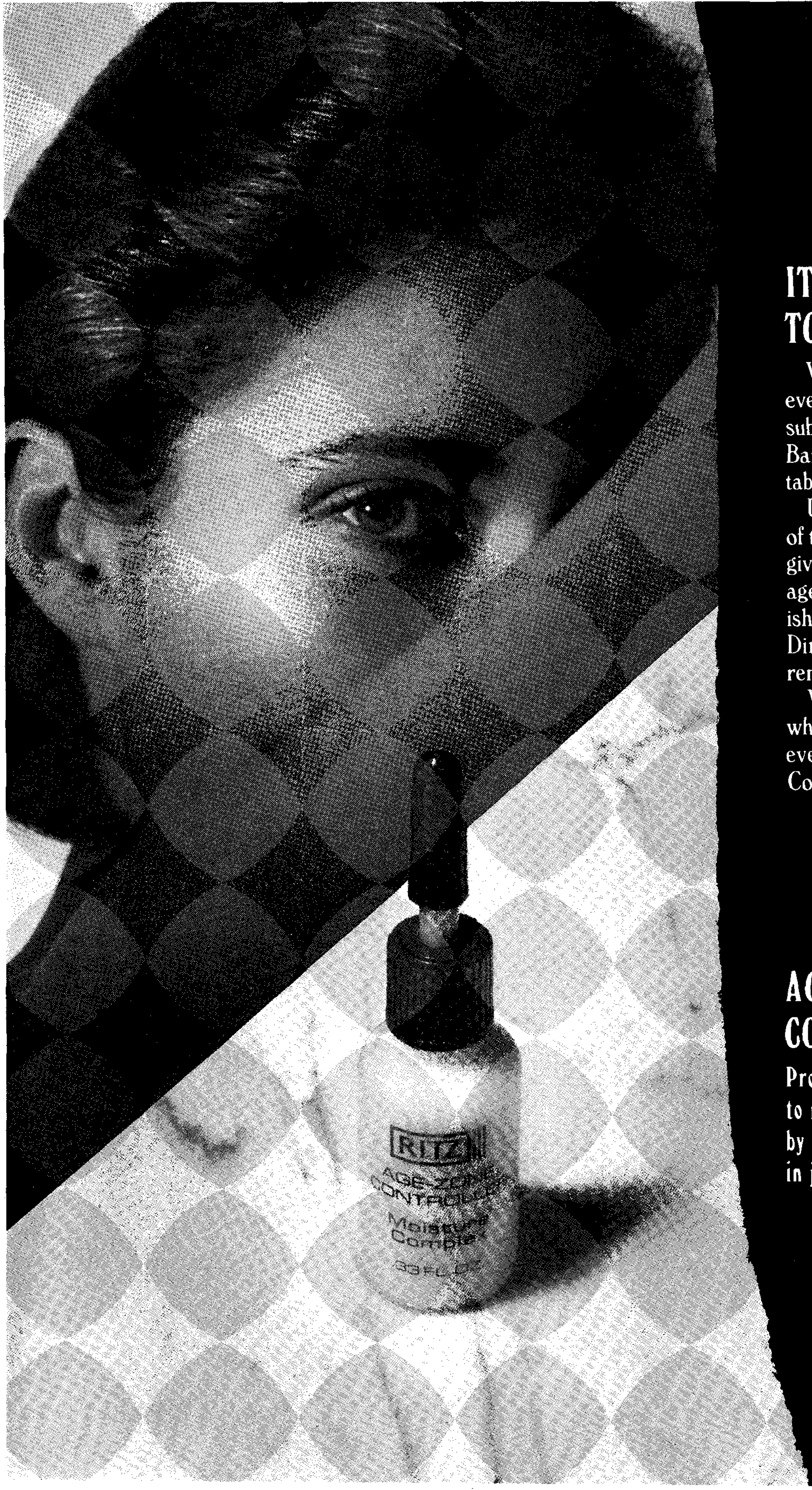

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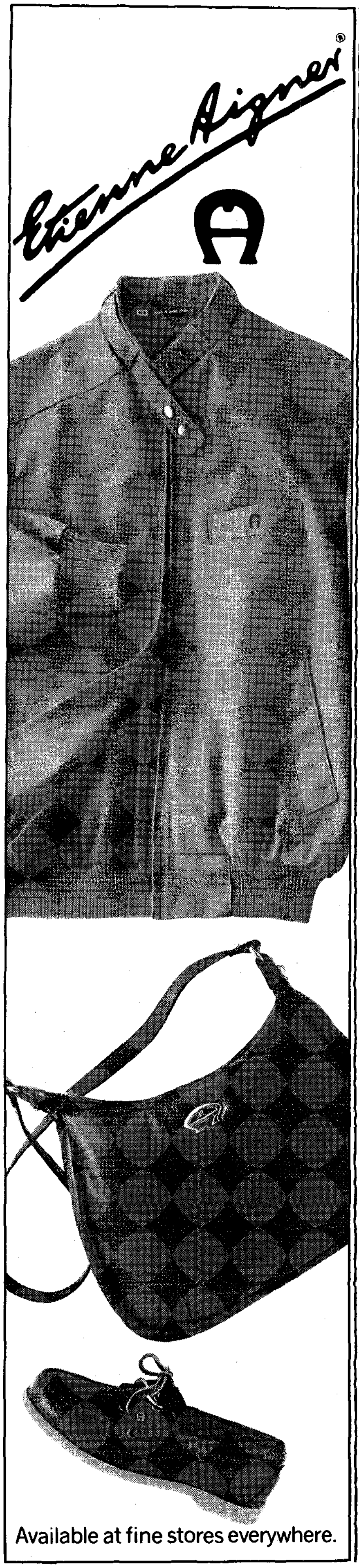


szene," with Henryk Szeryng, violin, and Roland Hermann, baritone.

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—An all-Bach program, with Jane Bryden, soprano; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; and Jan Opalach, bass. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Sept. 24, at 8. For tickets, call 226-1115.)

Bulgarian National Male Choir—Dimiter Ruskov directing an a-cappella concert, with Jody Lasky, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Sept. 25, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Yves Storms—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 8. For tickets, call 757-3255.)

Sheila Dhar—Two programs of raga music. (Cathedral House, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Sept. 24, at 7, and Sunday, Sept. 25, at 10:30 A.M. For tickets, call 222-2138.)

Olewsky Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Sept. 25, at 2.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A program entitled "Jean Philippe Rameau—300th Anniversary Birthday Celebration," with the Maplewood Baroque Ensemble. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Sept. 25, at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Music Project—An ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Sept. 26, at 8.)

Donald Weilerstein and Vivian Hornik Weilerstein—Violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 8.)

Yin Cheng-Zong—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 8.)

Patricia Neely—Viola da gamba, with assisting artists. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Beethoven Chamber Series—The first in a series of five concerts, this one featuring the Guarneri Quartet; Ruth Laredo, piano; Paul Sperry, tenor; and Ransom Wilson, flute. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Sept. 30, at 8.)

Robert Mann and Yefim Bronfman—Violin and piano, in a program of Mozart sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

Roger Salander—Clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8:30.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The first in a series of five concerts, this one featuring Sidney Harth, violin; Ward Davenny, piano; Keith Wilson, clarinet; and Claudio Jaffe, cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Oct. 1, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

International American Music Competition for Violinists—Predominantly contemporary American programs by three finalists in the 1983 competition, sponsored by Carnegie Hall and the Rockefeller Foundation. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Sept. 25, at 12:30, 2:15, and 4. No tickets necessary.)

Scots Guards and the Black Watch—The Regimental Band of the Scots Guards and the Pipes, Drums, and Highland Dancers of the Black Watch. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Sunday, Sept. 25, at 2:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Friday, Sept. 23, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 24-25, at 2; and Monday, Sept. 26, at 8. . . . ¶ Boston, Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 27-29, at 8. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Friday, Sept. 30, at 8:05, and Saturday, Oct. 1, at 1:35.

College Football—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 24:** Army vs. Dartmouth, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Ithaca, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Rutgers, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . **FRIDAY, SEPT. 30:** Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 6:45. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 1** (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Army, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Penn State, at Giants Stadium.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Los Angeles Rams. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Sept. 25, at 4.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Green Bay Packers. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Monday, Sept. 26, at 9.)

Hockey—Exhibition games—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (564-4400): Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sunday, Sept. 25, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Sept. 24, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Thursday, Sept. 29, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 7:35.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 17. The Matron and the Marlboro Cup Invitational Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 24; the Ruffian Handicap, Sunday, Sept. 25; the Cowdin, Wednesday, Sept. 28; and the Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 1. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 24. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Rutgers, Thursday, Sept. 29. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 9.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5.

Yachting—The seventeenth annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, sailed over a course from Pier A, Battery Park; south under the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge; around the West Bank Light; and back to Pier 16, at the South Street Seaport Museum. The starting gun goes off at ten, Saturday, Oct. 1 (storm date, Sunday, Oct. 2). A spectator boat will embark from Pier 15, East River at Fulton Street, at eight-thirty; for information about tickets, call 669-9400.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—James Baldwin reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Sept. 26, at 8.)

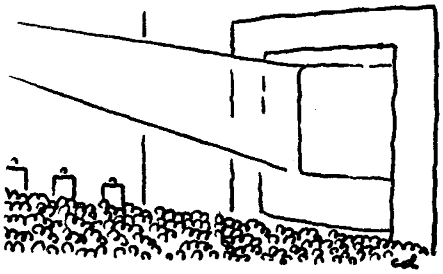
Lectures—Jacobo Timerman presenting two lectures. Thursday, Sept. 29, at 6: "Journalism in a Violent World." . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 30, at 6: "The Conscience of the Writer." (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5690.)

Walking Tours—Conducted tours of the upper West Side sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 24-25, starting at the park side of Central Park West and 73rd Street, at 2. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.) . . . ¶ "Brooklyn Heights: Home of the Brooklyn Bridge," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Sept. 25, starting at Borough Hall, Brooklyn, at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, Sept. 22, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Sept. 23, at 10:15: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century and Old Master prints. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Sept. 21, at 10 and 2: American and European prints. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 22, at 10 and 2, and Friday, Sept. 23, at 10: Japanese prints, paintings, screens, and other works of art. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 10 and 2: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures from the eighteenth through the twentieth centuries. Exhibition starts Friday, Sept. 23. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Thursday, Sept. 22, at 1: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 28, at 11: Art Nouveau and Art Deco. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 24.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 27.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"El Bruto" (1952; directed by Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Pedro Armendariz and Katy Jurado.

R. K. O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"A Star Is Born" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 22: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky; and "Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.
Sept. 23-29: "L'Etoile du Nord" (Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret; and "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).
From Sept. 30: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Sept. 29: "La Cage aux Folles" (†).
From Sept. 30: "The Lonely Lady" (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Zelig" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 22: "Strange Invaders" (Michael Laughlin), with Nancy Allen and Paul Le Mat. From Sept. 23: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 22: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield. From Sept. 23: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 22: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton. From Sept. 23: To be announced.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Risky Business" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 29: "Revenge of the Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi.
From Sept. 30: "The Final Option" (Ian Sharp), with Lewis Collins and Judy Davis.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Risky Business" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Sept. 22: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.
From Sept. 23: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Cross Creek" (Martin Ritt), with Mary Steenburgen.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 22: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo. From Sept. 23: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 22: "A Star Is Born" (†). From Sept. 23: To be announced.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie.
Theatre 2: "Daniel" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Grey Fox" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 29: "Fanny and Alexander" (†). From Sept. 30: "Hanna K" (Costa-Gavras), with Jill Clayburgh.
Theatre 2: "Educating Rita" (Lewis Gilbert), with Michael Caine and Julie Walters.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 22: "Smokey and the Bandit, Part III" (Dick Lowry), with Jackie Gleason and Paul Williams. Sept. 23-29: "Escape 2000." From Sept. 30: "The Lonely Lady" (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 22: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "The Last American Virgin" (Boaz Davidson), with Lawrence Monoson. Sept. 23-29: "The Final Option" (Ian Sharp), with Lewis Collins and Judy Davis. From Sept. 30: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Zelig" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 22: "Trading Places" (†). From Sept. 23: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 22: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield. From Sept. 23: To be announced.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Sept. 22: "Gandhi" (†).
From Sept. 23: To be announced.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Sept. 29: "Flashdance" (†).
From Sept. 30: "Trading Places" (†) and "48 Hrs." (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 29: "Revenge of the Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi.
From Sept. 30: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 22: "Strange Invaders" (Michael Laughlin), with Nancy Allen and Paul Le Mat. From Sept. 23: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 22: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton. From Sept. 23: To be announced.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Smokey and the Bandit, Part III" (Dick Lowry), with Jackie Gleason and Paul Williams.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 22: "Silver Dream Racer." From Sept. 23: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 22: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo. From Sept. 23: "The Final Option" (Ian Sharp), with Lewis Collins and Judy Davis.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 27: "The Tiger of Eschnapur" (1958) and "The Indian Tomb" (1959), both films in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Debra Paget. Sept. 28-29: "Doktor Mabuse" (†) and "The Big Heat" (†). Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "M" (†) and "You Only Live Once" (†).
Theatre 2: Sept. 21: "Not Reconciled" (1965), "Machorka-Muff" (1962), and "The Bridegroom, the Comedienne, and the Pimp" (1968), all three in German, directed by Jean-Marie Straub. Sept. 22: "Slow Attack" (1980) and "The Brutalization of Franz Blum" (1974), both films in German, directed by Reinhard Hauff. Sept. 23-24: "Lola" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini. Sept. 25-26: "Fitzcarraldo" (†); and "La Soufrière" (1977; Werner Herzog; in German). Sept. 27-28: "The Marriage of Maria Braun" (†) and "The Merchant of Four Seasons" (†). Sept. 29: "I Am My Films: A Portrait of Werner Herzog" (1978; Christian Weisenborn and Erwin Keusch); and "The Wizard of Babylon" (1983; Dieter Schidor; in German), a documentary on Rainer Werner Fassbinder filming "Querelle." Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "Stroszek" (†) and "The American Friend" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 27: "Tootsie" (†) and "Blue Thunder" (†). From Sept. 28: "The Big Chill" (Lawrence Kasdan).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Flashdance" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Grey Fox" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Moon in the Gutter" (†).
Theatre 2: "I Married a Shadow" (Robin Davis; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Francis Huster.
Theatre 3: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"WarGames" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Sept. 29: "Staying Alive" (†). No performances on Monday, Sept. 26.
From Sept. 30: "Brainstorm" (Douglas Trumbull), with Christopher Walken and Natalie Wood.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Berlin Alexanderplatz" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). This fifteen-hour film is being shown in five three-hour segments, changing weekly. Part III will be shown through Sept. 22; Part IV, Sept. 23-29; and Part V, starting Sept. 30.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Koyaanisqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Moon in the Gutter" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Sept. 22: "Gandhi" (†).
From Sept. 23: To be announced.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Lonely Hearts" (Paul Cox; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 29: "I Married a Shadow" (Robin Davis; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Francis Huster. From Sept. 30: "Danton" (Andrzej Wajda; in French), with Gérard Depardieu.
Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "The Leopard" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lonely Hearts" (Paul Cox; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Sept. 21: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall). From Sept. 22: "Ernesto" (Salvatore Samperi), with Martin Halm.
Theatre 2: "Don't Look Back" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 22: "Flashdance" (†). From Sept. 23: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 22: "Risky Business" (†). From Sept. 23: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 22: "Smokey and the Bandit, Part III" (Dick Lowry), with Jackie Gleason and Paul Williams. From Sept. 23: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 22: "The Grey Fox" (†). From Sept. 23: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (†).
Theatre 2: "Zelig" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 29: "National

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Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo; and "The Man with Two Brains" (†). From Sept. 30: "Trading Places" (†).
Theatre 2: "Revenge of the Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 22: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "The Last American Virgin" (Boaz Davidson), with Lawrence Monoson. From Sept. 23: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).
Theatre 4: "La Cage aux Folles" (†) and "La Cage aux Folles II" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Cujo" (directed by Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.
Theatre 2: "Risky Business" (†).
Theatre 3: "Nightmares" (Joseph Sargent), with Cristina Raines.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 22: "Hercules" (Lewis Coates), with Lou Ferrigno. From Sept. 23: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.
Theatre 5: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell.
Theatre 6: "Octopussy" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Trading Places" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (†).
Theatre 3: "WarGames" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 22: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). From Sept. 23: "Blue Thunder" (†) and "Tootsie" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Return of the Jedi" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 22: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton. From Sept. 23: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 22: "Strange Invaders" (Michael Laughlin), with Nancy Allen and Paul Le Mat. From Sept. 23: To be announced.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Sept. 22: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.
From Sept. 23: "Zelig" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Flashdance" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 22: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "The Last American Virgin" (Boaz Davidson), with Lawrence Monoson. From Sept. 23: "Pieces."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 29: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield. From Sept. 30: "The Lonely Lady" (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 22; "Silver Dream Racers." From Sept. 23: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 22: "Last Fight" (Fred Williamson). From Sept. 23: "The Final Option" (Ian Sharp), with Lewis Collins and Judy Davis.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Revenge of the Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 22: "Smokey and the Bandit, Part III" (Dick Lowry), with Jackie Gleason and Paul Williams. From Sept. 23: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

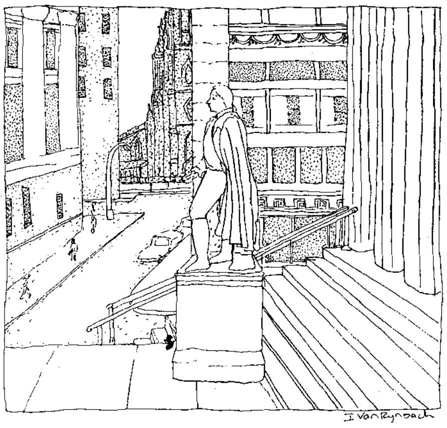
Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 21: "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; and "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal.
Sept. 22: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien; and "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall, and Betsy Drake.
Sept. 23-29: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.
Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "The State of Things" (1983; Wim Wenders); and "Alice in the Cities" (1974; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Leap Into the Void" (1979; Marco Bellocchio; in Italian), with Michel Piccoli, Anouk Aimée, and Michele Placido.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 22: "Insatiable" and "Beyond Shame." Both films with Marilyn Chambers, X-rated.
Sept. 23-24: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.
Sept. 25-27: "Das Boot" ("The Boat;" 1982; Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Sept. 28-29: "Lianna" (1983; John Sayles); and "Personal Best" (1982; Robert Towne), with Mariel Hemingway, Scott Glenn, Patrice Donnelly, and Kenny Moore.
Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "The Lady from Shanghai" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Sept. 21: "Barry Lyndon" (1975; Stanley Kubrick), with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson.
From Sept. 22: "Ernesto" (Salvatore Samperi), with Martin Halm.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Sept. 21: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "S.O.B." (1981; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews, William Holden, and Robert Preston.
Sept. 22-24: "Sophie's Choice" (1982; Alan J. Pakula), with Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline, and Peter MacNicol; and "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (1981; Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons.
Sept. 25-26: "Shane" (†); and "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961; Marlon Brando), with Brando, Karl Malden, and Katy Jurado.
Sept. 27-28: "The Night Porter" (†) and "Servant and Mistress" (†).



Sept. 29-Oct. 1: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Sept. 22: "Siddhartha" (1973; Conrad Rooks), with Shashi Kapoor; and "Steppenwolf" (1974; Fred Haines), with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda.
Sept. 23-24: "The Sting" (1973; George Roy Hill), with Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Robert Shaw; and "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (1969; George Roy Hill), with Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Katharine Ross.
Sept. 25: "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952; Henry King), with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Ava Gardner; and "Something of Value" (1957; Richard Brooks), with Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter, Sidney Poitier, and Wendy Hiller.
Sept. 26-27: "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976; Francis Giacobetti), with Sylvia Kristel; and "Fruits of Passion" (1982; in Japanese).
Sept. 28-29: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "The Day of the Locust" (1975; John Schlesinger), with Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith, Billy Barty, and William Atherton.
Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis; and "Diner" (1982; Barry Levinson), with Daniel Stern, Steve Guttenberg, and Mickey Rourke.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Sept. 21: "The Stationmaster's Wife" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab; and "The Wild Duck" (1977; Hans W. Geissendörfer; in German), with Jean Seberg, Peter Kern, and Bruno Ganz.
Sept. 22: "Marked Woman" (1937; Lloyd Bacon), with Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart, and Eduardo Ciannelli; and "Jezebel" (1938; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter.
Sept. 23: "Stolen Kisses" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade; and "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey, Nelly Borgeaud, and Leslie Caron.
Sept. 24: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "Paths of Glory" (1957; Stanley Kubrick), with Kirk Douglas.
Sept. 25: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Sweet Smell of Success" (1957; Alexander Mackendrick), with Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, Barbara Nichols, and Sam Levene.
Sept. 26: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (1982; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, José Ferrer, Julie Hagerty, Tony Roberts, and Mary Steenburgen; and "Tempest" (†).
Sept. 27: "Atlantic City" (†) and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (†).
Sept. 28: "The Consequence" (1977; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald; and "Slow Attack" (1980; Reinhard Hauff; in German), with Burkhard Driest.
Sept. 29: "The Verdict" (1982; Sidney Lumet), with Paul Newman, Charlotte Rampling, Jack Warden, and James Mason; and "Absence of Malice" (†).
Sept. 30: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" (1978; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker.
Oct. 1: "Day for Night" (†); and "Shoot the

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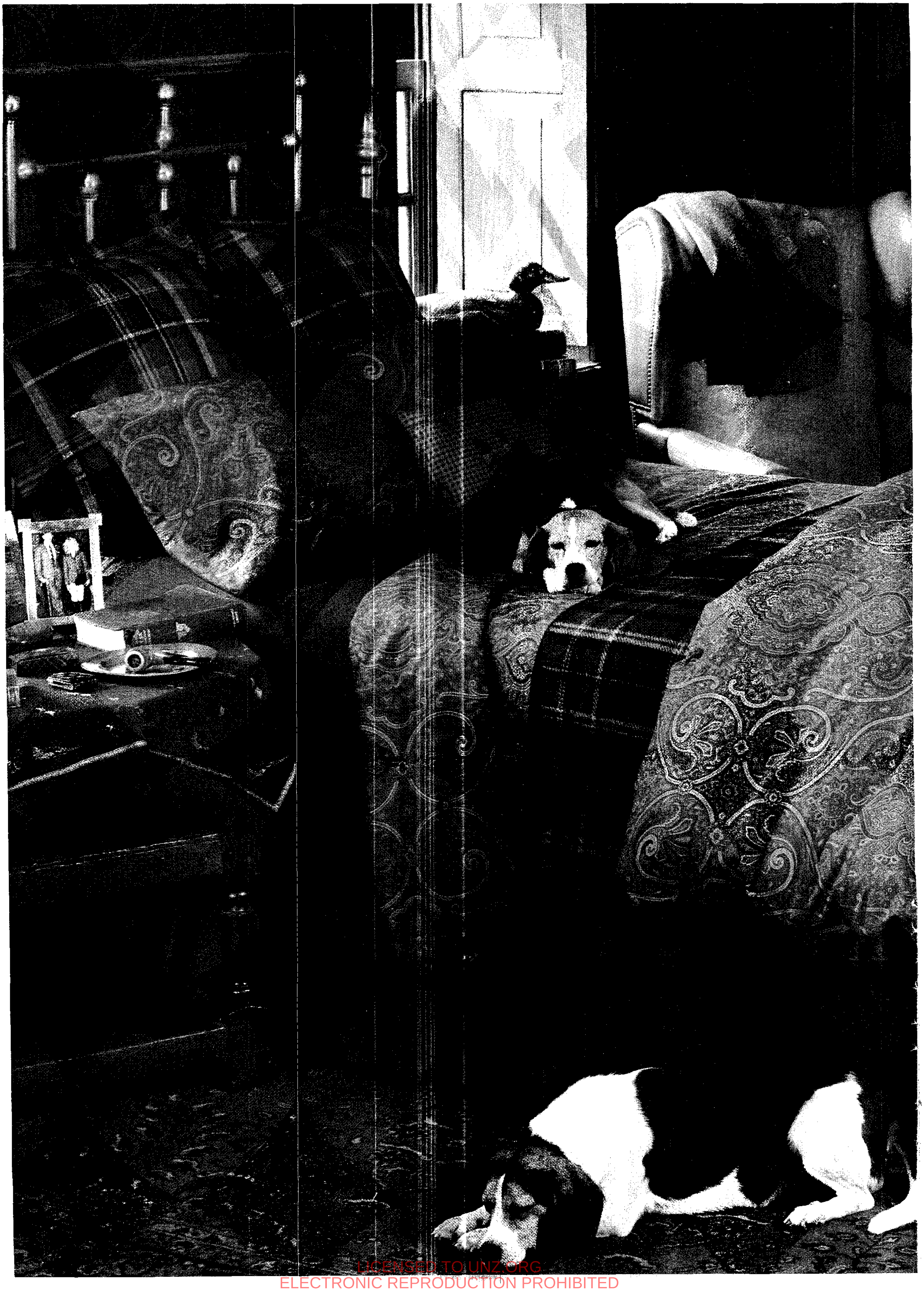

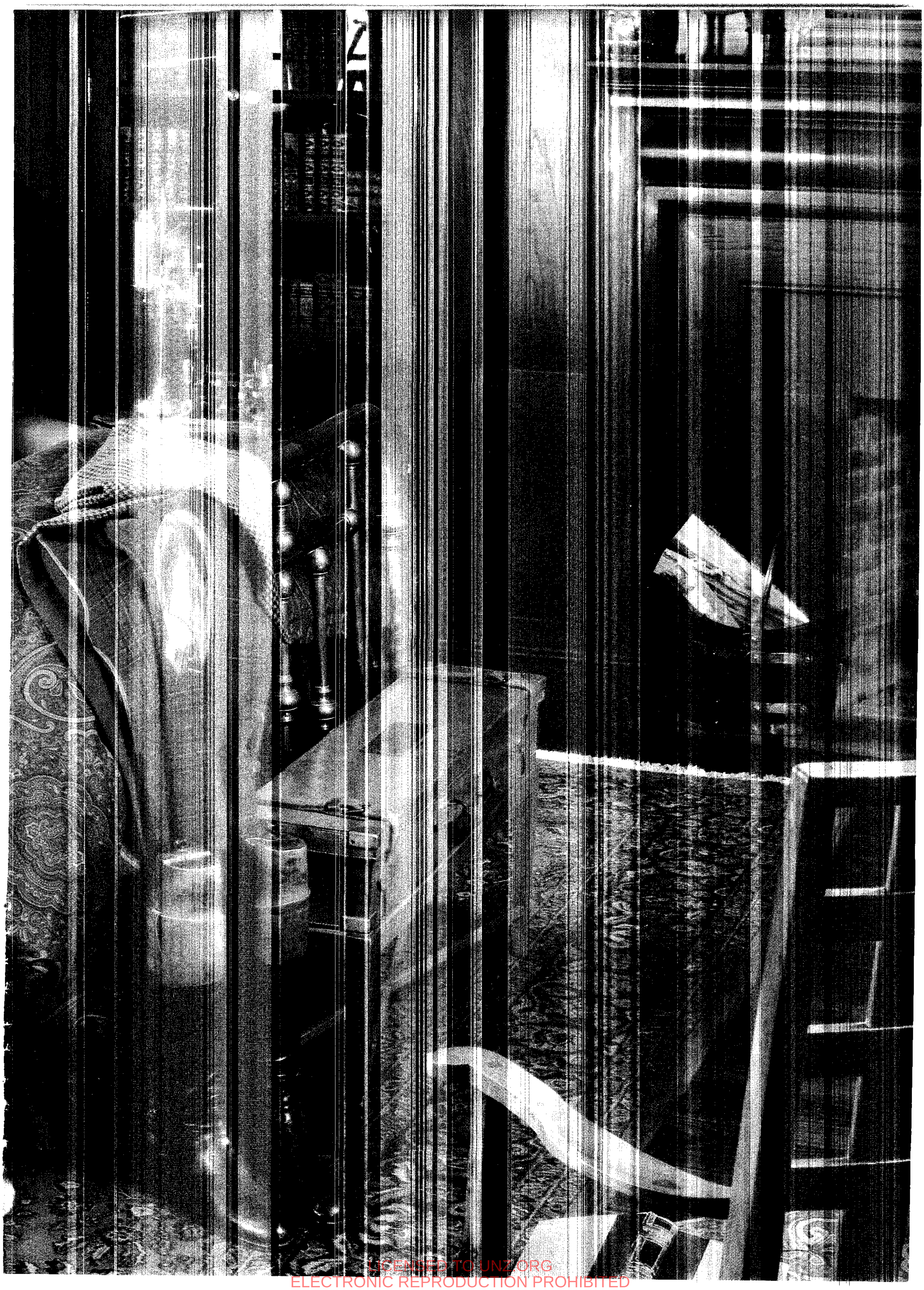

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DES MOINES

Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"Diary of a Lost Girl" (1929; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks; and "Pandora's Box" (1929; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Sept. 21: "The Outcast" (1961; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese); "The Bride of the Andes" (1966; Susumu Hani; in Japanese); and "On Thin Ice" (1982; Nobuyuki Asai; in Japanese).

Sept. 22: "Rachel, Rachel" (1968; Paul Newman), with Joanne Woodward and Estelle Parsons; and "Paris Blues" (1961; Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Sidney Poitier, and Diahann Carroll.

Sept. 23-24: "The Wrong Man" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, and Anthony Quayle; and "Stage Fright" (1950; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding.

Sept. 25: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig.

Sept. 26: "Terror in a Texas Town" (1958; Joseph H. Lewis), with Sterling Hayden and Sebastian Cabot; "Apache Drums" (1951; Hugo Fregonese), with Stephen McNally, Coleen Gray, and Willard Parker; and "Surrender" (1950; Allan Dwan), with Vera Ralston, John Carroll, and Walter Brennan.

Sept. 27: "Narcissus" (1956; Willard Maas and Ben Moore); "Un Chant d'Amour" (1951; in French); and "Mädchen in Uniform" (†).

Sept. 28: "The Sword of Doom" (1967; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "Sword of Vengeance, Part 4" (1972; Taketichi Saito; in Japanese).

Sept. 29: "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975; Sidney Lumet), with Al Pacino; and "Straight Time" (1978; Ulu Grosbard), with Dustin Hoffman.

Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam); and "Jimi Hendrix" (1973), a documentary.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 21: "Romance" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Gavin Gordon, Lewis Stone, and Elliott Nugent; and "Inspiration" (1931; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo and Robert Montgomery.

Sept. 22: "Red Dust" (1932; Victor Fleming), with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor; and "Bombshell" ("Blonde Bombshell;" 1933; Victor Fleming), with Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Lee Tracy, and Frank Morgan.

Sept. 23-24: "Charlie Chan in the Secret Service" (1944; Phil Rosen) and "The Scarlet Clue" (1945; Phil Rosen), both films with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan.

Sept. 25: "The Heiress" (1949; William Wyler), with Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, and Ralph Richardson; and "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters.

Sept. 26: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "The Blue Angel" (1929; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.

Sept. 27: "The Desperate Hours" (†) and "Marked Woman" (1937; Lloyd Bacon), with Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart, and Eduardo Ciannelli.

Sept. 28: "Separate Tables" (1958; Delbert Mann), with Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, David Niven, Burt Lancaster, and Wendy Hiller; and "The Yellow Rolls-Royce" (1965; Anthony Asquith), with Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman, Shirley MacLaine, Alain Delon, George C. Scott, and Omar Sharif.

Sept. 29: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955; Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish; and "Home from the Hill" (1960; Vincente Minnelli), with Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker, George Hamilton, and George Peppard.

Sept. 30-Oct. 1: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Sept. 22 at 2:30: "Les Grandes Manoeuvres" (1955; directed by René Clair; in French, with no English subtitles), with Gérard Philipe, Michèle Morgan, and Brigitte Bardot. . . . ¶ Sept. 22 at 6: "Si Versailles M'Était Conté" (1954; Sacha Guitry; in French, with no English subtitles), with Guitry, Jean Marais, Claudette Colbert, Micheline Presle, Orson Welles, Jean-Louis Barrault, Gaby Morlay, Fernand Gravey, and Jean-Pierre Aumont. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 2:30: "En Cas de Malheur" (1958; Claude Autant-Lara; in French, with no English subtitles), with Jean Gabin, Brigitte Bardot, and Edwige Feuillère. . . . ¶ Sept. 23 at 6: "Le Bon Dieu sans Confession" (1953; Claude Autant-Lara; in French, with no English subtitles), with Danielle Darrieux. . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 12:30: "The Running, Jumping, and Standing Still Film" (1960; Richard Lester); and "Movie Crazy" (1932; Clyde Bruckman), with Harold Lloyd and Constance Cummings. . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 2:30: "Les Orgueilleux" (1953; Yves Allégret; in French, with no English subtitles), with Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan. . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 5: "En Cas de Malheur." . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at noon: "The Running, Jumping, and Standing Still Film" and "Movie Crazy." . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 2:30: "La Comédie de Bonheur" (1942; Marcel L'Herbier; in French, with no English subtitles), with Michel Simon, Micheline Presle, Roman Novarro, Louis Jourdan, and Jacqueline Delubac. . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 5: "La Vie de Bohème" (1945; Marcel L'Herbier; in French, with no English subtitles), with Maria Denis, Louis Jourdan, and Suzy Delair. . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 2:30: "Le Bon Dieu sans Confession." . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 6: "Les Orgueilleux." . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 2:30: "Lady Paname" (1950; Henri Jeanson; in French, with English subtitles), with Louis Jouvet and Suzy Delair. . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 6: "Les Trois Masques" (1929; André Hugon; in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 2:30: "La Vie de Bohème." . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 6: "Lady Paname." . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 2:30: "Les Trois Masques." . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6: "La Comédie de Bonheur." . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at noon: "The Man I Killed" ("Broken Lullaby;" 1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Lionel Barrymore, Nancy Carroll, and Phillips Holmes. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 2:30: "Early French Cinema: Program I—The Lumière Approach" (1983). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 5: "Lettres de Mon Moulin" (1954; Marcel Pagnol; in French, with English subtitles). (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting Sept. 27: A retrospective of films by Ernie Gehr—"Morning" (1968), "Wait" (1968), "Reverberation" (1969), and "Behind the Scenes" (1975) showing daily at 1 (plus Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 6:30); and "Transparency" (1969), "History" (1970), "Field" (1970), and "Serene Velocity" (1970) showing daily at 3 (plus Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 5). Mr. Gehr will be present on Thursday, Sept. 29, at 1. Closed Mondays.

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films—At **ALICE TULLY HALL,** Lincoln Center. Sept. 23 at 7:30: "The Big Chill" (Lawrence Kasdan; United States). . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Sept. 23 at 9: "The Big Chill." . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Sept. 24 at 12:30: "L'Argent" (Robert Bresson; France/Switzerland) . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 3: "The Story of Piera" (Marco Ferreri; Italy/France). . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 6: "The Wind" (Souleymane Cissé; Mali) and "Reassemblage" (Trinh T. Minh-ha; United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 24 at 9: "The Story of Piera." . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 2: "The Wind" and "Reassemblage." . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 5: "La Signora di Tutti" (1934; Max Ophuls; Italy). . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 7: "L'Argent." . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 9:30 and Sept. 26 at 6:15: "Forbidden Relations" (Zsolt Kézdi-Kovács; Hungary). . . . ¶ Sept. 26 at 9:30 and Sept. 27 at 6:15: "In the White City" (Alain Tanner; Switzerland/Portugal). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 9:30 and Sept. 28 at 6:15: "Boat People" (Ann Hui; Hong Kong/Republic of China). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 9:30 and Sept. 29 at 6:15: "Danton" (Andrzej Wajda; Poland/France). . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 9:30 and Sept. 30 at 6:15: "Life Is a Bed of Roses" (Alain Resnais; France). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 9:30 and Oct. 1 at 12:30: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 3: "Erendira" (Ruy Guerra; Mexico/France/West Germany). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 6: "Lost Illusions" (Gyula Gazdog; Hungary). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 9: "Last Night at the Alamo" (Eagle Pennell; United States) and "Shifted Evidence" (Patricia Gruben; Canada). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at midnight: "The Golden Eighties" (Chantal Akerman; Belgium). (For information about tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Absence of Malice (1981)—A trim, well-paced newspaper melodrama that queries journalistic practices. Sally Field is the basically insensitive eager-beaver Miami reporter who snaps up a story that the head of a federal strike force investigating the disappearance of a union leader leaks to her. The story is false—the federal man's purpose is simply to stir things up by putting pressure on an honest businessman who has Mafia relatives. Paul Newman is the victim, and the movie is about how he turns the methods of the authorities and the newspaperwoman against them. It's doubtful that people who are out to get even are as calm and well balanced as this character; Newman gives revenge class, so we can all enjoy it. The script, by Kurt Luedtke, a former newspaperman, is crisply plotted, but he doesn't write scenes to reveal anything more in the characters than the plot requires. Sydney Pollack's directing is efficient and the film is moderately entertaining, but it leaves no residue. Except for the intensity of Newman's sly, compact performance (especially in the one scene when he blows up at the reporter and hisses his rage right into her ear), and the marvellously inventive acting of Melinda Dillon in the role of an achingly helpless, frightened woman, and the character bits by Barry Primus, Luther Adler, Josef Sommer, Wilford Brimley, Don Hood, and John Harkins, you could get it all by reading an article. As the head of the strike force, Bob Balaban must think that he's doing Captain Queeg. He has devised an attention-getting nervous shtick—he spins his hands around while playing with rubber bands—and he never gives it a rest. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/4/82.) (Metro Cinema; Sept. 29.)

The American Friend (1977)—The young German director Wim Wenders is attracted to the idea of telling a story, but he can't quite keep his mind on it; he overdoses on mood—poetic urban masochism—in this adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's crime novel "Ripley's Game." Wenders' unsettling compositions are neurotically beautiful visions of a disordered world, but the film doesn't have the nasty, pleasurable cleverness of a good thriller; dramatically, it's stagnant—inverted Wagnerianism. Bruno Ganz is impressive as the watchful, anxious-eyed hero; with more than a half-dozen directors (including Dennis Hopper, Nicholas Ray, Gérard Blain, and Samuel Fuller) playing crooks. Script by Wenders; cinematography by Robby Müller. In English, German, and French. (Film Forum; Sept. 30-Oct. 1.)

Atlantic City (1981)—This spa that became a racketeers' paradise during Prohibition and in 1981 was on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes

Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the ten or twelve major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid as the widow of a mobster, Hollis McLaren as a dippy flower child born into the wrong era, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors, and an appearance by Robert Goulet as himself. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (Metro Cinema; Sept. 27.)

The Big Heat (1953)—Sidney Boehm's solid, hard-nosed script might have been made into a routine cops-and-robbers thriller, but the director, Fritz Lang, gave it a formalized style. The movie is all of a piece; it's designed in light and shadows, and its underworld atmosphere glistens with the possibilities of sadism—this is a definitive *film noir*, with a few stunningly choreographed nasty scenes. Glenn Ford is Dave Bannion, a police lieutenant who ignores the orders of his superiors and investigates a big-time gangster (Alexander Scourby). A bomb is planted in Bannion's car, and his wife (Jocelyn Brando) is blown up. Full of hate, Bannion leaves the department to find revenge. When one of the gangster's henchmen (Lee Marvin) throws scalding coffee at his mistress, a high-living tough-girl lush (Gloria Grahame), and she wants vengeance, too, she joins up with Bannion, and the film accumulates corpses and arrests. With Carolyn Jones and Dan Seymour. From a novel by William P. McGivern; cinematography by Charles Lang, Jr. (Film Forum; Sept. 28-29.)

Blue Thunder—There's electricity in the air, and L.A. at night has a psychedelic, futuristic quality, like Godard's Alphaville. But the plot is no more than hints and eavesdroppings about a sinister right-wing conspiracy within the government—it involves the use of a sumptuous test-model helicopter with the deceptively romantic name "Blue Thunder." The director, John Badham, does a glamorous, showy job, and, what with all the stunt flying and the hair-trigger editing (by Frank Morriss and Edward Abroms), this is the sort of action film that can make you feel sick with excitement, yet it's all technique—suspense in a void. The battle between good and evil rages in the dirty looks that Roy Scheider, a police-officer pilot, exchanges with Malcolm McDowell as an Army colonel, a mad-twit racist. With Daniel Stern in an engaging performance as a rookie police pilot, Warren Oates as a scowling, good-guy police captain, and Candy Clark. The cinematography is by John A. Alonzo; the script is by Dan O'Bannon and Don Jakoby—they obviously don't do people. (5/30/83) (Waverly; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Sept. 23.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Sept. 29.)

La Cage aux Folles II (1980)—The return of Albin (Michel Serrault) and Renato (Ugo Tognazzi). This picture isn't as original as the first, but it gives the actors more range, and it's more smoothly directed (also by Edouard Molinaro). A thriller plot serves as a pretext to get the two middle-aged homosexuals out of their apartment and into the straight world. The movie is most inventive when they're in Italy, and Albin, dressed as a peasant woman, is toiling in the fields among the women; he looks youthful and radiantly fulfilled—he really believes that he is one of them. Albin doesn't see what we can see: wherever he is and however he's dressed, he's so far into his fantasy that he looks like no one else. This film has nothing to do with the art of movies, but it has a great deal to do with the craft and art of acting, and with the pleasures of farce. Serrault gives a superb comic performance—his Albin is a wildly fanciful creation. And maybe it's only in this exaggerated form that a movie about the ridiculousness and the tenderness of married love can be widely accepted now. With Marcel Bozzuffi. In French. (Olympia Quad.)

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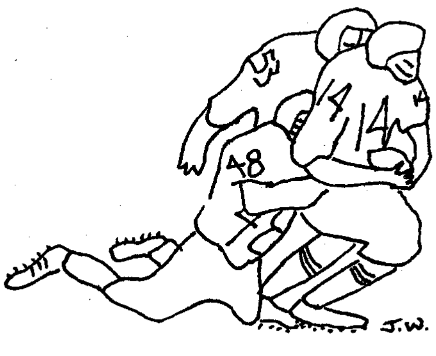
Daniel—Sidney Lumet directed, from E. L. Doctorow's script, based on his 1971 novel "The Book of Daniel." The quasi-modernist novel is a personal fantasy that plugs into the persecution fears that the Rosenberg case stirred up. It's a mussy, mixed-up, passionate book—demagogic and harrowing. The movie is all those things, too, except it's not passionate, and so it doesn't carry you along. Timothy Hutton is Daniel, the son of the "Isaacsons," who is searching for the meaning of his dead parents' lives, and Amanda Plummer is the driven-mad younger sister; Lindsay Crouse and Mandy Patinkin are the parents. The cast includes Ellen Barkin, Ed Asner, Carmen Matthews, John Rubinstein, Maria Tucci, Julie Bovasso, Tovah Feldshuh, and many other well-known players; some of them must have flinched when they saw their performances here. (9/5/83) (Coronet.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. It's a backstage story about the making of an American-financed movie, "Meet Pamela," set on the Riviera, in which Jacqueline Bisset, married to Jean-Pierre Léaud, falls in love with his father, Jean-Pierre Aumont. Truffaut, who plays the efficient and rather colorless director of "Meet Pamela," brings it all off gracefully. Among the performers, Valentina Cortese is the liveliest, in her juicy, if familiar, theatrical turn as a drunken has-been star, and Léaud's elfin piques are amusing enough. Truffaut's approach is very childlike; it's filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. But the large cast is very ordinary and the film is too fan-magazinish in approach and too tenderly shallow. Also with Nathalie Baye and Alexandra Stewart. From a script by Truffaut, Jean-Louis Richard, and Suzanne Schiffman. In French. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 1.)

The Desperate Hours (1955)—Joseph Hayes' adaptation of his play about three escaped convicts who invade the home of an Indianapolis businessman and make life hell for him and his family. An excellent melodrama, in which Humphrey Bogart and Fredric March distinguish themselves as, respectively, a psychopathic criminal and a shrewd, decent householder. Directed by William Wyler. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 27.)

Diva (1981)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by Jean-Jacques Beineix, a director who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Quad Cinema.)



Doktor Mabuse (1922)—Fritz Lang's first film about Mabuse, the hypnotic genius-criminal who masterminds a secret organization of cutthroats and counterfeiters. Rudolf Klein-Rogge plays the demonic doctor, who dominates everyone around him and means to run the world. In Part I, he gambles, causes stock to decline, and hypnotizes a young millionaire. In Part II, he hypnotizes the public prosecutor who is investigating him, but the police save the prosecutor, and Mabuse winds up in a madhouse. Not altogether coherent, it is full of sensational material and suggestions of decadence. Part I, "Der Spieler," is being shown here. (Film Forum; Sept. 28-29.)

Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan in an affected cinema-verité film by Donn Pennebaker that features songs and put-downs. With Donovan and Joan Baez. (Embassy 72nd St.)

The Draughtsman's Contract—Set on an English estate in the summer of 1694, this formalist tease by the writer-director Peter Greenaway is a fantasia of conceits about perspective, and about the relationship between the artist, his art, and the world. It's also a victimization fantasy: the draughtsman (Anthony Higgins), a lover of landscape, is attacked and destroyed by those who love only property. The film is mannered and idiosyncratic; the speeches are so arch and twitty they seem to be pitched higher than a dog whistle. For Greenaway, a movie is a set of theorems to be demonstrated by tableaux. His mind may be active but his camera is dead. With Janet Suzman and Anne Louise Lambert. (8/22/83) (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker.)

Fanny and Alexander—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it—replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Cinema I; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Gemini; starting Sept. 30.)

Fitzcarraldo—The biggest disappointment in this epic written and directed by Werner Herzog is Peru. After a visually promising beginning, Herzog seems to lose interest in the external world (and no one in this movie has much of an internal world, either). Though the shots are lovely, they're held too long and they don't have the ghostly, kinky expressiveness of the great images that sustain one through the dragginess of "Aguirre, the Wrath of God." Set in the eighteen-nineties, the film is about a three-hundred-and-twenty-ton steamboat being dragged over a mountain that separates one tributary of the Amazon from another. At times, the ship slowly climbing the mountain seems rather magical, but two hours and thirty-seven minutes is a long sit, and the deliberateness of Herzog's pacing can put you in a stupor. In some shots, the boat looks so fake it has to be the real thing. The sight that we wait for turns out to be a bust: when the ship is poised at the very top, it looks like a big toy. The hero, played by Klaus Kinski, is trying to get rich in the rubber trade so that he can build an opera house in the jungle and bring Caruso to sing in it. He seems meant to be a lovable loser, but it's hard to know quite what Kinski's Fitzcarraldo is because he's not like anyone else in the world—except maybe Bette Davis playing Rutger Hauer. As Molly, the whorehouse madam, Claudia Cardinale is ripely alive in this asexual movie. (For an account of its making, see "Burden of Dreams," also playing at the

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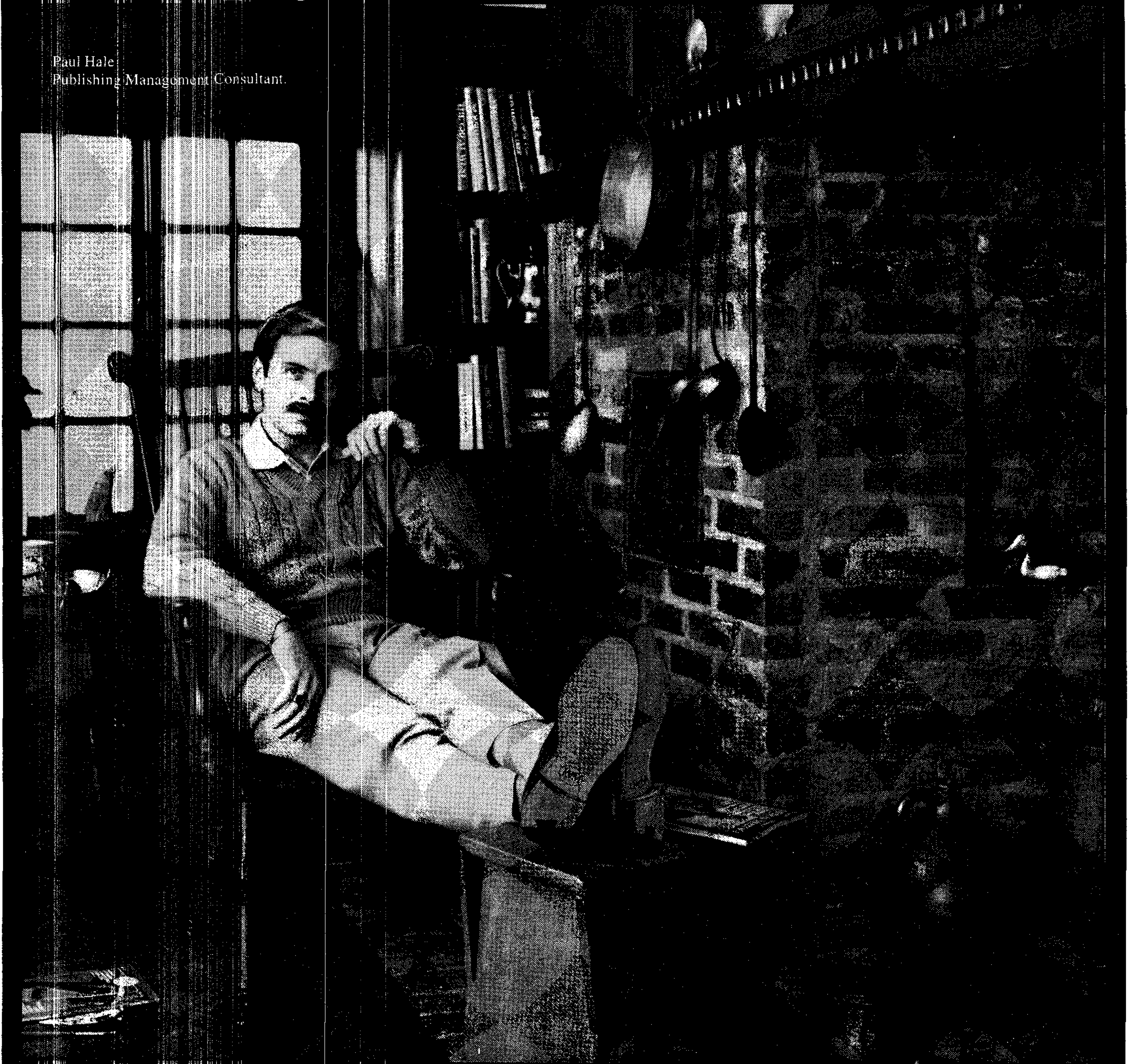

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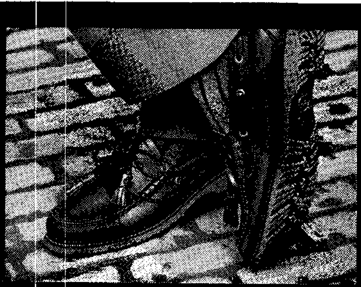

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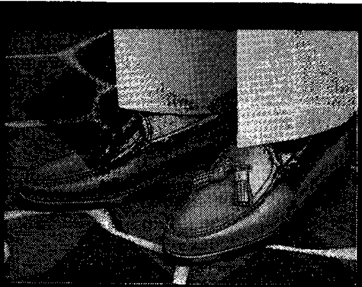

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Thalia.) In German. (10/18/82) (Film Forum; Sept. 25-26.)

Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream, in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Greenwich Playhouse, Embassy, and New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Sept. 29.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective, and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his verbal finesse and his hustler's black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (72nd Street East; starting Sept. 30.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi, the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount; through Sept. 22.)

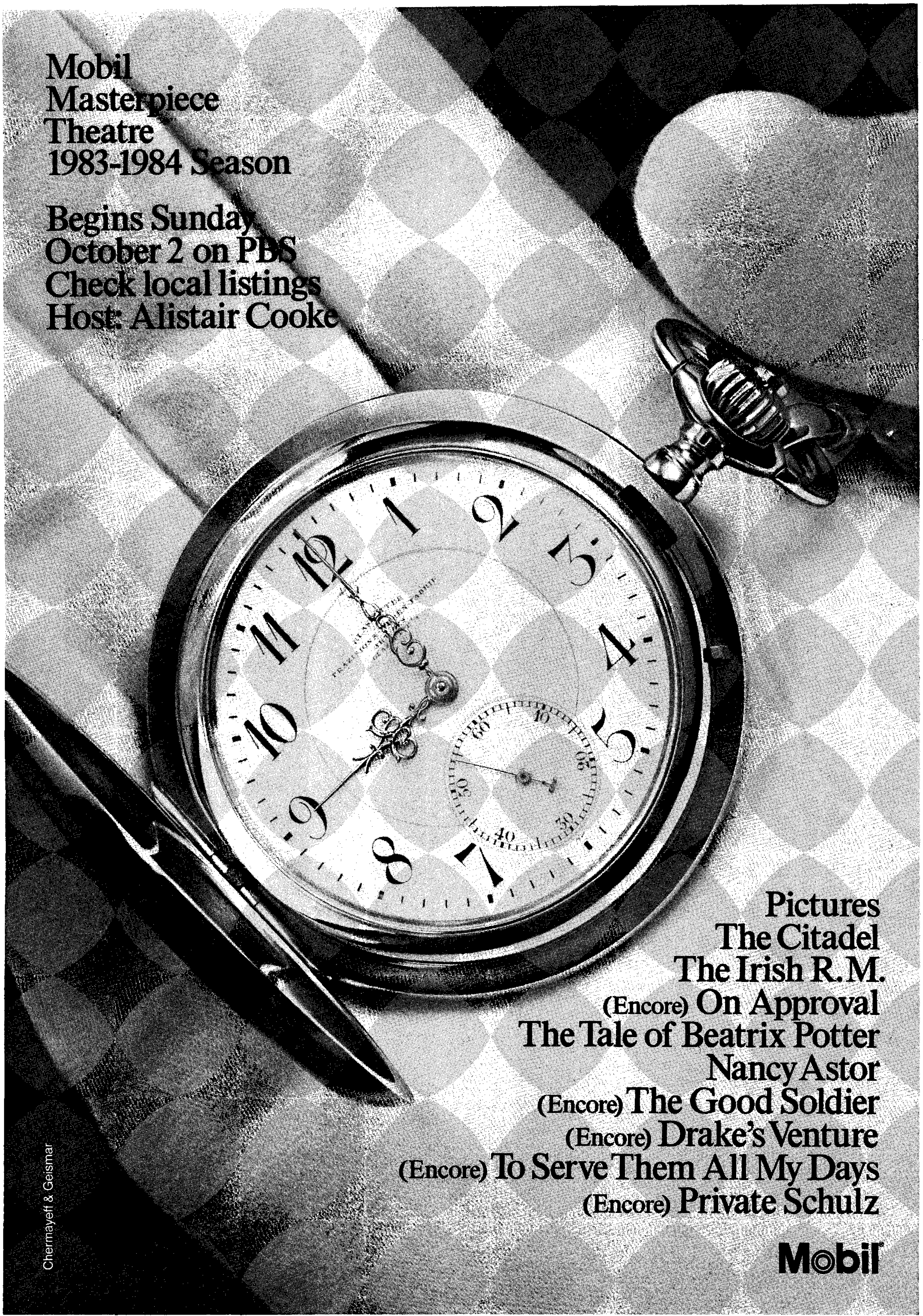
The Grey Fox—The story of a legendary gentleman bandit, Bill Miner (Richard Farnsworth), who served thirty-three years in San Quentin for robbing stagecoaches and then, when he got out, took up robbing trains. This first feature directed by the Canadian Phillip Borsos at twenty-seven, after a number of highly regarded documentaries, has spectacular work by the British cinematographer Frank Tidy. Farnsworth is a superb camera subject, with a lulling sexual presence, and he and Jackie Burroughs, who plays a red-haired suffragette, do some highly photogenic flirting. Borsos appears to have a dandy's approach to crime and social injustice, but he's an inspired image-maker, and the film manages to be an art Western without making you hate it. Based on a script by John Hunter. With Wayne Robson as the little boozer Shorty. (8/8/83) (D. W. Griffith, and Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 22.)

The King of Marvin Gardens (1972)—Indecipherable dark-toned movie about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. Set in the then decaying playground of Atlantic City in the gray, wintry off-season, it keeps declaring its alienation. Bruce Dern works hard trying to be charismatic as the promoter brother, who fronts for black gangsters. (Scatman Crothers is the big boss.) Jack Nicholson is the artist brother, who does monologues on late-night FM radio, issuing such pronouncements as "Goodbye, written word" and referring to his own life in terms like "Tragedy isn't Top Forty—which is just as well." Trying to act intellectual, Nicholson wears a prissy expression, huddles in his overcoat, and gives a dim, ploddingly serious performance. (If the roles had been reversed, the film might have had a *little* energy.) As Dern's aging, rejected mistress, who is being replaced in his affections by her own stepdaughter, Ellen Burstyn works valiantly, but her role is a series of florid gestures—it's like all Claire Trevor's biggest scenes put together. This is an unqualified disaster of the type that only talented people have; the producer-director, Bob Rafelson, and the scriptwriter, Jacob Brackman, seem to be saying "Let them eat metaphors." With Julia Anne Robinson as the stepdaughter, Charles Lavine as the brothers' grandfather, and Gary Goodrow, Sully Boyar, and Josh Mostel. Cinematography by Laszlo Kovacs. (Metro Cinema; Sept. 27.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane) is a criminal lawyer who is himself criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). Witty and enjoyable; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery as Welles. (Cinema Village; Sept. 30-Oct. 1.)

The Leopard (1963)—It had been cut to two hours and forty-one minutes when it opened in this country, in a dubbed-into-English version that didn't always seem in sync, and with the color brightened in highly variable and disorienting ways. This version, not released here until September, 1983, is in Italian, with subtitles, and at its full length—three hours and five minutes. And it's magnificent—a sweeping popular epic, with obvious similarities to "Gone with the Wind," and with an almost Chekhovian sensibility. Based on the novel by Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, an impoverished Sicilian prince, it has a hero on a grand scale—Don Fabrizio, Prince of Salina, played superlatively by Burt Lancaster, who has acknowledged that he modelled his performance on the nobleman director Luchino Visconti. The film is set in the eighteen-sixties, when Italy was in the middle of a revolution, but it's essentially about the Prince himself—the aging Leopard—and how he reacts to the social changes. We couldn't be any closer to Lancaster's Prince if we were inside his skin—which in a way we are. We see what he sees, feel what he feels, and, in the last hour, set at a splendid ball that marks the aristocrats' acceptance of the Mafia-dominated parvenus who are taking over their wealth and power, we're inside his mind as he relives his life, experiences regret, and accepts the dying of his class and his own death. It's one of the greatest of all passages in movies. With Alain Delon as the Prince's sly nephew; Claudia Cardinale as a shrewd, sensual heiress; Paolo Stoppa as her beady-eyed, land-grabbing father; Rina Morelli as the Prince's repressed, whimpering wife; and Romolo Valli, Serge Reggiani, Leslie French, and Pierre Clementi. (Both Paolo Stoppa and Rina Morelli give superb performances; Alain Delon is perhaps too airy for his role.) The score is by Nino Rota; the cinematography is by the justly celebrated Giuseppe Rotunno. (9/19/83) (Cinema Studio.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The film is based on the case of the Düsseldorf murderer: the police, in trying to track him down, disturbed the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organized to find him, so that crime could go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase—actually, on the two converging chases of the police and the underworld. The structure is so mechanical it's almost pulpy, and the film reaches for other easy effects—it's similar to "The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical use of beggars and criminals. But there's nothing facile about Lorre: trapped by the underworld, he screams, "I can't help myself!" Our identification with him as a psychopath is so complete it's hard to believe that while appearing before Fritz



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Lang's cameras in the daytime he was, at night, acting as a comedian in a farce. With Gustaf Gründgens and Otto Wernicke; cinematography by Fritz Arno Wagner; script by Thea von Harbou and others. (The tune Lorre whistles is the theme from Grieg's "Peer Gynt.") In German. (Film Forum; Sept. 30-Oct. 1.)

Mädchen in Uniform (1932)—A willowy young girl (Herthe Thiele) in a fashionable school is unhappy under the harsh, Prussian discipline; she flowers when a sympathetic, understanding teacher (Dorothea Wieck) gives her special consideration. This consideration is ambiguous and certainly sensual. The teacher is not viewed as decadent, or even naughty; she appears to be on the side of the liberal, humanitarian angels, yet she seems unmistakably lesbian. This legendary film, temporarily obstructed by U.S. censors, was later voted the best film of the year by the New York press. It was directed by Leontine Sagan from Christa Winsloe's play "Yesterday and Today"—one of the few occasions in film history when a woman writer's material has also been directed by a woman. The picture is always described as sensitive, and it is; it's also a rather loaded piece of special pleading. In German. (Thalia; Sept. 27.)

The Man with Two Brains—As the world's greatest brain surgeon, Steve Martin is an exuberantly dirty-minded kid; sunny, grinning, lewd, Martin is wired up for the whole movie—a slapstick burlesque that moves along enjoyably. The surgeon perceives himself as a man of the world, but he's a guileless innocent compared with the flirty, dimply sadist (Kathleen Turner) who marries him for her convenience and coos with pleasure as she frustrates him. With David Warner as a soft-spoken mad doctor who keeps live human brains in candy jars before putting them in gorillas, Paul Benedict as his butler, and George Furth. There's at least one inspired love scene (between Martin and a brain, in a rowboat). This movie has the kind of maniacal situations that are so dumb they make you laugh, and since much of what children find hilarious has this same giddiness, they'd probably like the film a lot. But it also has the kind of raunchiness that may worry their parents (though it will probably just make the kids giggle). Directed (more gracefully than usual) by Carl Reiner, written by Reiner, Martin, and George Gipe. The cinematography, by Michael Chapman, has a graphic vitality that's unusual for a comedy. (6/27/83) (Olympia Quad; through Sept. 29.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun (1979)—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the Second World War and the economic miracle that followed. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (Film Forum; Sept. 27-28.)

The Merchant of Four Seasons (1971)—A measured, distanced study of a victim (Hans Hirschmuller)—a rejected son of a middle-class family—and how he loses the will to live. The film is considered by many to be a masterpiece, but the style of the director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, doesn't have enough authority; an American viewer may be uncertain how to react to the distancing devices, and how to react to the masochism and the misogyny and the view of women as coldhearted betrayers. When is Fassbinder being sardonic, and when are the degradation and futility meant to be taken straight? The picture, which has some conceptual resemblances to the later films of Robert Bresson and to Dreyer's "Gertrud," and some psychological resemblances to such Emil Jannings films as "Variety," is an art thing, all right, but perhaps not a work of art. And, most important of all, it isn't likable. With Irm Hermann and Hanna Schygulla. In German. (Film Forum; Sept. 27-28.)

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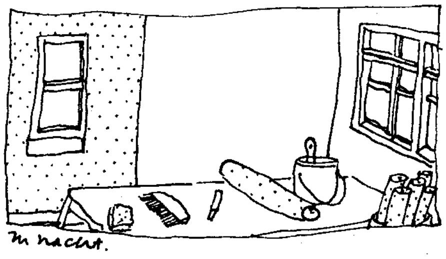
The Moon in the Gutter—Coming right after Jean-Jacques Beineix's sparkling, gift-wrapped "Diva," this oppressive romantic tragedy, in which Gérard Depardieu plays a stevedore obsessed with memories of his dead sister, may be a shock, but it's the kind of excruciatingly silly movie that only a talented director can make. (Hacks don't leave common sense this far behind.) Beineix is celebrating the poetry of the movies, which for him is the poetry of artificiality. Nastassia Kinski is posed like Hedy Lamarr in "Algiers;" she's the unattainable—the moon that shines on poor Depardieu down there in his Brando T-shirt in the *film noir* gutter. The actors are helpless, because the movie isn't about their characters' emotions—it's about Beineix's swooning response to the earlier movie stars that they're standing in for. Beineix can sometimes engage us by his visual flourishes—abstractions of men at work, blood that's like spilled fingernail polish, a cathedral like a witch's palace. But it's a suffocating, empty movie in thick, nocturnal color, and with glamour music that's an exaggeration of Hollywood's old soaring and slurping scores—the kind that make you wince during revival showings. With Victoria Abril as hot little Bella, who's like a parody of generations of sensual, jealous spitfires, and Bertice Reading, Dominique Pinon, and Milena Vukotić. Based on the 1953 American novel by David Goodis. In French. (9/19/83) (Quad Cinema, and Cinema 3.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (St. Marks Cinema; Sept. 23-29. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 23.)

The Night Porter (1974)—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an S-M Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something important is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. With Philippe Leroy and Gabriele Ferzetti. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 27-28.)

Octopussy—This is probably the most casual of the James Bond series, and in some ways it's more like the Bob Hope and Bing Crosby "Road" comedies than it is like the Bonds. Bond—Roger Moore—gets most of his effects here by the spark in his worried, squinched-up eyes; he may not be heroic, but he's game. This fourteenth in the Bond series (or thirteenth, if you don't include the spoof "Casino Royale") is set against a tourist-paradise India. It rattles along agreeably, even though the director, John Glen, seems to lose track of the story, and neither he nor the writers (George MacDonald Fraser, with Richard Maibaum and Michael G. Wilson) appear to have thought out the women's roles. The picture doesn't deliver on the chic perversities suggested by the inelegant title (and some of the décor). As Octopussy, the beautiful amazon Maud Adams is disappointingly warm and maternal. With Kristina Wayborn as the tall greasy-lipped blonde, and Louis Jourdan, Kabir Bedi, Steven Berkoff, Vijay Amritraj, and David and Tony Meyer as the knife-throwing twins. (6/27/83) (Criterion Theatres.)



Pauline at the Beach—The writer-director Eric Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The year is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his archenemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (Embassy; through Sept. 22.)

Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Loews Astor Plaza.)

Risky Business—The high-school-boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic

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mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (34th St. East, Sutton, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 22.)

Servant and Mistress (1978)—An élitist role reversal between a master (Victor Lanoux) who comes home to collect his supposed inheritance and the family maid (Andréa Ferréol) who has moved in to commandeer the money and behaves like a very Gallic Lady Bracknell. Everything is conducted here with talk that gives an implacable weight to trivia. Bruno Gantillon made the film without humor or humanity, and with a good deal of solemnity. In French. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 27-28.)

Shane (1953)—The Western stranger in town consciously turned into Galahad on the range. Superficially, this is a Western, but from Shane's knightly costume, from the way his horse canters, from the Agincourt music, it's all too recognizable as an attempt to create a myth. With chivalric purity as his motivation, the enigmatic Shane (Alan Ladd) defeats enemies twice his size—the largest is the Prince of Darkness himself, Jack Palance. The earth-loving Wyoming homesteaders befriended by Shane include Van Heflin, Jean Arthur as his wife, and Brandon deWilde as their child. This George Stevens film is overplanned and uninspired: Westerns are better when they're not so self-importantly self-conscious. However, audiences wept over the scene in which a dog mourns at his master's coffin, and Jean Arthur's farewell handshake to Shane—whom she loves—brought forth sniffles. Brandon deWilde's final cry, "Shane," was heard for years wherever kids played. With Edgar Buchanan, Elisha Cook, Jr., Ben Johnson, and Emile Meyer. The screenplay is by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., from Jack Schaefer's novel. The cinematography by Loyal Griggs won the Academy Award; this must have struck him as a black joke, because Paramount, in order to take advantage of the new fashion for the wide screen, had mutilated the compositions by cutting off the top and bottom. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 25-26.)

A Star Is Born (1954)—Grandiose, emotionally charged musical version of the 1937 tear-jerker about Hollywood, which featured Janet Gaynor as the fresh young star and Fredric March as the washed-up star she marries. This time, Judy Garland and James Mason are the leads (although she looks tired and worn, and he gives such a remarkable performance as the decaying actor that he brings a bloom to the movie). This updated version is a terrible, fascinating orgy of self-pity and cynicism and mythmaking. Garland's jagged, tremulous performance is nakedly intense; her (overproduced) musical numbers include the capering "Born in a Trunk" and the dark, heavy torch song "The Man That Got Away." With Charles Bickford, Jack Carson, and Tommy Noonan. George Cukor directed, from Moss Hart's acerbic rewrite of the original (which Dorothy Parker had worked on). George Hoyningen-Huené served as color consultant, and the strikingly sumptuous color design gives the film deep, neurotic, emotional tones. (The 1976 remake, with Streisand and Kristofferson, switched the milieu to the rock world.) (R.K.O. Century Art. . . . ¶ Manhattan; through Sept. 22.)

Staying Alive—Ludicrous. As producer-writer-director, Sylvester Stallone turns everything into a fight, and this sequel to John Badham's "Saturday Night Fever," with John Travolta once again playing the dancer Tony Manero, seems designed to pound the audience into submission. Stallone doesn't bother much with characters, scenes, or dialogue. He just puts the newly muscle-plated Travolta in front of the cameras, covers him with what looks like oil slick, and goes for the whambams. The film gives the audience such a pounding that if it weren't for the final two minutes of Travolta on the street, moving to the theme music from "Saturday Night Fever," people might not have the strength to crawl out of the theatre. With Cynthia Rhodes, Finola Hughes, and Julie Bovasso, who has a couple of remarkable scenes as Tony's mother. (8/22/83) (Ziegfeld; through Sept. 29. No performances on Monday, Sept. 26.)

Stroszek (1977)—Werner Herzog, the West German who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself to be like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. There is a marvellous performance by a paper-faced old man called Scheitz (Clemens Scheitz). In German and English. (Film Forum; Sept. 30-Oct. 1.)

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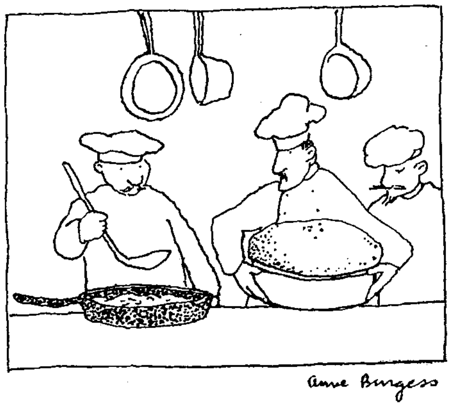
Tempest (1982)—Taking off from Shakespeare and the idea of a world-famous American architect of Greek ancestry who is having a mid-life crisis, Paul Mazursky tries for a free, airborne mix of comedy, musical, psychodrama, and dream play. The film has a flickering wit and there are charming bits by Susan Sarandon and the talented young actress Molly Ringwald, but Mazursky doesn't find an original tone that the audience can respond to, and he has put John Cassavetes—one of the most dour and alienating of actors—at the film's center. And worse, the picture has delusions of pain-in-the-soul glamour; set mostly in Manhattan and on a Greek island, it's overblown and luxuriantly elegant. You feel you should ooh and ah the vistas (courtesy of the cinematographer, Don McAlpine). It has the polished pictorial extravagance of stupe classics, such as Albert Lewin's 1951 "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman." (It even has the swank blue skies that "Pandora" had.) And it's a sophisticated fantasy in the same mode: the images might be used to advertise a new *parfum*. This is an absurd movie, but what an artifact! It takes a high degree of civilization to produce something so hollow. With Raul Julia, Gena Rowlands, Vittorio Gassman, Lucianne Buchanan, Sam Robards, Paul Stewart, Jackie Gayle, Tony Holland, Jerry Hardin, and Paul and Betsy Mazursky. From a script by Mazursky and Leon Capetanos; with a modern score by Stomu Yamashta. (9/20/82) (Metro Cinema; Sept. 26.)

Tootsie—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman is both the hero and the target of this satirical farce about actors. He plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as "Dorothy Michaels," and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—not because he has any secret desire to be a woman but because when he's Dorothy he's acting. He's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role—you can see it in his intense, glittering eyes. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him; she says her lines in such a mild, natural way that it makes perfect sense for Michael to stop in his tracks and stare at her in wonder. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (Waverly; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Sept. 23.)

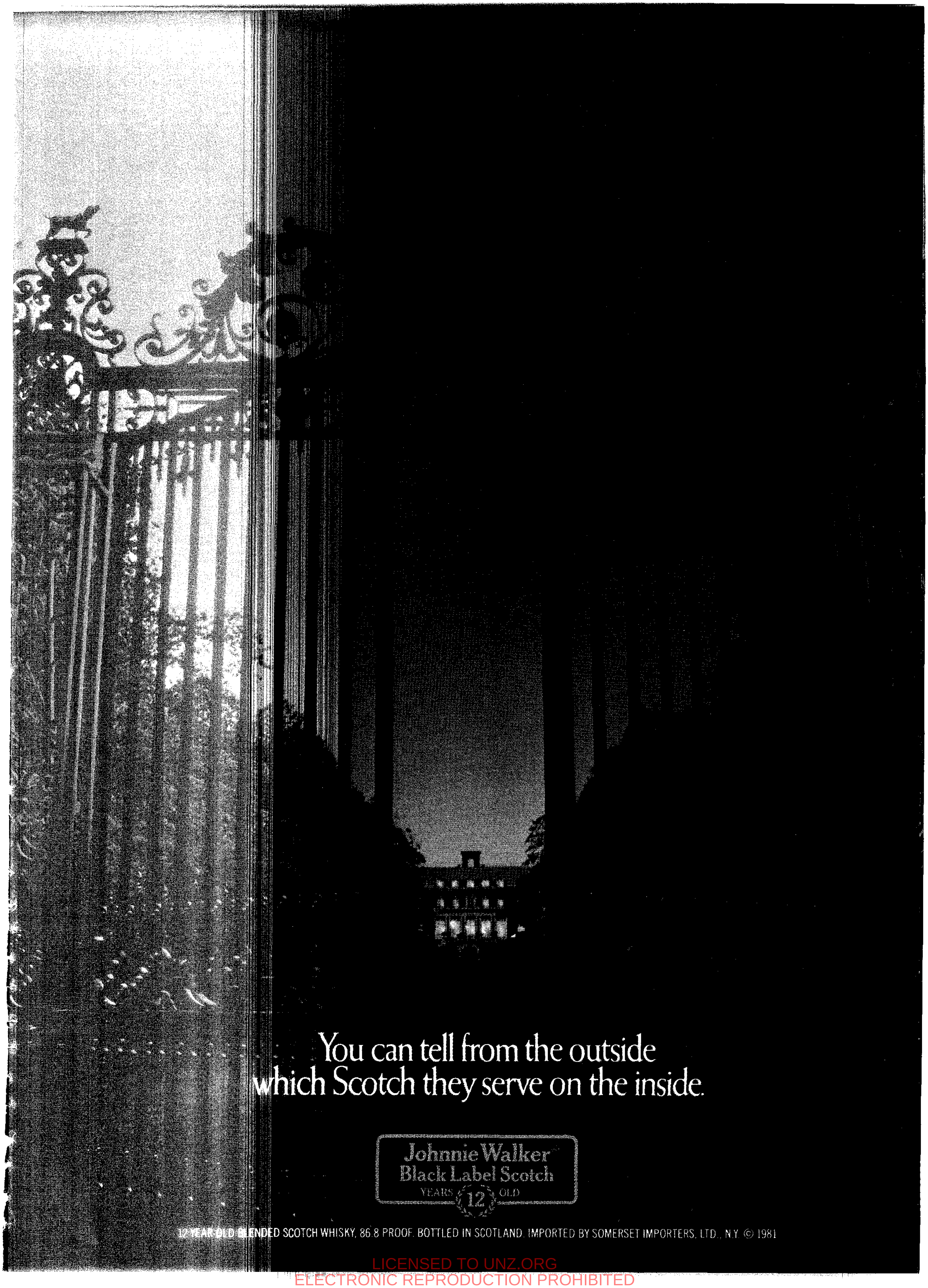


Trading Places—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish. With Denholm Elliott, Jamie Lee Curtis, Paul Gleason, and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin; through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 30.)

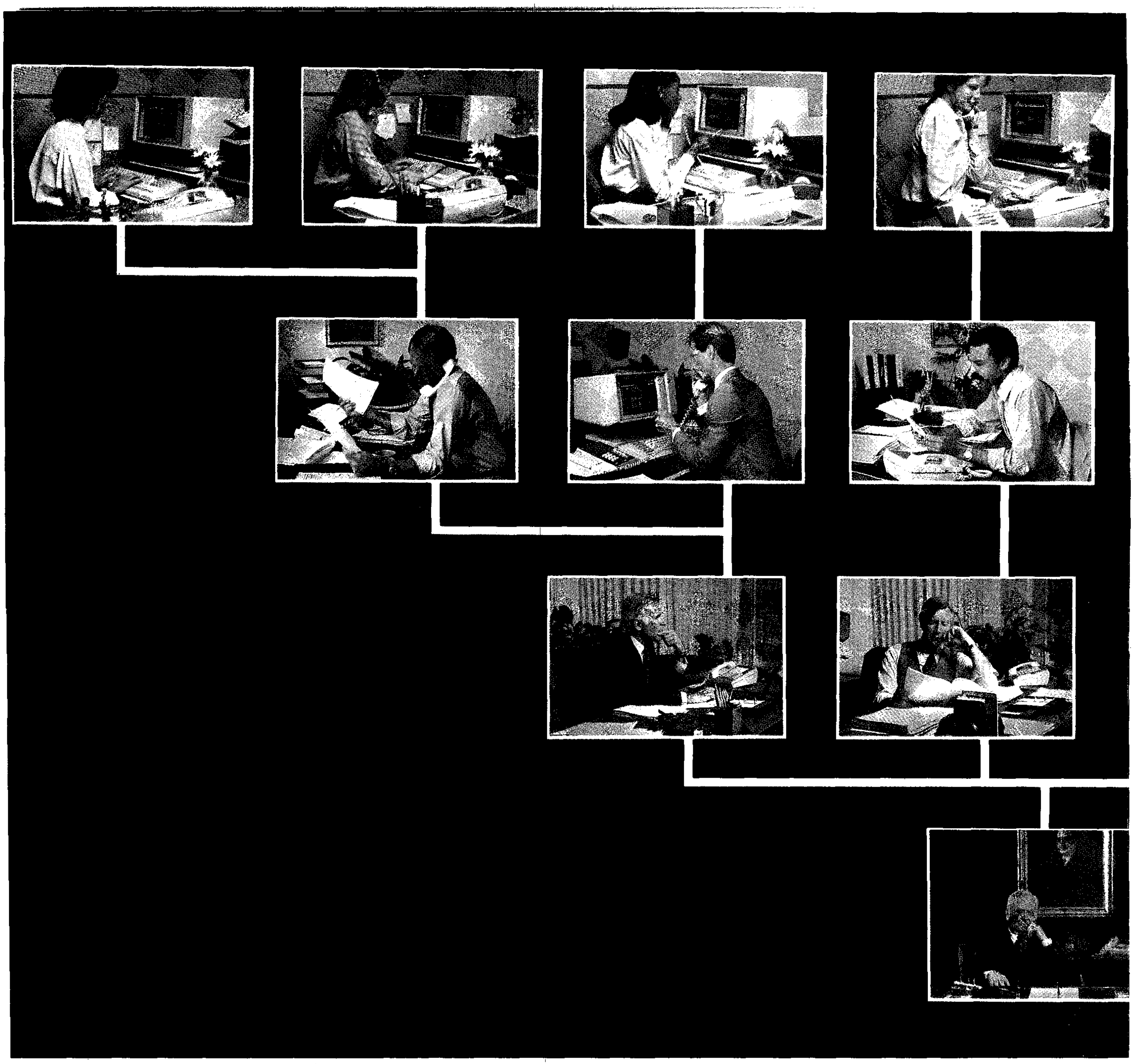
WarGames—The film begins as a comedy about a teen-age boy in Seattle who is caught up in the fascination of computers and video games; he has all this miracle-working technology and not a thought in the world about what to do with it. Matthew Broderick plays the role with great charm, but when this boy accidentally plugs into the Defense Department's war-games system and gets into what he thinks is just another video game—Global Thermonuclear War—the machines take over. There's also the noise of speechmakers—the director, John Badham, loses his easy touch, and the picture goes flooey. It's at its worst when John Wood is on screen as a saintly computer scientist who's so brainy and bitter that he rolls his eyes from side to side and wears his hair in bangs. With Ally Sheedy, Dabney Coleman, Barry Corbin, and Eddie Deezen as Mr. Potato Head. From a script by Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes. (6/13/83) (Guild, and Embassy.)

You Only Live Once (1937)—This early version of the Bonnie and Clyde story, starring Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda (neither has ever been better), is perhaps the finest of Fritz Lang's American movies, and certainly one of the finest American melodramas of the thirties. In this version, the young outcasts are seen as innocent victims of the indifference and cruelty of society—a view the audiences of the period readily shared. Even though the social slant may seem like Lang pushing his view of doom, and even though the end seems maudlin, the details and many of the individual sequences are so clearly directed that the social melodrama is transcended. With Jean Dixon, Barton MacLane, Margaret Hamilton, Warren Hymer, Guinn Williams, Charles (Chic) Sale, and, regrettably, William Gargan as Father Dolan. The script is by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. (Film Forum; Sept. 30-Oct. 1.)

Zelig—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt: it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Movieland; starting Sept. 23.)


You can tell from the outside
which Scotch they serve on the inside.
Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD

12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y. © 1981



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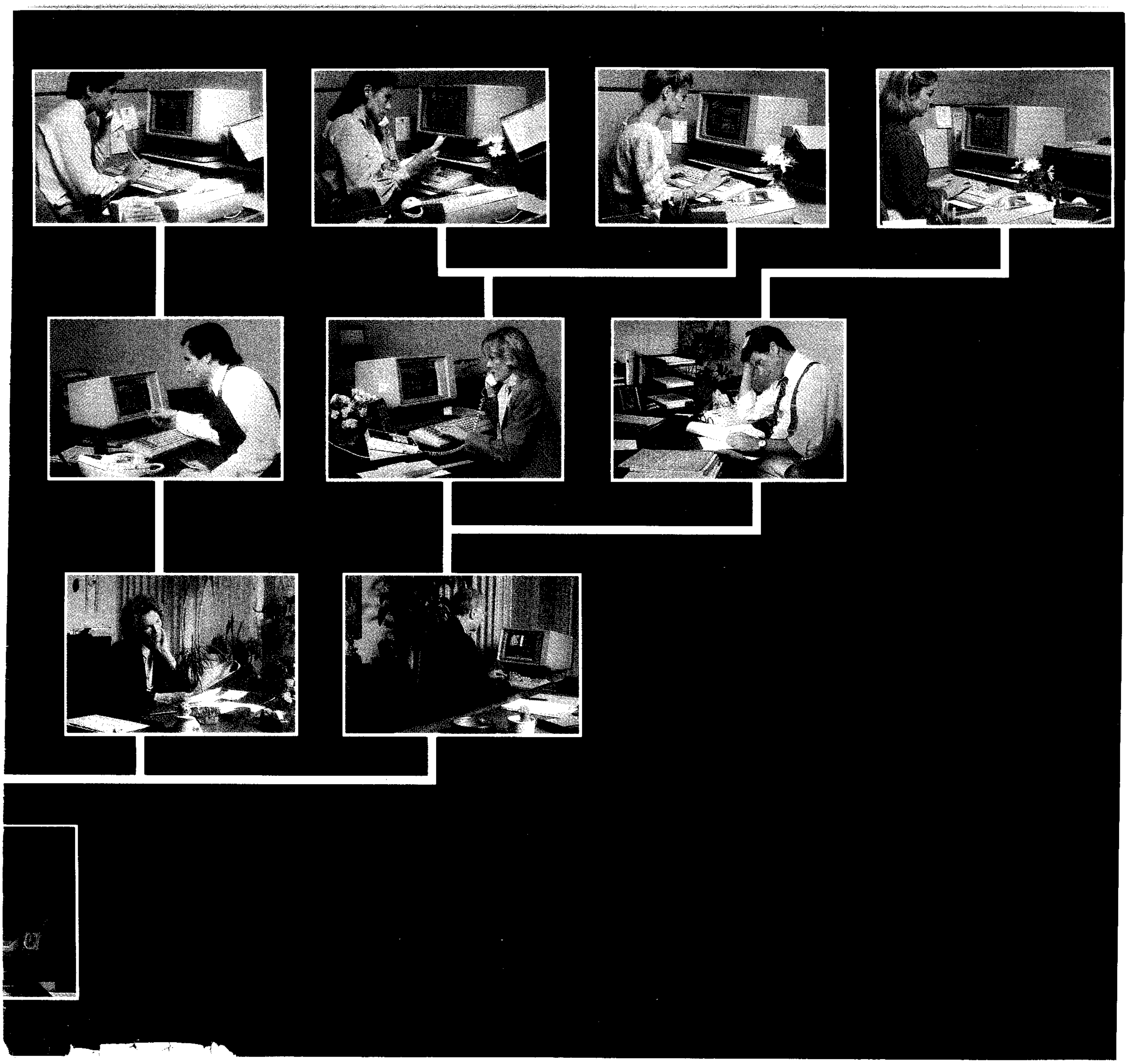

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To find out more about o

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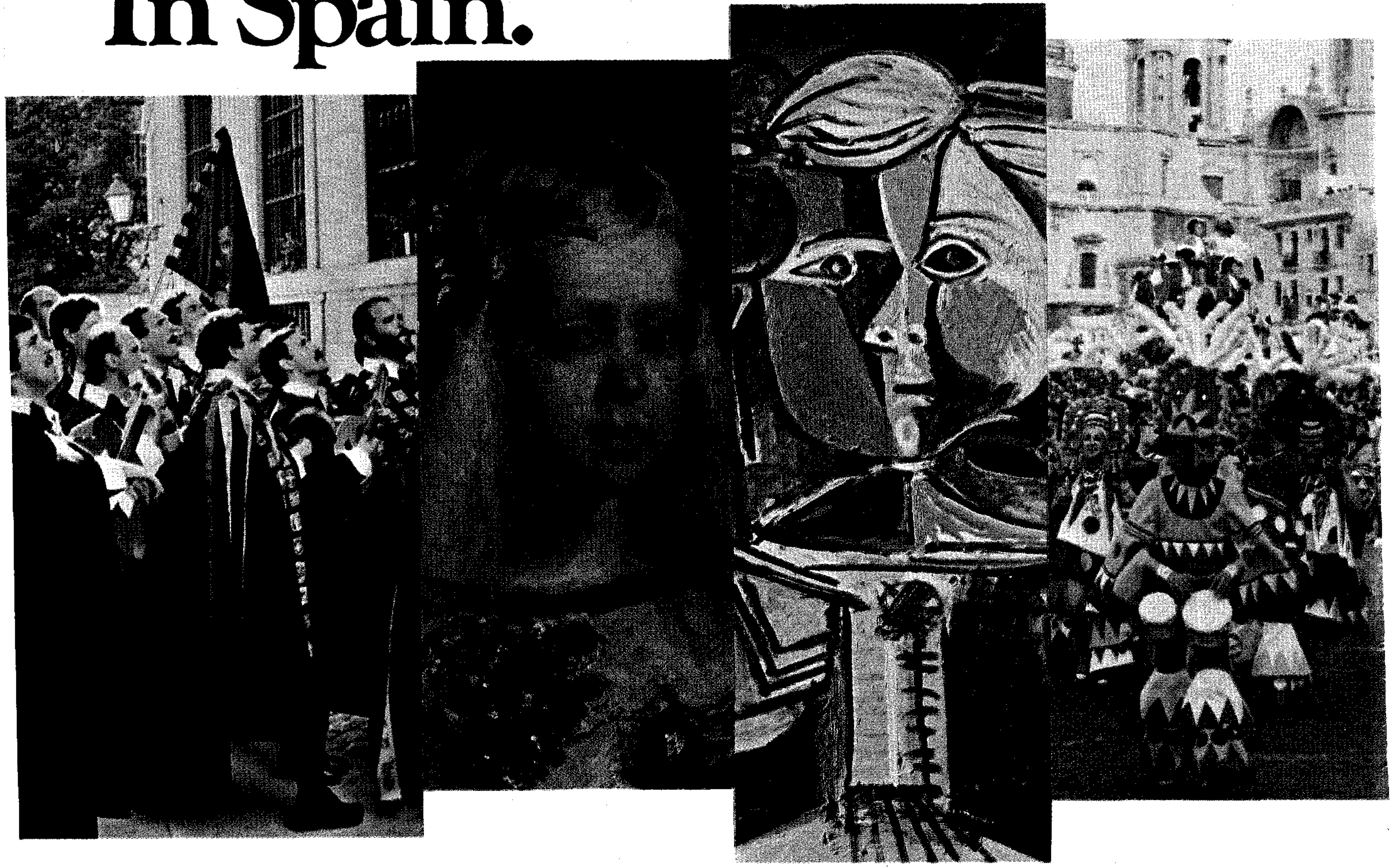
hat we can do for you, write Sperry Corporation, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10104. © Sperry Corporation, 19

We sing, paint, play, sculpt, cheer, strum, weave, laugh In Spain.



Not in the least an overstatement for the country with Europe's oldest continually inhabited city—Cadiz, est. 1300 B.C.

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Take with us (below) a trip through an "appetizer calendar" of these next
months and you'll be

October through January Events Calendar.

Oct. 1. Madrid Fall Season begins. *Now is the time when this great world city's dozens of major art galleries reopen their doors with new exhibitions.*

Oct. 9. El Grove Shellfish-Eating Celebration in Galicia. *A perfect spot to try your first delicious taste of Spain—this charming northwest fishing village during its most succulent of annual festivals.*

October and November. International Music Festival and Opera Season of Barcelona. *A variety of world-renowned performers—including such great Spanish artists as Teresa Berganza, Montserrat Caballé and Placido Domingo—appear in cosmopolitan Barcelona.*

November Onward. Ski Season commences all over Spain. *Choose from the major popular resorts in the Pyrenees mountains, the Sierra Nevadas* *or* *within an hour's ride of Madrid itself.* *Note**: Some stay open through* *late April**.*

November Beach Life. Just a 2-hour drive south of Skiing! *Ski the dramatic slopes of Granada in the morning; then spend your*
noon in the mild te
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Spain. It's all Europe in a s
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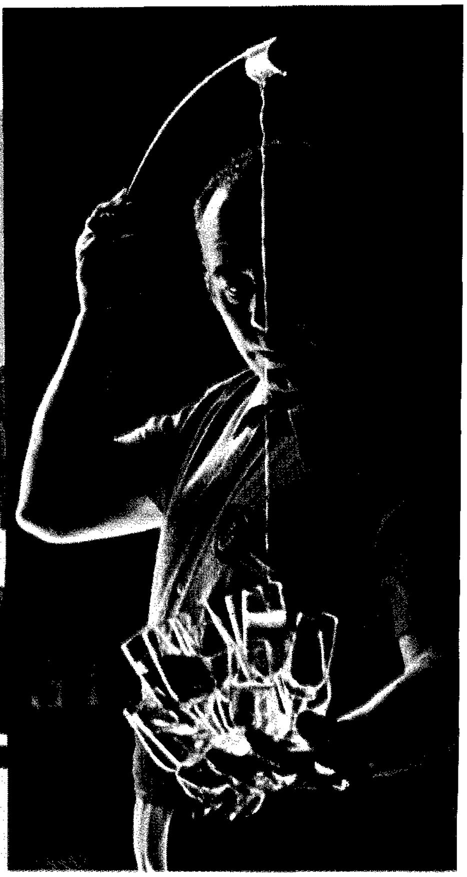
feast, dance, weep, and create for all the world.



understand the many flavors of Spain.

Of course, not until you've unpacked your bag for your stay in a castle that costs you as little as $62 a day for two in high season, including three marvelous meals, will the full glory—and unmatchable economy—of Spain become apparent.

To take advantage of the more than 200 different tours that are available right now, speak to your Travel Agent. And for our very complete new "Six Months' Calendar for Spain," just contact the National Tourist Office of Spain nearest you (see addresses below).

preparations for the year's most important holiday. From the special stands that sell Christmas decorations in almost every city and village to the magnificent music in the cathedrals.

Swimming in the Canaries. *Only 2 hours flight from Madrid, the "tide" in Christmastide takes on another jolly meaning with a splash in these famed subtropical islands.*

New Year's Eve. *All Madrid gathers at the Puerta del Sol with little bags of grapes. At the stroke of midnight everyone pops one-grape-per-chime in the mouth.*

If you manage the whole mouthful, what a year ahead for you. (If not, proceed with caution!)

Jan. 6. Feast of the Epiphany. *In parades all over Spain, the "Three Wise Men" distribute candy to throngs of children from their gaily festooned floats. And, for the adults, stores begin remarkable post-Christmas sales.*

January Blooms. Almond Blossom Season on Majorca. *On this enchanting island where Chopin and Georges Sand romanced, January explodes with these tiny white and pink-hued blossoms that are the first harbingers of Spring.*

Above pictures, l. to r.

1. A "Tuna" (student minstrel group) from Madrid University.

2. Detail of Velazquez' 17th century portrait, Las Meninas. Prado Museum, Madrid.

3. Picasso's 20th century rendition of the Velazquez. Picasso Museum, Barcelona.

4. "Carnival of Cadiz"—one of many festivals that take place in February all over Spain.

5. Flamenco—one of the best-known examples of Spain's folklore.

6. "Giants & Blockheads" parade in Madrid's Plaza Mayor.

7. Jerez is noted for both its sherry and this incredible method of pouring it.

National Tourist Office of Spain

New York: 665 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022, Tel: (212) 759-8822 • **Houston:** 4800 The Galleria, 5085 Westheimer, Houston, TX 77056, Tel: (713) 840-7411
Chicago: 845 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611, Tel: (312) 944-0215 • **San Francisco:** 1 Hallidie Plaza, San Francisco, CA 94102, Tel: (415) 346-8100

Consumer Orientation
No. 24 in a series
Subject: Design objective: maximum performance, not maximum production.

24 Porsche 944

Engineered for maximum performance, the design of the Porsche 944 does not lend itself to ease and speed of assembly. We cannot increase our production schedule because to do so would mean to compromise the outstanding quality and performance that created the exceptional demand for this automobile in the first place.

The Porsche 944 accelerates from 0 to 50 mph in 5.9 seconds. Top speed is 130 mph. Maximum torque is achieved as low as 3000 rpm.

Behind these impressive numbers is one of the largest, most powerful 4-cylinder engines in production: 2.5 liters, 143 hp.

To counter the vibrations an engine of this magnitude would normally produce, Porsche engineers have incorporated a system of counter-rotating silencer shafts and special engine mounts (actually mini shock absorbers).

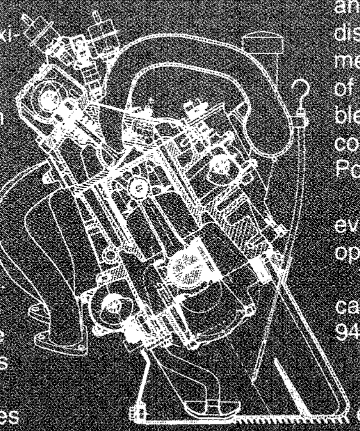
The result: a 4-cylinder power plant that runs with the smoothness of a 6. Building the engine is, by necessity, a slow process, but the result is a high performance automobile.

Porsche's exclusive transaxle design provides an almost perfectly balanced front/rear weight distribution. This design requires drive train elements to be constructed as a single unit, instead of as individual components. Difficult to assemble, it contributes to the exceptional handling, cornering and directional control unique to Porsche.

From its internal mechanics to its ergonomics, every aspect of the Porsche 944 is designed to optimize performance.

To insure high performace and quality, every car is inspected, every engine is tested, and every 944 is run on the open road prior to shipment.

The Porsche 944 is the antithesis of the mass produced automobile. But then, at Porsche, excellence is expected. PORSCHE+AUDI
NOTHING EVEN COMES CLOSE



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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN his books, the psychiatrist Frederick Perls stresses the importance of what he calls owning our own projections—understanding how we attribute to others what we secretly are, want, need, or fear. The person who cannot express his aggressive impulses will see the world as a threatening place, failing to realize that the sense of threat comes from within; the person who is greedy but won't admit it will see himself as a benefactor, and accuse others of making incessant demands. At House hearings in Washington recently, news executives for the nation's three major television networks discussed their own brand of projections—the ones on Election Night in which exit polls of voters are used to make educated guesses about who will be the next President. In 1980, the networks projected Ronald Reagan as the winner before the polls had closed on the West Coast. Some political observers feel that the projections discouraged significant numbers of voters in the West from casting their ballots—people who saw no point in contributing to or voting against what already seemed a landslide. This line of thinking was rejected by the television-news executives, who defended not only the validity of network projections but the need for them. A man from NBC insisted that failing to report such news would be inconsistent with traditional journalistic practices. "We believe the public expects this kind of performance from us," he said. A man from ABC spoke of his network's responsibility to bring the public as much accurate information as possible as quickly as possible. A man from CBS acknowledged the existence of a "perceived problem" but said he didn't know if it was a real problem. His network, he said, plans to make similar projections in its coverage of the 1984 elections. By traditional standards of journalism, however, network projections are not news. They are speculations based on news. To be sure, they're carefully systematized speculations, with strong predictive power. But they do predict, rather than report, and the prophecies, like all prophecies, carry the danger of fulfilling themselves. The only practical purpose they serve is to elevate the networks' income by heightening the electoral drama. The audience doesn't need them. They're fun to follow, a bit of icing on the Election Night cake. But actual results can be fun to follow, too. Remember when something wasn't over until it had happened?

No one has fully measured the impact of network projections on voters. Common sense suggests that it was not decisive in 1980—that Jimmy Carter had suffered an irretrievable loss well before the networks declared him the loser. Common sense also suggests that projections could be a problem in future elections if the results were close. But the network-news executives, in refusing to consider the case against Election Night projections, called attention to a wider problem: television's inclination to dramatize the news, then blame the audience for its own excesses. Trapped in a mad race for revenue, television-news people insist that the viewers demand speed. Enthralled with the sales potential of violence, they constantly remind us of how violent the world has become. Like the patients described by Frederick Perls, these network executives can't tell the difference between their projections and the real world, between what they want for themselves and what they've come to believe that the public wants from them.

• •

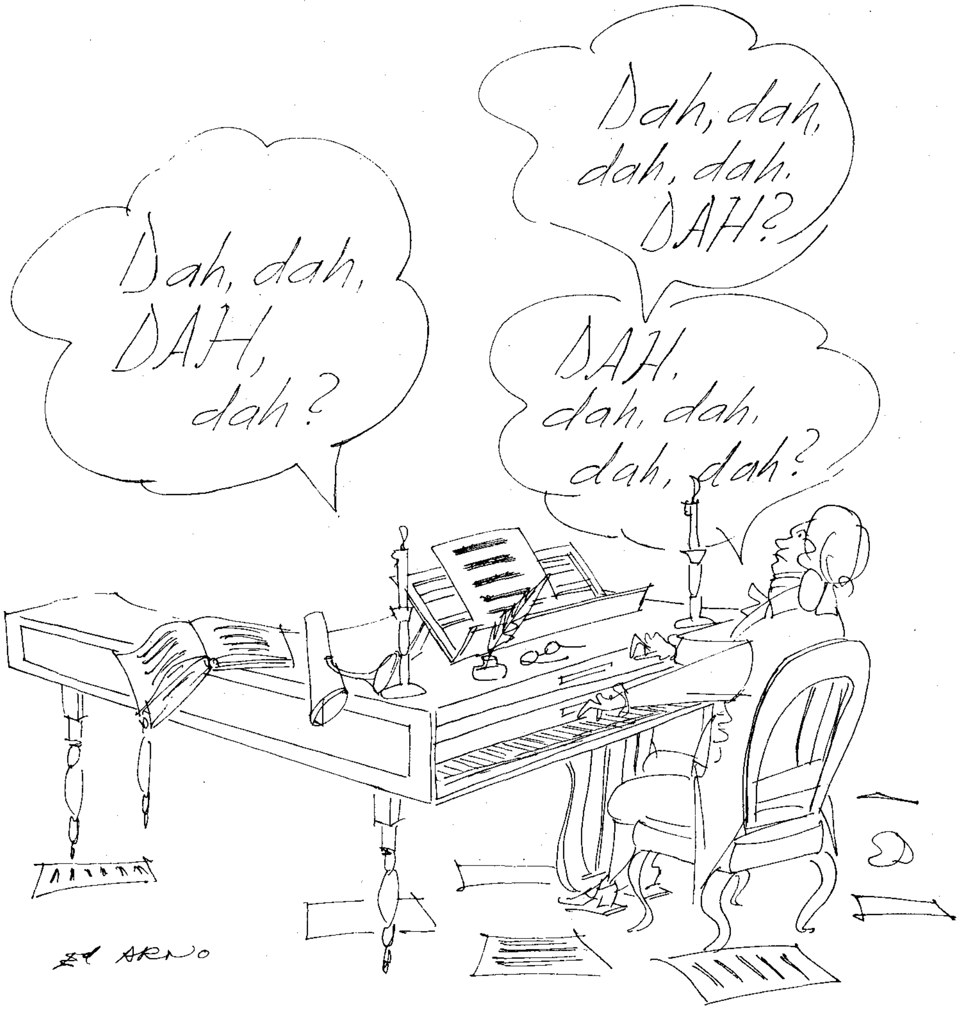
Tied Up

MIDNIGHT drew near. The compass on the bridge of the six-hundred-foot freighter the S.S. American Rapid showed that her bow was headed east-southeast, at roughly a hundred and fifteen degrees. A light breeze blew from the north; the overcast sky showed no moon. In the chartroom, just behind the bridge, the fancy navigation gear—loran, satellite navigator, radio direction finder—whirred and blinked and agreed that the American Rapid stood at the one spot on the globe where latitude line 40°40.2′ N crosses longitude line 74°05.3′ W. Captain Joseph Schechter, a sixty-three-year-old member of the first class to graduate from the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy after it was completed, in 1943, rested his elbows on the chart table and studied the map. "Latitude . . . longitude . . . Well! It looks like we're in Bayonne." And indeed we were. Tied up in Bayonne, in fact, and not going anywhere at all—at least, not for the few days it would take to load cargo aboard the Rapid. And Schechter, though he was an honest-to-Poseidon ship's captain and all-around salt, had no intention of sailing the ship. "You might say I've been hired to babysit this vessel," he had told us over the phone. "I commute out to Bayonne every night to be the night mate, for the midnight-to-eight shift—why don't you come along and help me stand watch?" So we did, learning in the process a lot about the duties of a night mate when a ship is in port, which include signing the log, listening to the weather report on the radio, and making sandwiches with cream cheese and salami taken out of a little refrigerator in the lounge. Luckily, there were a few minutes left over for talking, and so we found out what happens aboard a ship while it is in port: its officers and most of its crew must be available for duty from 8 A.M. until 5 P.M. but are free to leave the ship at night; the stewards are responsible for cooking breakfast at 6 A.M. We also learned something about Captain Schechter and something about the life of an officer at sea.

"I was in the merchant marine during the Second World War, but then I went ashore, and I stayed there for twenty-one years," he began. "I was at a management-consulting firm. I had a pressure job. And sometimes I would think back to my days on shipboard. I'd think, That wasn't bad at all. I didn't have to commute to work. There was no smog. Someone makes up your bunk for you. So I took a four-month leave of absence to study for a renewal of license, and when I passed the test I quit my job. That was sixteen years ago—back before it was the big thing to switch careers. But I've never looked back. Now I work six months a year and I get six months off—plenty of time to travel with my wife. Most of the time when I'm at sea, I ship as a chief mate. My last run was the Mediterranean. From New York down the coast to Baltimore and Norfolk, then across the ocean to Spain, through the Strait of Gibraltar, to Naples and Piraeus, and then on to Haifa, which was the turnaround point. It was about a forty-day round trip."

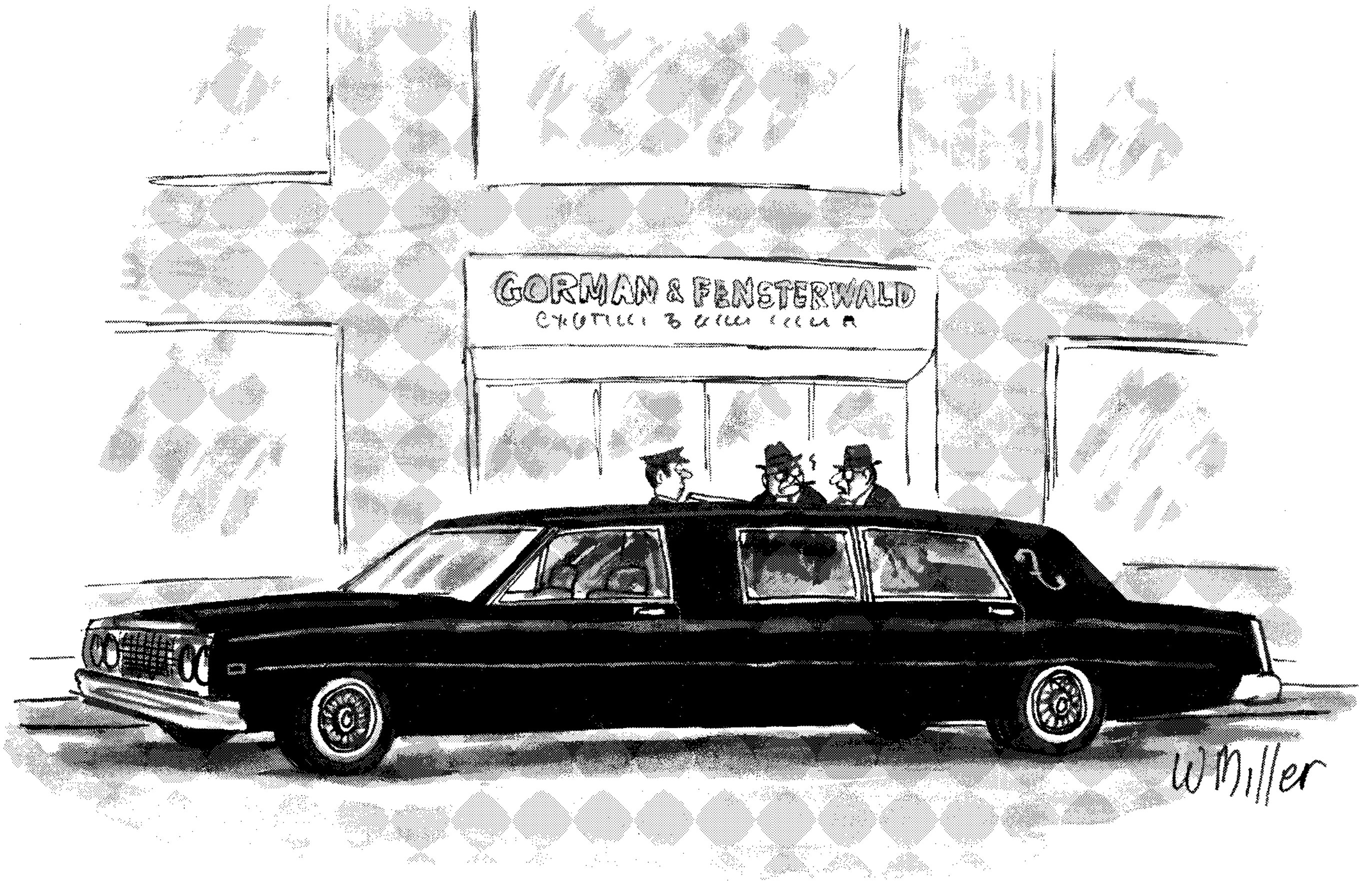
Schechter paused and looked around the Bayonne skyline. "You could say there are nicer harbors," he said. "There are places where the water is crystal clear. Rio—now, that's a lovely port. You see how flat the water is here in the harbor? Sometimes when you're making the North Atlantic passage, it can be smooth like this all the way across. And sometimes you can spend the entire trip hanging on to the edge of your bunk. What you do is you take your life preserver and wedge it under your mattress, so the whole bunk leans against the bulkhead, and then you don't roll out." The American Rapid and ships like it carry crews of about forty. "You're pretty close to everyone you work with. Pretty soon, you get to know all their stories. So sometimes there's a moment of silence that just *extends* for a long time. You can read, but sometimes you just get to feeling read up, and you don't want to read any more. Myself, I do needlepoint. I make these little squares, four inches by four inches. Now I've filled up the bathroom and kitchen walls with squares, and I've made coasters, and there's not much reason to keep making them. In a normal life, you really don't get the chance to think, the way you'd like to. You're always one step behind, always asking yourself, 'When am I going to get a chance to be like Buddha and just sit still?' On a ship, that's no problem—there's plenty of opportunity to just sit still."

Around three in the morning, we left Captain Schechter on the bridge and descended to a stateroom for a little sleep. When he pounded on the door to wake us up, it was five o'clock, and if sunrise was not exactly imminent the idea had at least entered the realm of the conceivable. "Guess what! We stayed on course all night! Still in Bayonne!" Captain Schechter said, with the happy air of someone used to being awake at 5 A.M. "Now get up—we have work to do," he added. The work included making ourselves some toast, listening on the radio as captains of other ships grumbled about the fog, pressing buzzers to wake up the stewards, so they could cook breakfast for the crew, and raising the flag from the stern. Then Captain Schechter led us down the gangplank, and we climbed into his Cadillac convertible for the ride home.


Dah, dah, DAH, dah?
Dah, dah, dah, dah, DAH?
DAH, dah, dah, dah, dah?
Ed Arno

Ground Cover

NOT that morning but another one, we strode up the steps of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden's administration building; at the top, a



"Why don't we face it, Gorman—this car isn't big enough for the both of us."

• •

cheerful official greeted us with the news that the entire breakfast we were about to sit down to—a breakfast celebrating the reopening, after twenty years of neglect, of the Garden's Local Flora Section—had been grown in soil within a hundred miles of New York. "All except the eggs," the official said. "Eggs don't grow." It was the morning's first horticultural lesson; it was not the last.

Before we sat down to sample wild beach-plum jam, coffee made with chicory, and maple-sugar candy, we shared an early-morning glass of bubbly with Donald Moore, the president of the Garden. "This champagne comes from Canandaigua, New York. That's more than a hundred miles, but it's close enough," he told us. Mr. Moore said that the local-flora garden, which includes only plants and trees that are native to New York City and surrounding areas, was first planted in 1911 and had been abandoned in 1963 for lack of funds. "It really deteriorated quickly," he said. "All sorts of non-native plants introduced themselves, and they've had to be removed."

After a brief chat with a woman who two years ago had attended what she called a poison breakfast at the Garden—one where only food from plants with poisonous (non-edible) parts or from plants with poisonous relatives was served—we met Jackie Fazio, who is the Brooklyn Botanic Garden's second woman gardener, and who has spent the past two years working on the local-flora garden, a two-and-a-half-acre patch of ground. "It wasn't an easy job," she told us. "It was fairly wild when I first went in there. I marked trees that weren't native, and we cleared them out; then we started planting some new things. Just plain maintenance is difficult. There may be plants that *belong* in the section's pine barrens but decide they'd *rather* be in its dry meadow. You have to patrol for that kind of thing."

Miss Fazio introduced Bob Tomson, who added, "Some plants are more aggressive than others. In a situation like this, the gardener becomes analogous to a U.N. peacekeeping force." Mr. Tomson, whose official title is vice-president in charge of operations, and who has worked at the Garden for twenty-four years, said that the local-flora garden was unique—a wild place in the midst of the formal Japanese and Elizabethan Knot gardens. "I remember once a churchman came to visit, and I said, 'Can I take you to see the irises? The roses?' And he said, 'No. Man has introduced most of those flowers. I want to see the wild flowers. I want to see God's flowers.' "

While Miss Fazio, over the last few years, watched the forest floor for roving plants, Louis Provost gambolled above her in the trees. Mr. Provost, the Garden's high pruner, told us—over rhubarb-strawberry pie—that the local-flora garden was a tough assignment. "In the woodland, there are no low branches—everything's thirty feet up, minimum. It's bad enough getting your rope up one tree, so you don't want to have to climb each one from the ground. Once you're up the first time, the secret is to swing from tree to tree." Mr. Provost, whose only serious fall in nine years was from a greenhouse roof, said, "Most kids have an apple tree and climb in it, but they outgrow that. When you get into tree-climbing on my level, you get into an area where agility is required. Basically, though, what the job takes is no fear of heights. Even so, unless I'm roped up I never go out on a limb."

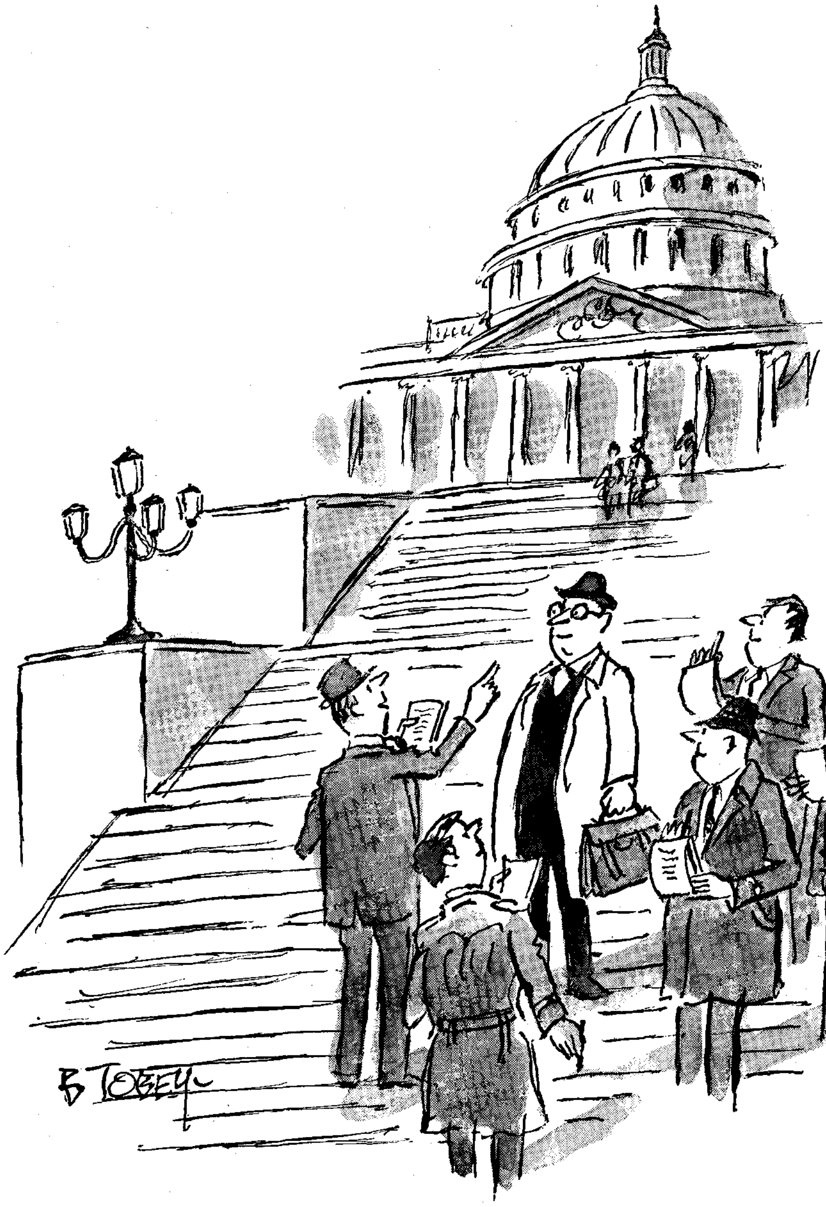
Breakfast having ended, we joined the crowd walking over to the fenced-in local-flora garden. Since we're used to the city, two and a half acres sounded pretty big to us—sort of like "upstate New York" or "the Pacific Northwest." Actually, though, two and a half acres is not much room when you have to squeeze in a kettle pond, a bog, a wet meadow, a dry meadow, pine barrens, a woodland, and a ravine. Miss Fazio has made good use of her space: the Jerusalem artichokes bend in the pine-barrens breeze, the sun dapples the surface of the bog, and it is easy to forget, unless you purposely listen for the rumble of traffic, that Flatbush Avenue, one of Brooklyn's busiest streets, is only twenty yards away. The woodland area winds around a small hill, and on the slope, for about ten paces, you can feel through your soles the leafy sponginess of the broad path, watch the sunlight play in the trees above, and not be in Brooklyn at all.

Swept Away

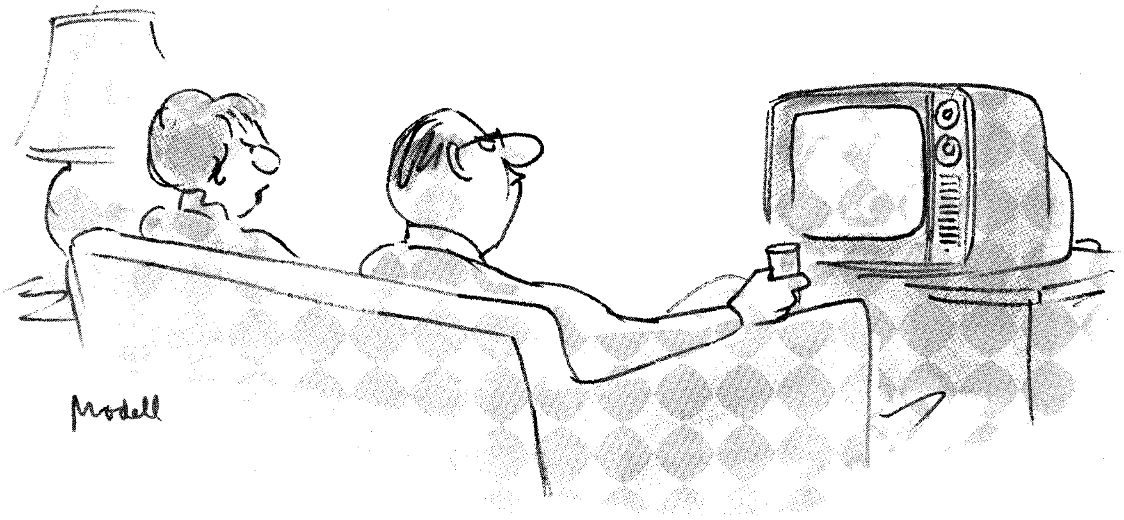
YOU hear a lot of people saying they like Art. "We like Art," they say. "We appreciate it." But what they all too often mean is that they like particular *chunks* of Art. They go into museums, and some paintings they barely even look at. They avoid entire *wings.* "That's dull," or "That's derivative," they say, standing in front of a work that took some artist a *long time* to create. Not us. Call us undiscriminating or call us catholic, but we like it all. If you can hang it on a wall or put it on a pedestal, we like it, and if you can't—if your art is just sort of *there*, and maybe it's bigger than the Grand Canyon, or smaller, or both, or if your art, for instance, just lives in your head and when you open your eyes it's *gone*—well, that's cool by us, too. What is Art, anyway? In short, we're just the sort of people to ask along to a gallery opening.

Even before we saw the hand-painted sign above the Jim Diaz gallery, we knew we had come to the right place, for several young women holding brooms were sitting on the stoop out front. Brooms were what we'd come to see—abandoned brooms. The artist Jack Carter had been collecting abandoned brooms on the streets of New York for a year or so (and a friend had brought one back on the plane with him from Seattle), and now he was ready to share them with the public. Brooms—half a hundred or more, heavily weighted toward the kitchen kind, with only a few examples of the push type—hung from the walls and ceiling of the gallery. Some brooms sprouted from the floor. Mr. Carter had cut up the handles of some and glued them back together in kinky zigzags; others had been joined together in twos and threes—brooms united and strong. Mr. Carter talked to us. "My old work had a lot to do with the same kind of structures—sticks and linear things," he said. "When I first moved to New York, about a year ago, I started noticing the brooms, and I started picking them up. There's some symbolism in them—it has to do with the mundaneness in them, the fact that they've been thrown away. I like the fact that they have a history in them, of being used in domestic situations. I really can't say a certain section of town is best for finding brooms, but I found most of these on the lower East Side, where I live." Later, Mr. Carter told us that people looking for abandoned brooms should seek out dumpsters. Speaking about his exhibit, he said, "I see this work as being kind of light, kind of playful, having a toy quality. People are always throwing away incredible things. This is a practice that I like. And, with the brooms, I like the fact that it's a piece of wood with this brushy stuff at the end."

Shortly before 8:30 P.M., the hour set for the official opening, Mr. Diaz ushered the crowd of fifty or so



"Would we be correct, then, in stating that you remain an optimist but not a cockeyed optimist?"



"If MacNeil and Lehrer can hang in there for an hour, you can, too."

• •

out of his gallery and onto the sidewalk. (This was West Sixteenth Street.) "The dance is about to start," he announced, and then he turned on a portable stereo he was carrying. When we had heard that there was going to be a dance in connection with the brooms, we'd thought immediately of that great Dick Van Dyke number from "Mary Poppins," when all the chimney sweeps leap about the rooftops of London, singing, "Chim-chimi-ney, chim-chiminey, chim-chim-cheree," but it turned out not to be like that. During the first part of this performance, a young woman in a black dress sat spotlighted in the gallery window while a young man in a black vest and black pants cut her hair with an electric razor. For a while, we thought he might cut it all off, but he didn't. Sometimes she twisted her neck to make the cutting easier. The hair fell on her shoulders; using a whisk like the ones umpires clean home plate with, she swept her shoulders bare. The man, who sported an odd haircut himself, eventually laid down the razor and sprayed some water from a bottle on her hair and then made it stand up straight. Using a red hair dryer, he styled it with a little brush. Then, while she held her whisk broom over her eyes, he applied hair spray. Finally, she stood up and brushed some hair out of her lap, and then she picked up a velvet-handled broom and swept up all the hair that had fallen on the floor. She opened the gallery door and said to all of us gathered outside, "Do come in!" The crowd obeyed, trooping into the gallery and finding places to sit or stand amid the forest of brooms.

A radio was playing static quite loudly, and another one was tuned to a station that gave the weather forecast. The woman with the newly cut hair—we noticed she still had some clippings on the back of her neck, but we couldn't tell if this was significant—fell on the floor in the middle of the room. She wiggled some of the brooms that were hanging from the ceiling. One of the radios gave ball scores, and sometimes it played snatches of "Peggy Sue," a classic song if ever there was one. The woman, who was twitching about on the floor among the brooms, began to talk. "Man is animal," she noted. "There's always been war. There's always been hunger and poverty and sadness. These things"—the brooms, she must have meant—"are part of it. They are elements in a common unconsciousness. Two Marines were killed in Lebanon. The Russians shot down a plane and admit no remorse. Theatre is the most trivial of wastes." One of the radios gave some football results. The woman got up and fell down several times—intentionally. "No dramatist can stop the extinction of a people, or cure the empty heart of a mechanized proletariat," she said, loudly. There was an ad on the radio for 10.8 per cent financing. "It has been swept away and I cannot find it," the woman said. The audience applauded, and in through the door marched six people with brooms over their shoulders. They started to sweep the floor (which hardly needed it). They fell down and writhed around with their brooms. They stood up and marched away. There was more applause, and the lights went out. At the far end of the gallery, the woman in the black dress was dancing, fast. A man made strange sounds by passing a microphone across the strings of an electric guitar, and then ripped up some tree branches and strewed them on the floor, whereupon the woman stopped dancing and started breaking the branches into twigs. The man picked up a long-strawed broom and used it to thrash the branches and twigs. The woman picked up a kitchen broom and began hitting the handle against the wall, hard. We counted twenty-six hits before the handle busted. Then she went behind a curtain and came out smiling widely, and everyone applauded some more.

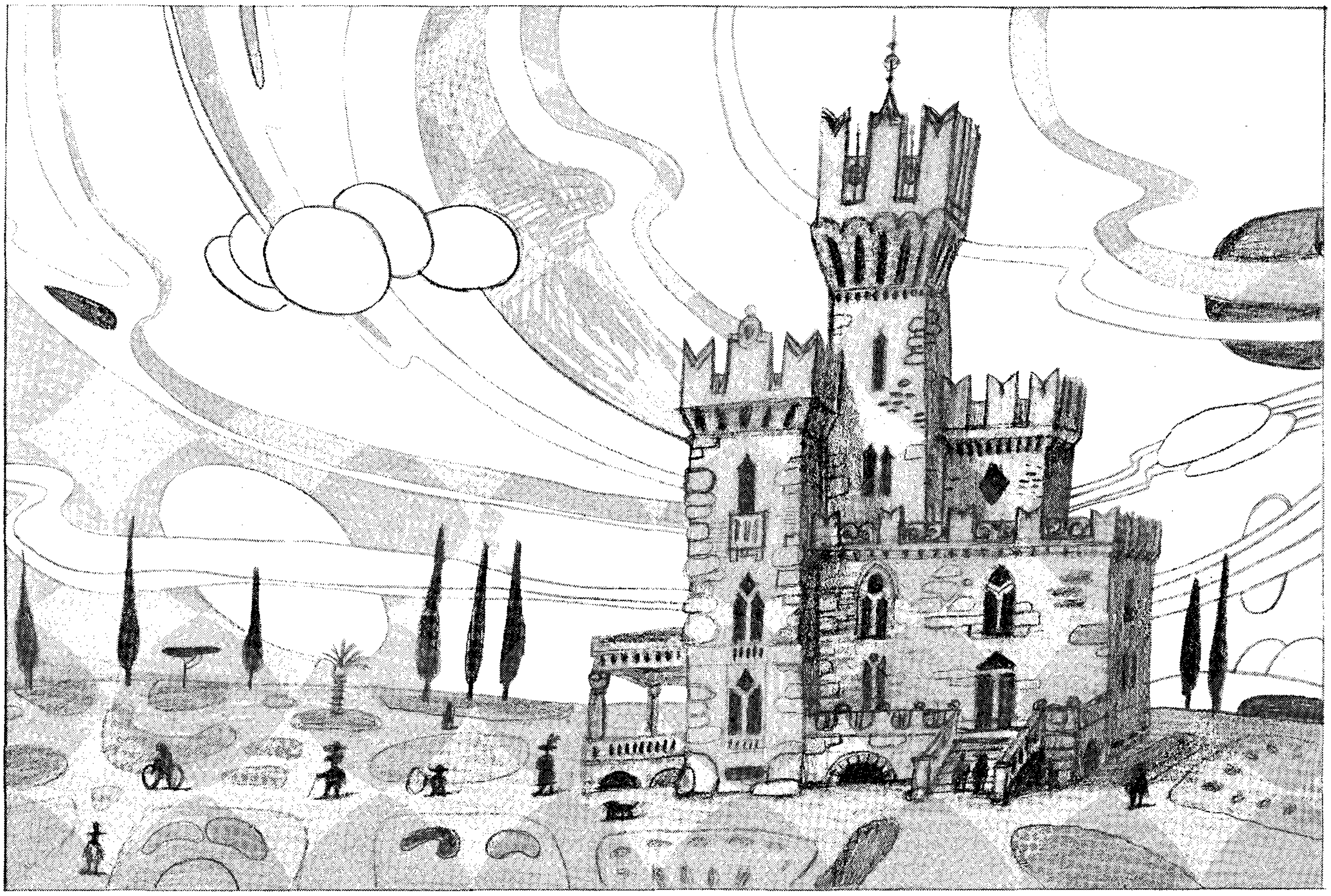
When we talked with the woman in black, her name turned out to be Gayle Tufts, and it further developed that she is performing regularly this fall at a lower-East Side establishment known as The Pyramid. "I met Jack last year," Miss Tufts said. "I walked into his house, and he had all his brooms on the wall. I said, 'That's *great!*' I said, 'I'd like to do a dance about them.' " Brooms "talk a little about domesticity, and something about impermanence, and something about I don't know what," she said, adding, "There's a lot of stuff going on these days, and I wanted to get that in my dance. I wanted something noisy and brittle, because that's how things are now." The man with the razor, Joseph, "is my regular hairdresser," Miss Tufts said. "I would watch him when he did my hair, and I thought he was doing a very beautiful dance, so I thought of him when this came up. And anyway it was time for a trim."

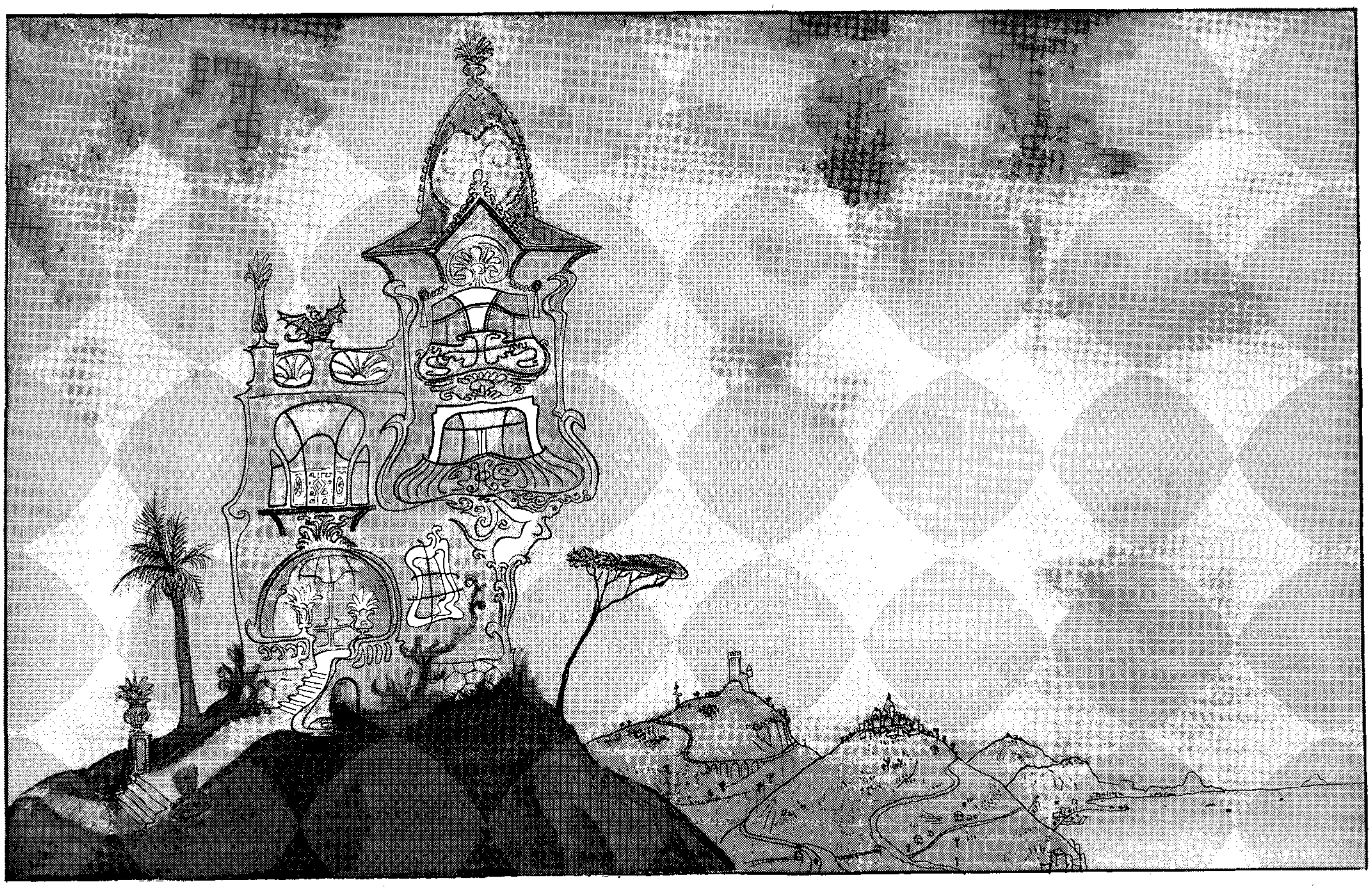
Before we left, we checked in with Mr. Carter to see if he had enjoyed the performance. "It was great," he said. "Especially the part with the water-spray bottle." And he asked us, "What did you think of it all?"

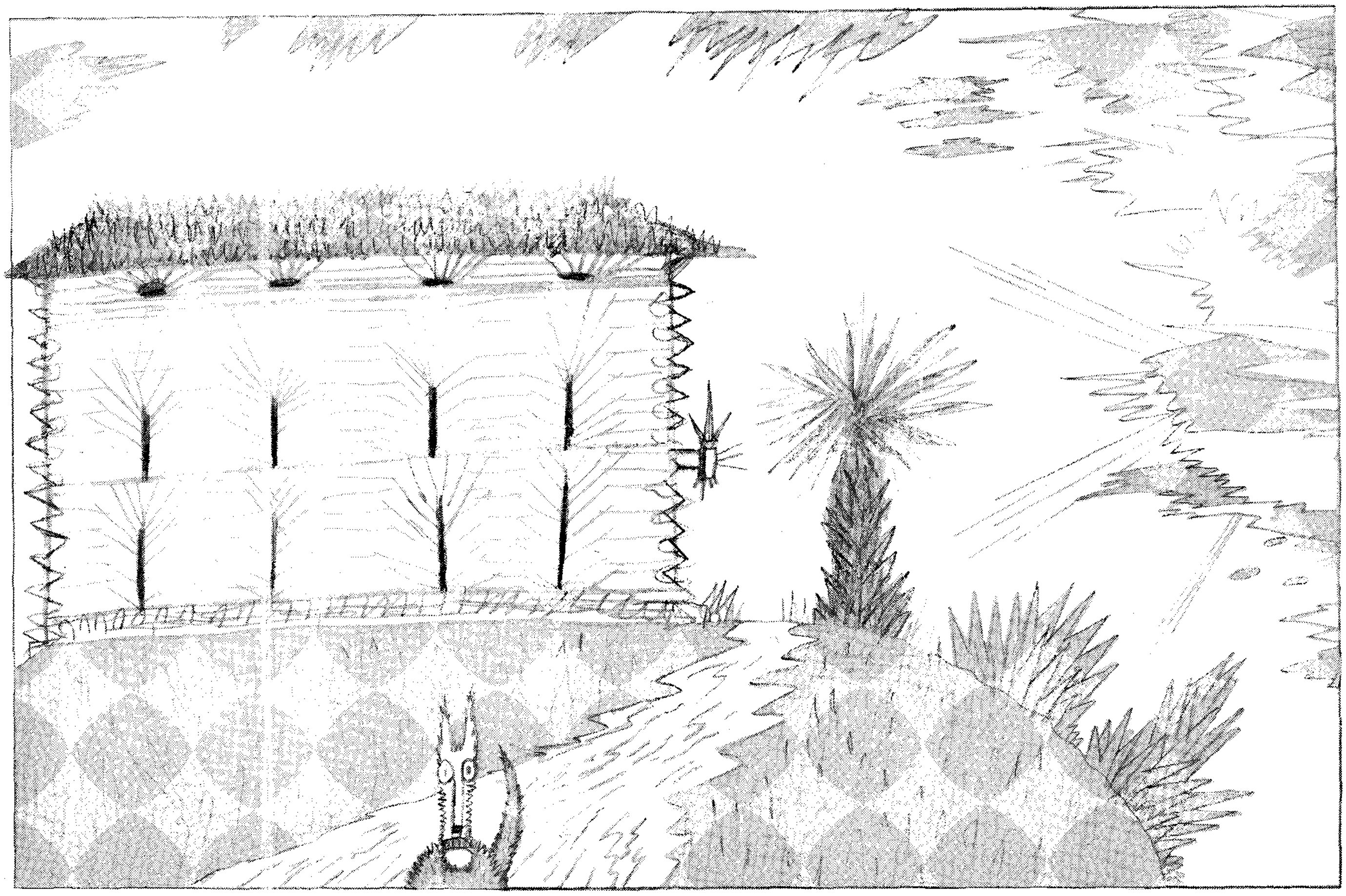
"Oh," we said, "we liked it."

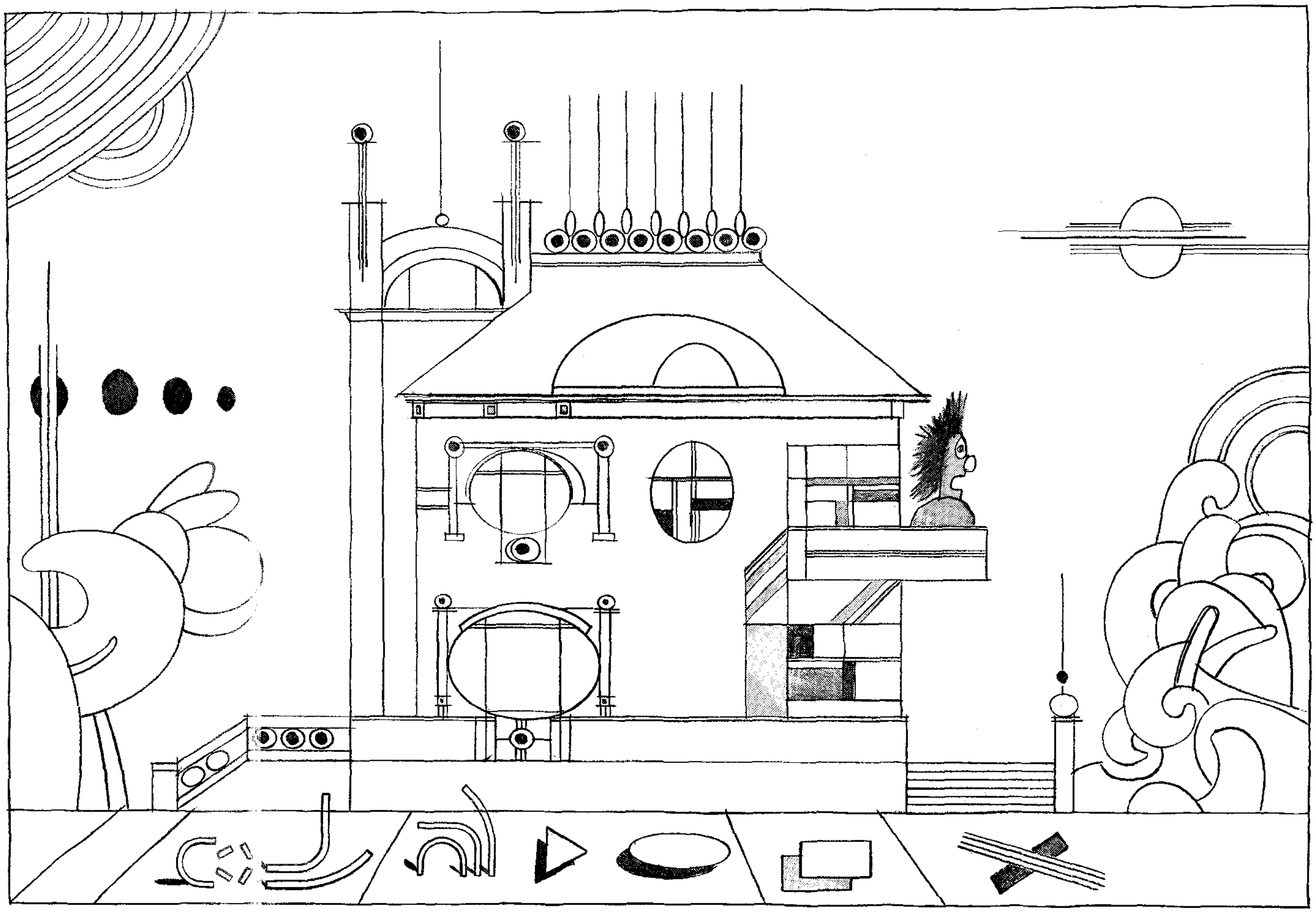
ARCHITECTURE

VILLAS









STEINBERG

GLIMPSE INTO ANOTHER COUNTRY

Hazlitt's wife carried a broom to ward off the neighbor's dogs as she walked with her husband down the drive to the waiting taxi. Too old now to attack, the dogs barked hoarsely from behind a screen of bushes. "I'll outlive them if it kills me," she remarked, and she stooped for the morning paper, flattened by the garbage pickup. "No ethnic food," she told Hazlitt. "You hear me? You remember what happened in Phoenix." From his shoulders, as he stooped to kiss her, she removed the gray hairs.

Hazlitt was reluctant to fly, anywhere, but he wanted something in the way of assurance—of life assurance—that he hoped to get from a specialist in New York. "If that's what you want," his own doctor, in San Francisco, had advised him, "and you can afford it, go get it." Could he afford it? He had that assurance from his wife. "You're worth it," she said.

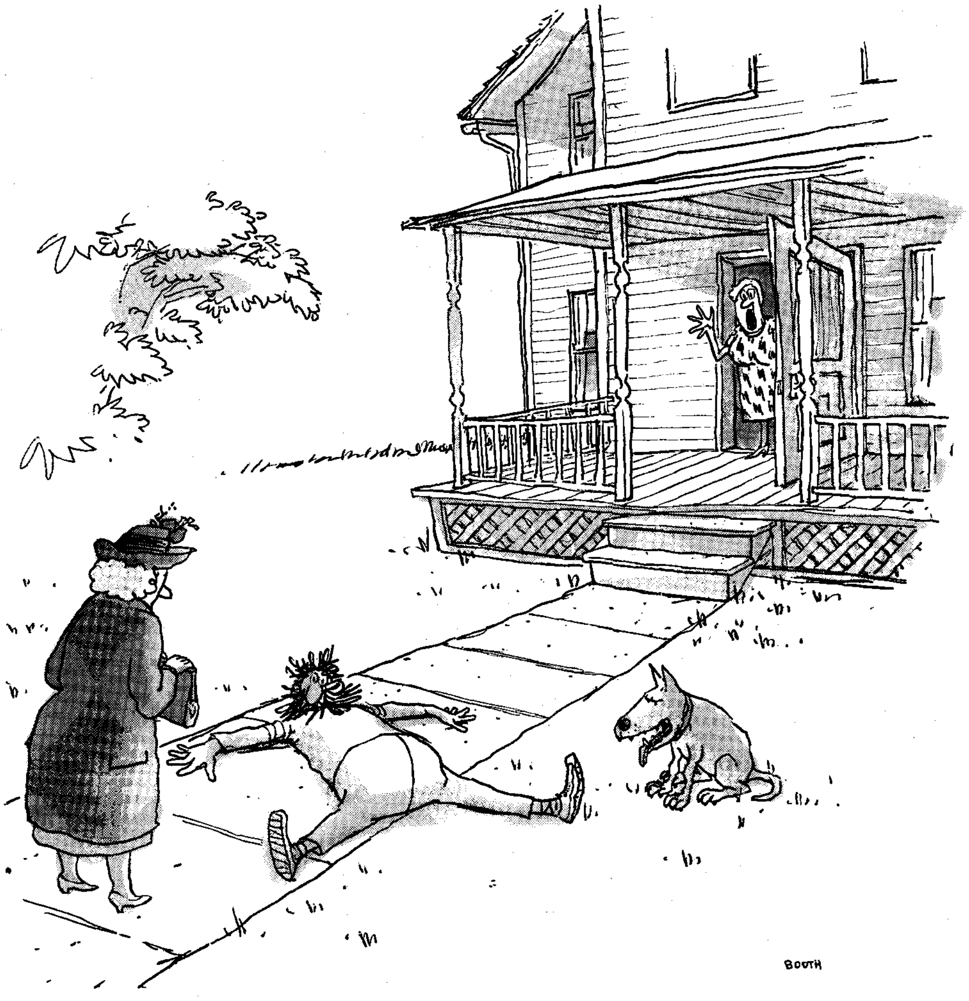
She had made considerable fuss to reserve Hazlitt a seat at one of the plane's windows, which turned out to be near the center of the right wing. A stewardess helped him out of his coat, and held it while he felt through the pockets for his glasses. A woman with quick searching eyes came along the aisle to stop at his row, then turned to hiss at her companion. The habit of hissing at people had always dismayed Hazlitt.

The woman's hair looked as if she had just blow-dried it. The man with her, by appearance a cultivated person, wore a smart suède cap and carried their coats. His rather abstracted manner led Hazlitt to feel he might be a teacher, off to an academic meeting. As he reached her side, the woman slipped between the seats to the one beside Hazlitt, without glancing at him. She registered his presence, however, as she would a draft from the window, by shifting in the seat toward her companion. She wore knit gloves. With one hand she clutched a paperback book.

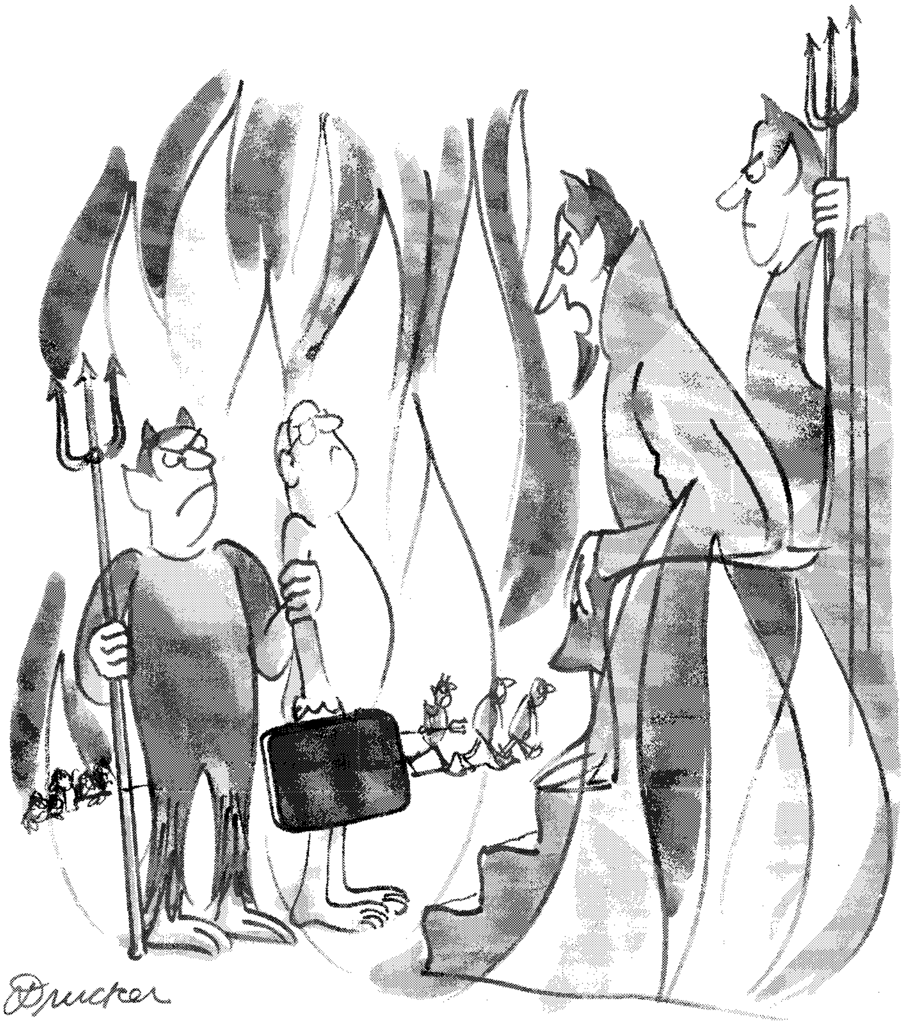
Hazlitt had not flown enough to know if her indifference to him was part of the etiquette of plane travel, where so many strangers were jammed in together: why start up something with a person who might well prove to be tiresome? He himself was guarded even with his colleagues at the university. The woman at his side had an appealing intactness, and her profile seemed intelligent. A perfume, or it might be a powder, was faintly scented with lilac.

Advised to buckle his seat belt, he observed that the palms of his hands were clammy. At the takeoff he faced the window with closed eyes. Perhaps the tilted wing spared him the vertigo that might have been part of the liftoff, and as the plane set its course he caught glimpses of the far blue horizon. The woman beside him browsed in a copy of the New York *Times*, picked up in the airport. Her interest seemed to be in the ads. At one point, he was screened off behind the paper but able to check the market quotations on his side. Finished with the paper, she stuffed it between the seats on her left, away from Hazlitt. He thought that rude, since he made it a point to share newspapers with his travelling companions. As she relaxed for a moment, closing her eyes, he was able to appraise her profile further—a little sharp to his taste, but attractive. From the pink lobes of her ears he received faintly erotic signals.

Suddenly, perhaps feeling his gaze, she turned to look directly past him, as if someone had tapped on the window. Now she would speak, he thought, but she didn't. She turned away, with a birdlike quickness, and leafed through the pages of her paperback book. Idle riffling—the sort of thing Hazlitt found irritating. At the back of the book, she paused to read a few words about the author, then turned to read the book's concluding page. That done, she read the next-to-last page, then the one before it. As she read, she nibbled at the corner of her lip.



"That's my son, Douglas, Mrs. Eichenholty. He has been in perpetual rebellion since the early sixties. Just step over him, please."



"Who told you you could go back to the office?"

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Hazlitt was flabbergasted. He had discovered that the book she chose to read backward was "The White Hotel." He could not fully believe what he had seen, yet there was no question he had seen it. She did manage to read most of the final chapter before turning the book back to its opening page, which she placed face down in her lap. What did she want now? Something to drink. Her husband raised his hand to signal one of the stewards.

Surely a more worldly traveller than Hazlitt would not have been so appalled by what he had witnessed. How justify this scanning of a book in reverse? Could it not be argued that a sensible person, of a sensitive nature, might want to know what was in store before making a full commitment? Perhaps, but the practice was new to Hazlitt, a sworn and outspoken enemy of speed-reading.

At the announcement that they were passing over Lake Tahoe, the woman leaned toward the window as if she might see it. Her seeming unawareness of Hazlitt had a calming effect on him. He made way for her. He was at pains not to be there. Leaning forward, she had crushed several pages of her book, but this, too, was a matter of indifference to her. She put the book aside to accept, from her companion, a news magazine. She leafed through the pages, then stopped to consider an article on crime, with illustrations.

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed, crumpling the page, and turned to fix Hazlitt with an intense, green-eyed stare. Did she think him a criminal? It seemed to him that her eyes moved closer together. "There's no place to go!" she cried. "Just imagine!" She had ignored Hazlitt; now he felt cornered by her. "Where would *you* go?" she barked.

His lips were dry. He wet them, and said, "My wife and I were recently in Oaxaca—"

"*Mexico*? Are you crazy?" She saw that he might be. "There is *nowhere* . . ." Her voice trailed off. Her husband had placed his hand on her lap to calm her.

"I was at a party in the forties—" Hazlitt began.

"In the forties!" she cried. "Who lives in the forties?"

Fortunately, he divined her meaning. "The *nineteen*-forties—the party was in the East Seventies. Musicians, writers, composers, and so on. Do you remember Luise Rainer?" Clearly she did not. "At the time," he continued, "she was an actress—"

"You write?" she asked him.

Hazlitt did write scholarly articles; he asked himself if she considered that writing. "I was with a friend," he said, "a painter. We all agreed there was nowhere to escape to. The war was everywhere, or soon would be. Then one of them said, 'You know what? There *is* no *where*. All the wheres have vanished.' "

Perhaps the woman felt there was more to the story. Her lips parted, but she said nothing.

"We have friends in Buenos Aires," he went on, "but I would never go so far as to recommend it."

"It's like no *air*. That's what it's like. It's like there's less air."

"As a matter of fact—" began Hazlitt, but she had turned from him to her crumpled magazine. Carefully, as if she meant to iron it, she smoothed it out on her lap. "That book you were reading," he continued. "I've met the author. A very respectable chap." (Everything he was saying was the purest hogwash.) "I know that he would consider it a personal favor if you read his book as it was printed, from the front to the back."

What had come over him? In her green, unblinking stare he caught the glimpse of a chill that might excite a lover. She turned from him to lean on her companion, who peered over her frizzly hair at Hazlitt. The man wore tinted bifocals. His expression was mild. "My wife said you had a question?"

Returning his gaze, Hazlitt knew he had been a fool. "It's just that I happen to know the author, and took the liberty of speaking for him."

"He's crazy," said the wife. "Don't rile him."

Calmly the man removed his glasses and polished the lenses with a fold of his tie. Unmistakably, Hazlitt recognized one of his own kind. A physicist, perhaps, with those hairy fingers. Or a member of a think tank. "Theoretically," the man said, breathing on a lens, "there is something in what you say, but, as a practical matter, having bought the book my wife is free to read it as she pleases, or to ignore it. Wouldn't you agree?"

Particularly galling to Hazlitt was the way the fellow had turned the tables on him. It was usually he who was the cool one, the voice of reason in the tempest, the low-keyed soother of the savage breast. Worse yet, this fellow was about half his age.

"Of course! Of course! Stupid of me. My apologies to Mrs.—"

"Thayer. I'm Dr. Thayer."

Across the lap of Mrs. Thayer, who shrank back to avoid him, Hazlitt and Dr. Thayer clasped hands, exchanged the glances of complicit males. If there was a shred of solace in it for Hazlitt, it lay in Mrs. Thayer's full knowledge of this complicity.

"Take the filthy book!" she said, thrusting it at him. "And read it any way you like!"

Hazlitt let it fall to the floor between them. He fastened his gaze on the glare at the window. Some time later, the stewardess, serving his lunch, had to explain to him how to pull out the tray from the seat in front of him, and pry the lid from his salad dressing.

LEAFLESS TREES, CHICKAHOMINY SWAMP

MECHANICSVILLE, VIRGINIA

Humorless, hundreds of trunks gray in the blue expanse
where dusk leaves them hacked like a breastwork,
stripped like pikes planted to impale, the knots
of vines at each groin appearing placed by makers
schooled in grotesque campaigns; Mathew Brady's
plates show them as they are, the ageless stumps,
time-sanded solitaries, some clumped in squads
we might imagine veterans, except they're only wood,
and nothing in the world seems more dead than these.

Stopped by the lanes filled with homebound tail-lights,
we haven't seen the rumored eagle we hoped to watch,
only a clutch of buzzards ferrying sticks for a nest.
Is this history, that we want the unchanged, useless
spines out there to thrust in our faces the human
qualities we covet? We read this place like generals
whose promised recruits don't show, unable to press on:
there is the languor of battle—troops who can't tell
themselves from the enemy, and file-hard fear gone

indifferent in the mortaring sun that will leave them,
night after night, standing in the same cold planes
of water. It never blooms or greens. It merely stinks.
Why can't we admit it's death, blameless, say that
festering, scummy scene is nothing like a blown brainpan?
Why do we sit and sniff the rank hours keeping words
full of ground that only stares off our question: What
happened? Leaf-light in our heads, don't we mean: Why
these grisly emblems, the slime that won't swell to hope?

The rapacious odor of swamps all over the earth bubbles
sometimes to mist, fetid flesh we can't see but know
as cells composing, decomposing, illusions of the heart.
God knows what we'd do in there, we say, easing back
on the blacktop. Once we heard a whistling. Harmonicas?
But who'd listen? Surely all was green once, fragile
as a truce, words braiding sun and water, as on a lake
where families sang. What else would we hope for, do
in the dead miles nothing explains or changes or relieves?

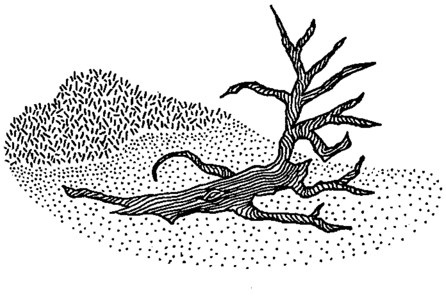
—DAVE SMITH

• •

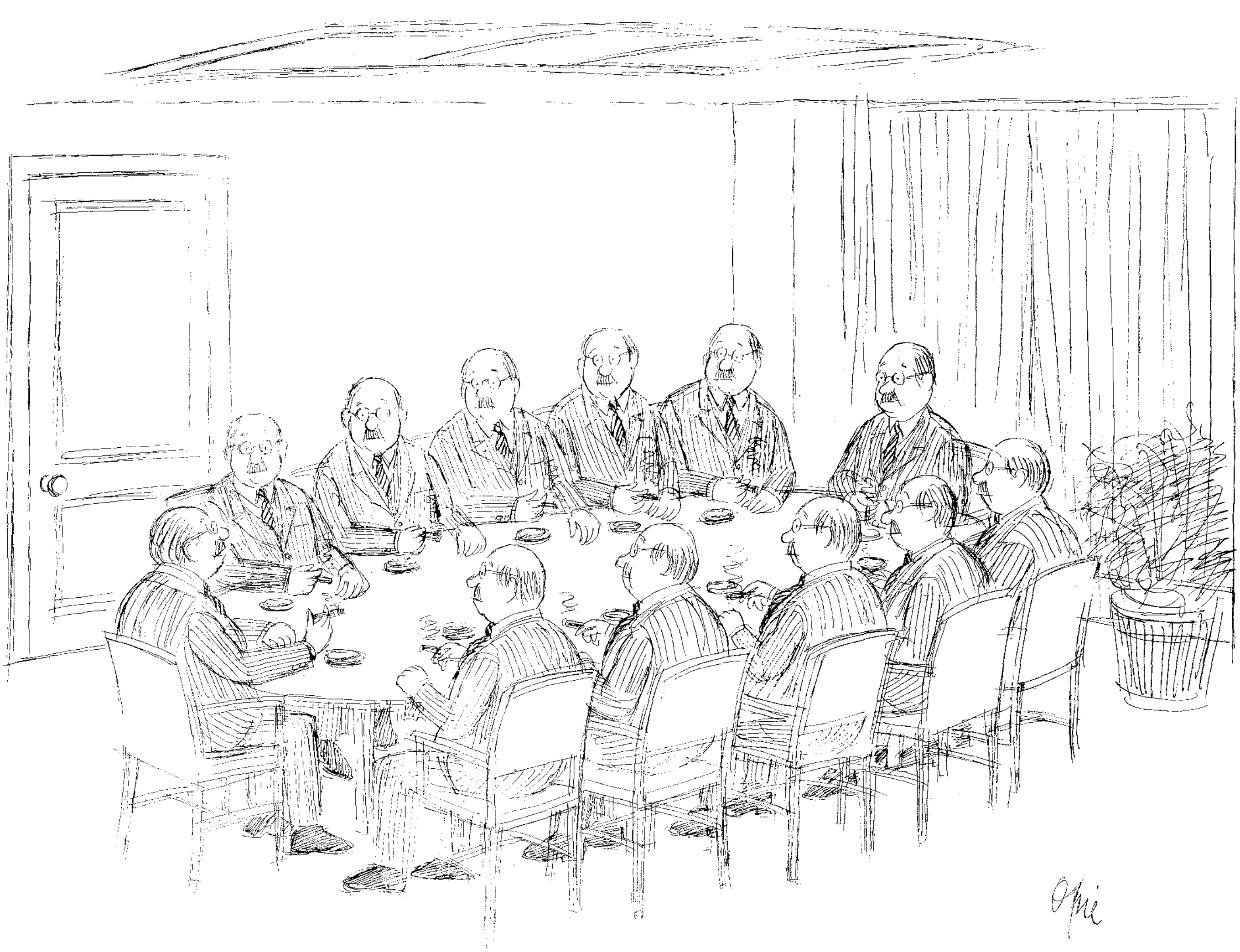
HAZLITT would say for this woman—when he discussed it with his wife—that she maintained to the last his nonexistence. He remained in his seat until the plane emptied, then wandered about the airport. He caught a glimpse of Dr. Thayer, on one of the escalators, helping his wife into her coat. The sharpness of her elbows troubled Hazlitt. Thin and intent as a cat, she reminded him of someone. Was it his wife? She groped in her purse for a piece of tissue, pressed it to her nose.

In the taxi to Manhattan, Hazlitt was moved to chat a bit with the driver, but the Plexiglas barrier between them seemed intimidating. Through the tinted windshield, as they approached the city, the October evening skyline was like the opening shot of a movie. Hazlitt had often told his wife that if the sun never rose he might like city living. In the car lights the streets glittered like enamel. It pleased him to note, as they drew near the Plaza Hotel, the horse-drawn hacks lined up along the curb. One of the drivers was a young woman with pigtails, frail as a waif. She held a leather feed bag to the muzzle of her horse, whose pelt shone like patent leather where the harness had worn off the hair.

The hotel porter, elderly himself, took a proprietary interest in Hazlitt. He led him into the bathroom to explain that the knobs on the faucets might confuse him if he got up at night for a drink of water: they turned contrary to the usual directions. A sign of the times, Hazlitt thought.



He thanked the porter, then stood at the window listening to the sounds of the street. A warm, moist breeze stirred the curtains. The tooting horns put him in mind of the radio plays of the forties. Turning to phone his wife, he saw his reflection in the mirror on the closet door. Something about the light, or the mirror, altered the impression he had of himself. A pity his wife couldn't see it. He would call her later; it was early still in California,



"It's been moved and seconded that some of us will keep our mustaches, some of us will shave them off; some of us will wear gray flannel, some of us will wear brown flannel; some of us will wear rep ties, others foulards; some of us will wear horn-rimmed glasses, some steel-rimmed; et cetera."

• •

and such talk could make her uneasy. What she feared the most when he travelled without her was that he might do something foolish, if not fatal, and end up hospitalized where she could not get at him. As he washed his hands—taking care with the faucets—he remembered her final caution: not to walk the streets at night, but if he did, not to be caught without money. She had given him a hundred dollars in twenties on the understanding he was not to spend it, so that when the muggers looked for money they would find it.

HAZLITT meant to stroll a bit—he needed the exercise—but when he left the hotel the young woman with the pigtails and her black spotted horse were still there. Frequent tosses of the horse's head had spread oats on the street and sidewalk. Jovially, Hazlitt inquired, "This rig for hire?"

"That depends where you're going." She spoke to him from her perch in a tone of authority.

"Bloomingdale's," he said, "before it closes."

"That's where I'm headed," she replied, ignoring his playful tone, and watched him climb into the cab. Hazlitt must have forgotten the leisurely pace of a weary horse. He leaned forward in the seat as if that might urge it along. As they approached Bloomingdale's, he saw that peddlers had spread their wares out on the sidewalks.

The girl stopped the horse so that the hack blocked the crosswalk, and a stream of pedestrians swirled around it. As Hazlitt arose to step down from the cab, it teetered slightly, and he peered about him for a helping hand. One of the peddlers—a tall, swarthy fellow wearing a pointed hat made of a folded newspaper—had taken a roll of bills from his pocket to make change for a customer. This person, lights reflected in her glasses, peered up at Hazlitt with a look of disbelief. Did he seem so strange? A moment passed before he recognized Mrs. Thayer. She wore tinted, horn-rimmed glasses, and a babushka-like scarf about her hair, tied beneath her chin. To take her change, while holding her purse, she gripped one of her knit gloves between her teeth, where it dangled like a third hand. The sight of Hazlitt had, in any case, left her speechless. He could think of nothing better to do than slip one hand into his coat front and strike the comical pose of a public figure welcomed by an admiring throng. The tilt of the carriage may have led him to misjudge the step down to the street. He toppled forward, both arms spread wide, and collapsed into the arms of the peddler, knocking off his paper hat. Over the man's broad shoulder he caught a glimpse of Mrs. Thayer, her hand clamped to her mouth now in either astonishment or laughter. She was gone by the time Hazlitt's feet were firmly planted on the street.

The peddler, after recovering his hat, was remarkably good-humored about it. "She knows you, eh?" he said, giving Hazlitt a leer as he smoothed the rumpled front of his coat. Hazlitt pondered the query as he selected, from the peddler's display, a French-type purse for his wife, a woman reluctant to buy such things for herself.

"Don't you worry!" the peddler added. "She'll be back. I still got her three dollars!" From his wad of bills he peeled off several and passed them to Hazlitt, giving him the smile of a collaborator. "You O.K.?" he said, and steadied the older man's arm as he stepped from the curb.

In Bloomingdale's foyer, where the doors revolved and Hazlitt felt well concealed by the darkness, he paused to spy on the peddler. There was something familiar about him—a big, rough fellow who turned out to be so gentle. In his sophomore year at college, Hazlitt had been intrigued by a swarthy, bearded giant, wearing a faded orange turban and a suit coat over what appeared to be his pajamas, who used to cross the campus directly below the dormitory window on his way to a shack in the desert wash. He walked with a limp, and carried a sack of groceries over his shoulder. As he passed beneath Hazlitt's gaze he would crook his head around, revealing his dark, hostile expression, and then beam directly at him the wide-eyed, toothy smile of a child beholding a beloved object. These extremes of temperament were like theatrical masks of contrary humors slipped on and off his face. Hazlitt learned that the man was a Sikh, one of a sect of fiercely independent warriors in India. What had brought him to California? Everything about him was out of scale and seemed disconcerting—even his smile. There were rumors that he kept his wife captive, that he trapped and ate coyotes. But what did all of that have to do with Hazlitt spying on a peddler from Bloomingdale's foyer so many years later?

Nevertheless, the incident had aroused him, agreeably. This state, he thought, might be what his younger colleagues called "having a buzz on"—an expression that had previously mystified him. He wandered about the store's crowded aisles. In the cosmetic section, the customers and the clerks chattered like birds in an aviary. They leaned to peer into mirrors as if uncertain who they were. Hazlitt paused at a counter displaying bracelets set with semiprecious stones. A young woman with dark bangs to the edge of her eyes spoke to him. She opened the case to lift out several of the items. In her opinion, they cost practically nothing—a special purchase at seventy-nine dollars. He would have guessed a price a third of that, but he showed no surprise. One by itself was very nice, she advised him, but two or more enhanced their beauty. To illustrate, she placed two about her broad wrist, above a hand with blunt fingers and cracked nails.

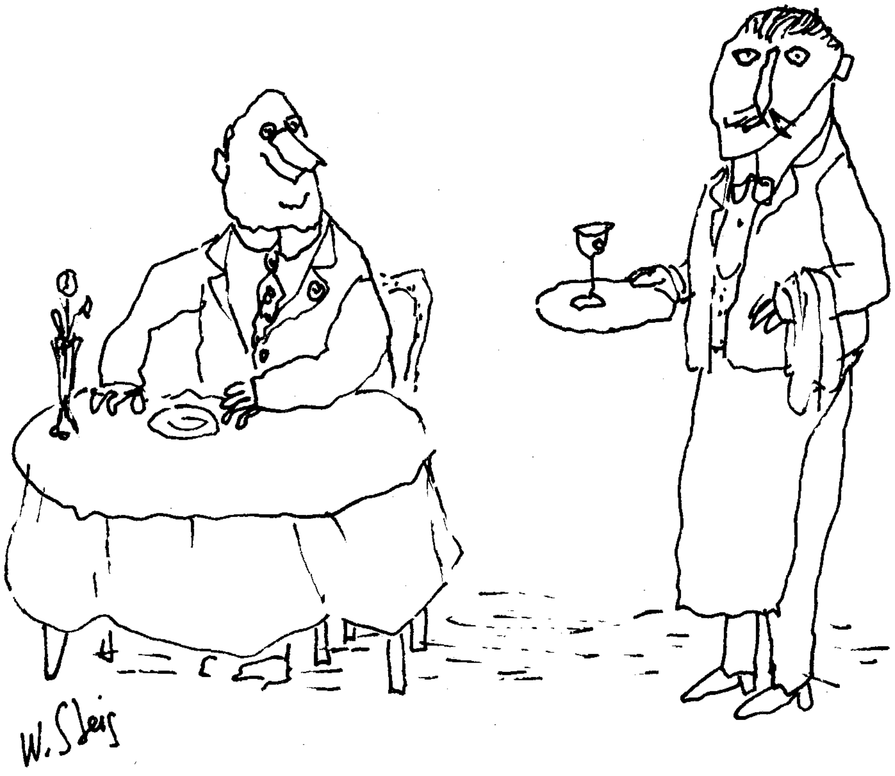
"Very well," Hazlitt said, feeling nothing at all, and waited as she wrote up the order. Was it cash or card? Card, he replied, and searched it out in his wallet.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she said, "but we don't take Visa."

Hazlitt's astonishment was plain. He wondered if it might be a cunning revenge of the East on California. Would they accept his check? Of course. As he filled one out, his wife's face materialized suddenly, then receded. He wrote so few checks that she had cautioned him to make certain he did it correctly.

His driver's license was also needed, the clerk told him. Ah, he was from San Francisco? She had spent a summer with a friend in Carmel, where she nearly froze. Hazlitt explained that the summers might run cooler than the winters, which was why some people found it so attractive. She did not follow his reasoning, her attention being on other matters. "I've got to get this O.K.'d," she said. "Would you just like to look around?"

Hazlitt looked around. Having already spent so much money, he could do without further temptations. To get out of the crowded aisles he wandered into an adjoining department. Against a pillar he saw a canvas chair, apparently meant for the lover of horses: it was made with stirrups, bridles, bits and strips of harness leather. He sagged into it. Nearby, a TV screen glowed like the sun at a porthole. He made out the image of a dense throng of people moving about in a large, dimly lit building. The flowing garments of the women, the density of the crowd suggested it was somewhere in India. As his eyes adjusted, Hazlitt saw that the floor



The Usual

seemed to be strewn with bodies, to which the passing crowd was indifferent. Some were alone. Others were gathered in crumpled heaps. The milling of the figures among these fallen creatures gave the scene an unreal, dreamlike aspect. Were they dead? No, they were sleeping. The film gave Hazlitt a glimpse into a strange country where the quick and the dormant were accustomed to mingle. Perhaps, he thought, it was not the walkers but the sleepers who would range the farthest in their travels.

He was distracted by a stream of jabbering, excited people, most of them young, who hurried down the store aisles toward the front exit. Then, rather suddenly, the place was quiet. He delayed a moment, expecting further excitement, then came out of the shadows and returned to the jewelry counter. The clerk was not there. Other departments also appeared to be abandoned. Through the glass doors of a side entrance he saw hurrying figures and flashing lights. A young man in shirtsleeves, with a perplexed expression, ran toward Hazlitt, waving a flashlight. He took him by the arm and steered him down the aisle. "Out! Out!" he cried. "We're emptying the building!"

"The clerk still has my driver's license," said Hazlitt, but in his agitation the man ignored him. He urged him along through the empty store to where several policemen stood at the exit.

"The clerk has my driver's license!" Hazlitt repeated.

"Don't drive," the man replied. "Take a cab."

Police vans and patrol cars blocked off the street. He stood for some time under one of the awnings waiting for something dramatic to happen. The revolving beacons on the cars lit up the faces of the crowd like torches. Several men in helmets and olive-drab uniforms entered the building carrying equipment. Hazlitt heard someone call them a bomb squad. The awareness that he had no driver's license, no positive identification, touched him with an obscure elation. He strolled along with a noisy group of young people who had just exited from a movie, and they seemed to take his presence for granted. When someone asked him the time, he said, "Nearly nine," and was reminded that he had not yet called his wife. "You won't believe this," he would say, knowing she would.

Donald Reilly

"Check again. You must have the wrong floor."

• •

TO get his call so early in her evening startled her. "Where are you?" she cried. It was his custom to report the events of the day—or the non-events, if so they proved to be—and this time he really had a story to tell. But, hearing the note of concern in her voice, he changed his mind. Any mention of the bomb scare would disturb her rather than amuse her.

He explained—feeling the need to be explicit—that he was in his hotel room, seated on the bed, facing the partially opened window. A cool breeze stirred the curtain. He asked her if she could hear the car horns in the street below. If she had been with him, he said, they would have gone to a play—she loved the theatre. As she spoke to him—how well he saw her—she would be seated at the kitchen table, behind the lazy Susan, with its clutter of vitamin bottles, and several of the squat candle glasses set out in anticipation of the first seasonal storms and blackouts. Hazlitt knew so exactly just how it all was that he could hear the sound of the wall clock—stuffed with a towel to mute the ticking—and he could read the pressure (falling) on the barometer at her shoulder. He continued to talk, in a way that soothed her, about his short ride in the horse-drawn hack (a thing they had done together), and about the swarthy peddler selling his wares on the Bloomingdale's corner—for some reason, he avoided mention of Mrs. Thayer—until she spoke up to remind him that he was phoning from New York, at his own expense, and not from his office at the college. Before he replied she had hung up.

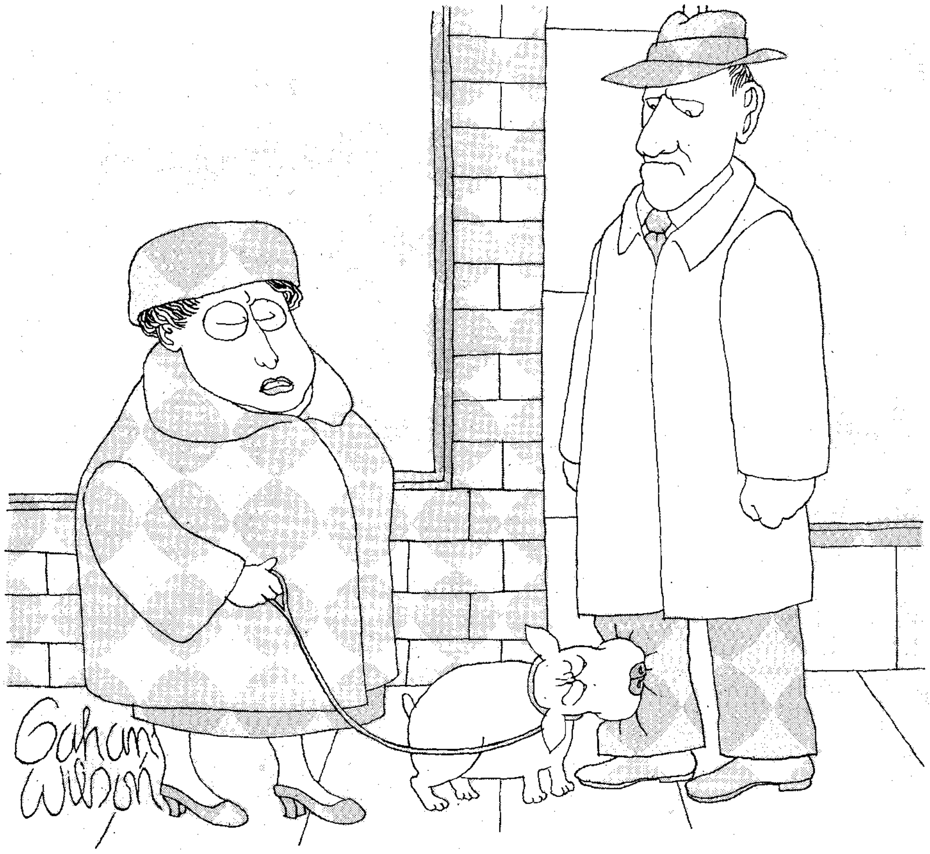
He was aware, with the lights switched off, how the sounds at the window seemed magnified. In the play of reflections on the ceiling he glimpsed, as through a canopy of leaves, the faraway prospect he had seen on the Bloomingdale's TV—bustling figures swarming soundlessly among the bodies strewn about a station lobby. Somehow the spectacle was full of mystery for him. None of this was a dream—no, he was awake; he heard the blast of the horns below his window—but the dreamlike aura held him in its spell until those sleeping figures arose to continue their journey.

IN the doctor's waiting room the next morning, Hazlitt faced a wall of brightly colored children's paintings, goblin-like creatures with popped eyes, short stumpy arms, stilt-like legs. It was his wife who once remarked that this was probably how most children saw the world—like specimens under the lens of a microscope. In the suspended time that Hazlitt sat there, he held and returned the gaze of a purple-faced goblin, preferring it to the pale, ghostly image of the old man reflected in its covering glass.

The specialist's assurance, spoken at Hazlitt's back between thumps on his rib cage, drew more from its offhand manner than from what the man said: he showed little real concern. Every hour, Hazlitt gathered, the doctor saw patients more deserving of attention. His assistant, a well-coiffed matronly woman with sinewy legs and the profile of a turkey, shared with Hazlitt her opinion that "a reprieve is the best one can expect, at our age."

He was down in the street, flowing north with the current, before he sensed that he was free of a nameless burden, and seemed lighter on his feet. He crossed to Park Avenue for a leisurely stroll through the Waldorf lobby, for the pleasure of its carpet and the creak of expensive Texas luggage. Approaching Bloomingdale's again, he paused to reconsider the previous evening's scene: Hazlitt himself teetering in the hack, the dark-skinned peddler in his paper hat, and Mrs. Thayer reaching for her change, with one of her knit gloves still dangling from her teeth.

Back at Bloomingdale's jewelry counter, he found that the girl with the bangs had the morning off. In her place, an older and more professional clerk requested some further identification before she could give him his license back with the bracelets. She reminded him that one couldn't be too careful. Last night's bomb scare—a telephone call from the Bronx—proved to be without foundation, but the entire building had had to be vacated. What was this country coming to, she asked him.



"Let go of Mr. Howard, Alice."

Before Hazlitt could reply, his attention was distracted by a display in the case he was leaning on—a short strand of pearls on a headless bust. Was it some trick of the lighting that made them seem to glow? "These are real?" he asked the saleswoman. They were real. Would he like to see something less expensive? Her implication piqued him, because it was accurate. She took the strand from the case and let him hold it. He knew nothing about pearls, but he was dazzled. He saw them on his wife—he saw her wide-eyed astonishment, her look of disbelief. "If it's not too inconvenient," he said, "I'd like to return the bracelets and take the pearls."

He had not troubled to ask the price, and the clerk gave him a glance of puzzled admiration. "We'll just start all over," she said, "but I'm afraid I'll have to ask you once more for your driver's license."

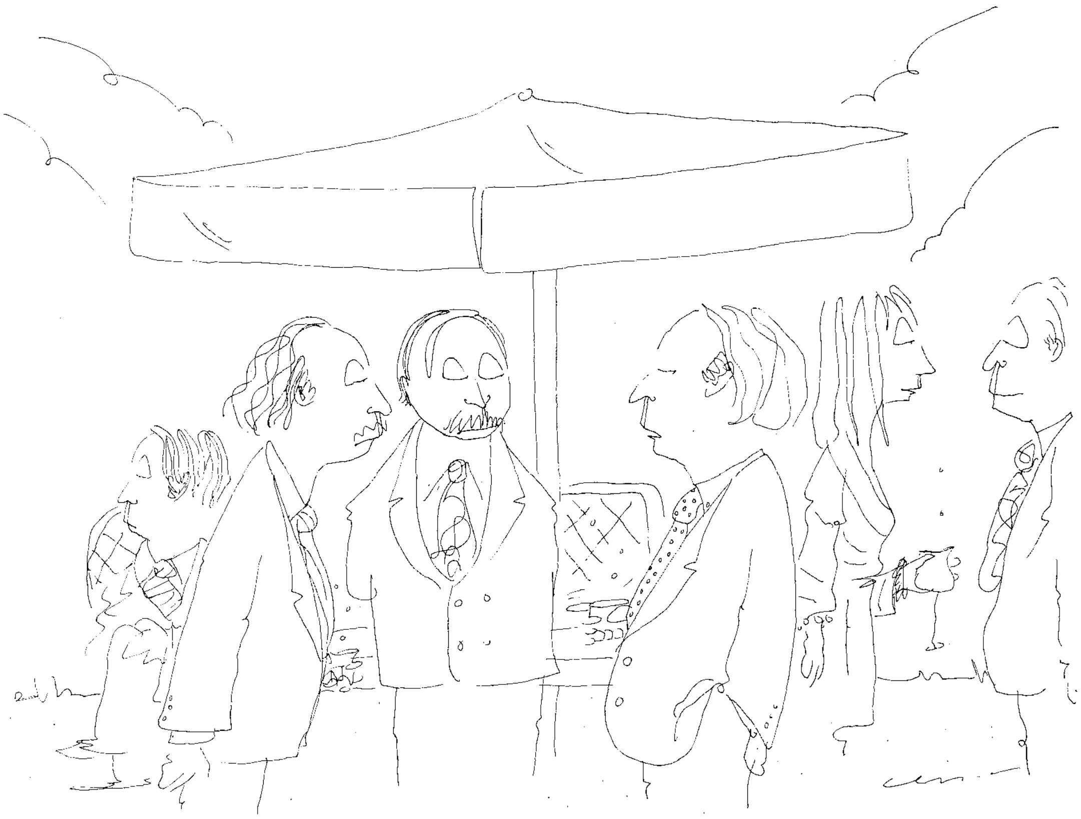
Right at that point, Hazlitt might have reconsidered, but he did not. From his wallet he removed a second blank check, and waited for the woman to present him with the bill. The sum astounded but did not shock him. Writing the numbers, spelling the sum out gave him a tingling sense of exhilaration. Again he saw his wife, seated across the table from him, gaze at him openmouthed, as she would at a stranger.

"This will take a few minutes," the clerk said, and went off into the crowded aisles.

Hazlitt's elation increased. He drummed his nails on the case as he peered about him. One might have thought that he had propositioned the clerk, that she had accepted and gone off to pretty up a bit and get her wrap. His exhilaration persisted as he moseyed about. In the bakery department, he flirted with the clerk who served him a croissant he could eat on the spot.

Back at the jewelry counter, he found everything in order. Was there anything else? His wife kept her jewels in pouches, he said—would they have a small pouch? The woman found one, of a suède-like material, into which the pearls nestled.

He was out of the building, under an awning that dramatized his own reflection in the shopwindow, before he again remembered the incident with the peddler on Fifty-ninth Street. He wanted to ask him if Mrs. Thayer had come back for her change, but the fellow was not there.



"Of course you've grown. We've all grown, and Pittsburgh has grown, too."

• •

IN the early years of their marriage, while he was doing his graduate work in the city, Hazlitt had loved to walk up Fifth Avenue with his wife for lunch at the Met. The museum itself confused and tired her; she did not like mummies, or tombs, or religious paintings. But Hazlitt liked to watch the people as they strolled about looking at objects, the stance they assumed when contemplating an art work. Secret transactions were encouraged there, he felt, and a burden of culture was enlarged or diminished. An hour or so of this spectacle always left him so fatigued he was eager for the comforts of the dim Fountain Court lunchroom, the buzz of voices, and the splash of water.

Heading for the museum now, Hazlitt was already at Seventy-eighth Street before he was aware of the almost stalled bumper-to-bumper traffic. Passengers riding downtown in the buses and cabs made no faster progress than those who were walking. Some waved and exchanged remarks with the pedestrians. Hazlitt sauntered along, hardly caring that it had started to drizzle. Puddles had formed on the steps of the Met, and the sleeves and shoulders of his coat were wet. He checked the coat, then strolled about in a crowd like that in Grand Central Terminal. Just off the lobby, to the right, a new book department was jammed with shoppers. Hazlitt was attracted by the displays and the brilliant lights. On one of the tables, someone had opened, and left, a large volume—Fauve paintings, as bright as Christmas candy. Across the table another browser, sniffling slightly, her face partially veiled by the hood of a transparent slicker, had paused to dip into a collection of van Gogh's letters. She read the last in the book, which she seemed to like; she tried the next-to-last, then the next. Her slicker clearly revealed the unfortunate S-curve of her posture, and the purse that she clutched to her forward-thrusting abdomen. She pressed a wad of tissue to her nose as she sneezed.

Hazlitt wore a tweedy wool hat that concealed, his wife insisted, his best features. Mrs. Thayer passed so close behind him that he felt and heard the brush of her slicker. Was it possible that she found his reappearance as unsurprising as he found hers? Then he saw her at a distance, looking at cards, and her cheeks appeared flushed. It troubled him that she might have a fever. The short-sleeved dress she wore under her transparent raincoat exposed her thin arms. Later, in one of the admission lines, he watched her remove one of her knit gloves by gripping the tips of the fingers with her teeth, then tugging on them like a puppy. Hadn't her husband explained to her about germs?

Although it was still early, and Hazlitt was not fatigued, he made his way toward the Fountain Court lunchroom. He was standing at the entrance for a moment or two before he noticed the renovation. The dusky pool and its sculptured figures were gone. The basin was now a mere sunken pit, of a creamy color without shadows, and it was already bustling with diners crowding its tables. Instead of the refreshing coolness and splash of the water, there was the harsh clatter of plates and cutlery. Hazlitt just stood there, until he was asked to move. There was a bar to his right—he could have used a drink—but the flood of creamy light depressed him. He backed away, and out of long habit found the stairway that led down to the basement.

The dark and cool lavatory in this wing of the building used to be one of Hazlitt's regular stops. The high windows were near a playground, and he could often hear the shrill cries of the children outside. He thought he heard them again now as he opened the door, but the babble stopped as he entered the washroom. Six or seven small boys of assorted colors and sizes, their arms and faces smeared with gobs of white lather, stood facing the mirror at the row of washbowls. Their wide-eyed, soapy faces seemed to stare at Hazlitt from an adjoining room. The stillness, like that of a silent movie, was broken only by the sound of lapping water. A thin film of water covered the tiles at Hazlitt's feet.

As if he found this circumstance more or less normal, he crossed the room to the nearest booth and pushed open the door. A youth, older than the others, was crouched on the rear of the fixture with his feet on the bowl's edge. With the thumb of his right hand he depressed the handle. The water spilled evenly from the rim of the clogged bowl to splash on the floor.

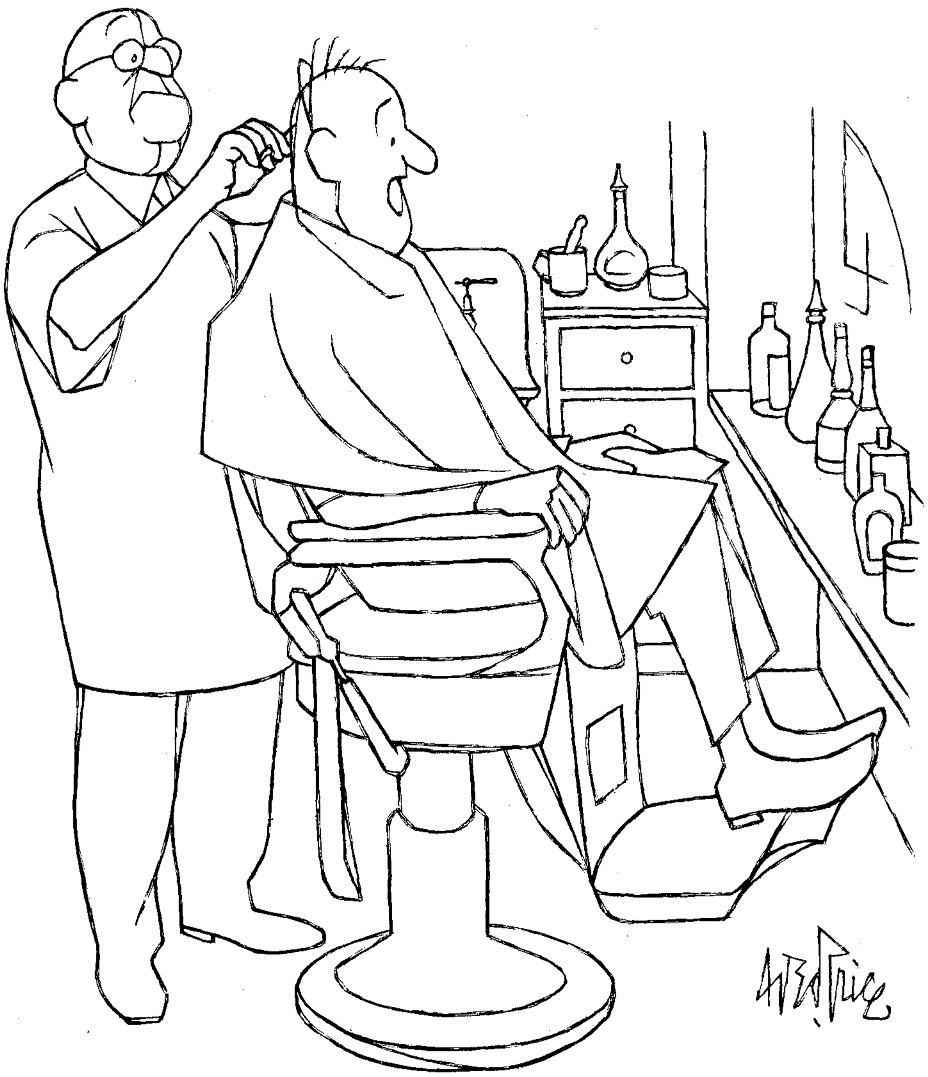
In the dark of the booth, Hazlitt saw little but the cupped whites of the boy's eyes. The youth raised his free hand slowly to his face as if to wipe away a lingering expression. Something in this gesture, like that of a mime, revealed to Hazlitt that the boy was stoned. In the deep void of his expanded pupils was all the *where* that the world was missing. The eyes did not blink. Hazlitt turned from him to face the mirror, and the boys, who had formed a circle around him. One had opened his shirt to expose his torso, creamy with lather. With the light behind them, all Hazlitt saw was the patches of white, like slush on pavement. Still, it pleased him to have their close attention.

The smallest boy thrust a hand toward him, its wet palm up. "Trick or treat," he said gravely. Two of those beside him hooted like crows.

"Well, let's see," Hazlitt said, and drew some coins from his pocket. He exposed them to the light, the silver coins glinting, just as the boy gave his hand a slap from the bottom. The coins flew up, scattering, then fell soundlessly into the film of water.

"Hey, man, that's no treat!" the boy scoffed, and he rolled his eyes upward.

From the pocket of his jacket Hazlitt withdrew the suède pouch; he loosened the noose and let the string of pearls fall into the boy's coral palm. How beautiful they were, as if just fished from the deep! The boy's hand closed on them like a trap; he made a movement toward the door as one of the others grabbed him. Down they both went, slippery as eels, with their companions kicking and pulling at them. They thrashed about silently at Hazlitt's feet like one writhing, many-limbed monster. He was able to leave unmolested and track down the hall in his squishy shoes.



"There's so much in what you say that I wonder if I might have thirty minutes or so to digest it."

In the gift shop off the lobby he bought a pin, of Etruscan design, that he felt his wife would consider a sensible value. Carrying his coat—the drizzle had let up, and the humid air seemed warm—he walked south under the trees edging the Park to the Seventy-second Street exit. Held up by the traffic light, he stood breathing the fumes of a bus and listening to the throb of its motor. At a window level with his head, one of the riders tapped sharply on the glass. Hazlitt was hardly an arm's length away, but he saw the woman's face only dimly through the rain-streaked window. What appeared to be tears might have been drops of water. The close-set green eyes, as close together as ever, were remarkably mild, and gave him all the assurance he needed. As he stared, she put a wadded tissue to her nose, then raised her gloved hand, the palm toward him, to slowly wag the chewed fingertips. Its air brakes hissing, the bus carried her away.

—Wright Morris

•

If you count on East to take a minor suit winner, you forgot about South's opening bid. Clearly, South's bidding places the missing two aces and a most likely six card trump suit. South wins eitherbased in Binghamton, to a contract that allowed the consultant a 98 per cent mark-up on overhead costs, plus protection from all future liability claims—even if proven to be Versar's fault.

The state's first price estimate for Versar was around $1.5 million.

Versar has already been paid more than $4.1 million.

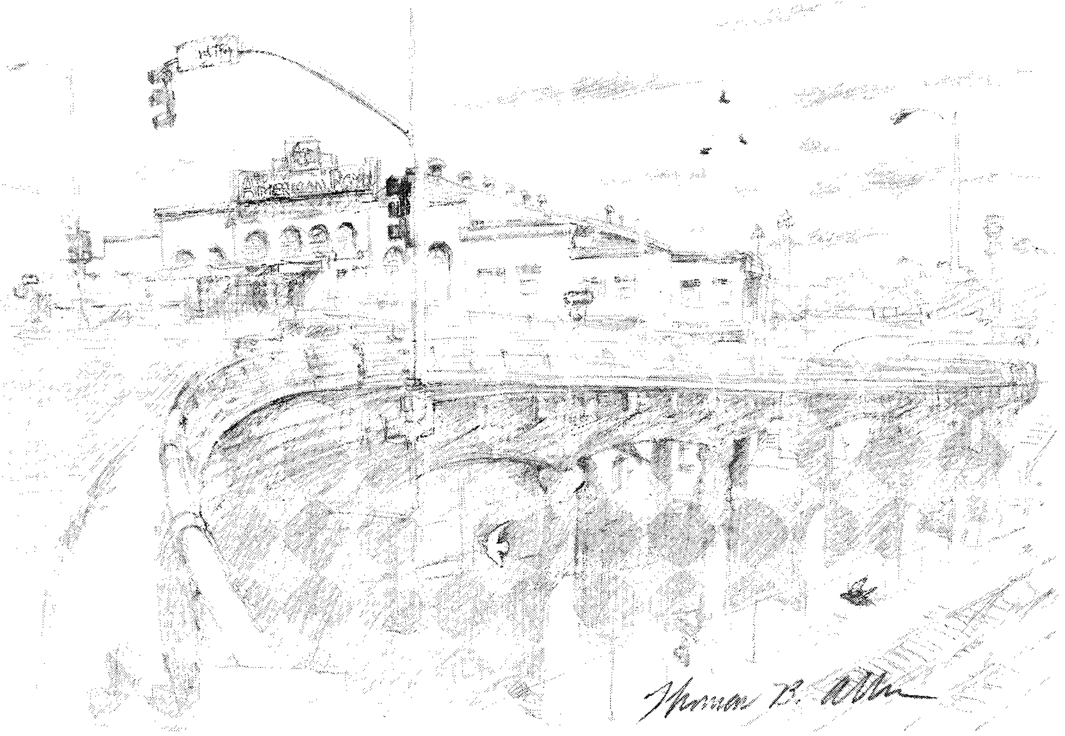
One of Versar's first proposals was to implode the building. In a report never made public, the consultant suggested holes be cut into each floor and its contrump queen. I led a trump to dummy, but Sheila was ready for that also. She hopped up with her ace to continue spades and East's trump jack was promoted to the setting trick.

It's tough to score a game against an alert defense.—*Bridge column in the Syracuse Herald-Journal.*

It certainly is.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

AMERICAN ROYAL



SIX or eight years ago, a woman I knew in New York set out to find a real American. By my standards, she was a real American herself. I don't even require proof of citizenship. Like a lot of Easterners, though, she thought real Americans lived somewhere else. She figured she'd start looking in the Middle West. From everything she knew, it was the logical place to begin: I have heard urbane New Yorkers describe someone as "very American" and then add "like someone from Iowa or Kansas or someplace." For a variety of reasons, she had come to think of the East Coast—where her family had, in three or four generations, become reasonably urbane itself—as a place whose residents were foreign compared with real Americans. She thought of Easterners as devious instead of straightforward, dark-complexioned instead of blond, indoorsmen instead of outdoorsmen, immigrants instead of pioneers, Jewish or Catholic instead of Protestant, left-wing instead of imbued with the spirit of free enterprise. I suppose she wanted to find a real American to marry; at the minimum, she wanted to get a good long look at one. Gary Cooper in his prime is the way I envisioned what she had in mind as a real American. I had a pretty good idea of what she had in mind, because I was, in an odd and informal way, one of her consultants.

My credentials for the position consisted partly, I assume, of the simple fact that I was born and raised in Kansas City, Missouri, which used to be called the Heart of America, for the very good reason that it is smack in the middle of the country, if you don't count Hawaii and Alaska—which I never have and don't intend to. Also, I was then in the midst of what turned out to be fifteen years of travelling around the country as a reporter, and some of the people I knew in New York had begun to consider me an authority on such matters as how the Best Western Motel in some Iowa city stacked up against its Holiday Inn.

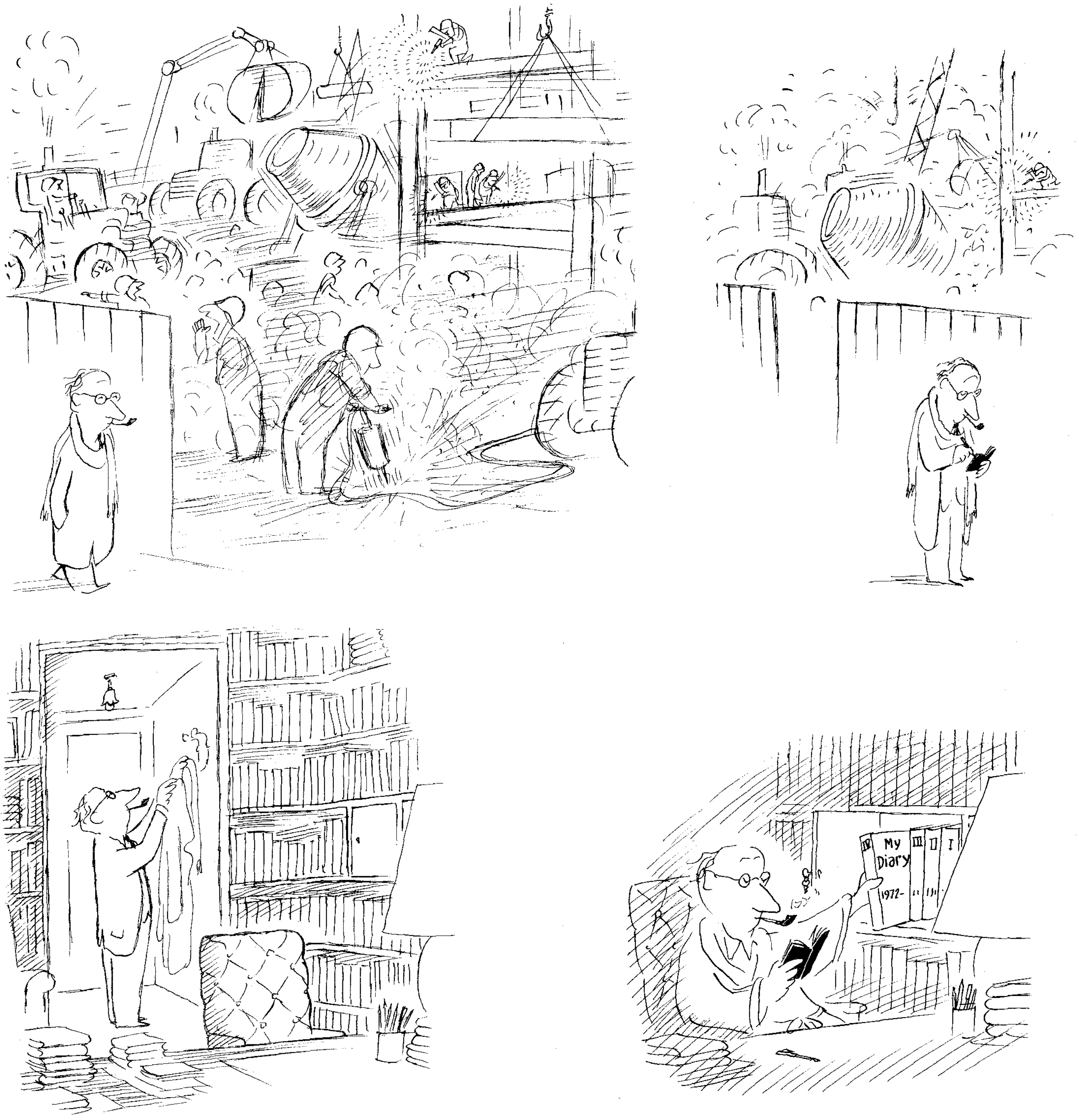
As a consultant to my friend's quest for Gary Cooper, I was not completely happy in my work. There were elements of the quest that I found troubling. It seemed to be inspired partly by a rejection of her background—the characteristics she assigned to less than American Easterners sounded a lot like a description of her own family—and the values it reflected were obviously based partly on her conversion to a system of far-right political beliefs that I considered, to use a word not regularly heard in the Midwest, cockamamie. Also, it happens that all four of my grandparents were immigrants who never quite mastered the language, and while I have never thought of them as the sort of Midwesterners New Yorkers might describe as very American ("like someone from Vilna or Kharkov or someplace"), I have always taken it for granted that they were, when it came right down to it, just as American as Gary Cooper or anybody else—although I must admit that the only member of that immigrant generation who was still alive at the time, my Uncle Benny Daynovsky, had spent sixty years or so tending his back-yard tomato plants in St. Joseph, Missouri, without showing any indication of having absorbed the spirit of the Protestant work ethic that supposedly made this nation prosper.

Still, my friend could have easily found scholarly support for her intention of searching for an American in the Midwest. ("Much of what the world thinks of as 'American' is Midwestern and especially Central Midwestern," Raymond D. Gastil wrote in "Cultural Regions of the United States.") Also, I liked and admired her—I like and admire a number of people who have cockamamie politics—and I genuinely hoped she would find her Cooper, if a Cooper was what she wanted. Eventually, to the astonishment of all her consultants, she did. Long after we stopped marvelling over her improbable triumph, though, one of the reports she gave upon returning from an early foray to the plains remained in my mind: She had found the real America, if not the specifically required real American, she said, and it was Kansas City

—the Heart of America, my home town.

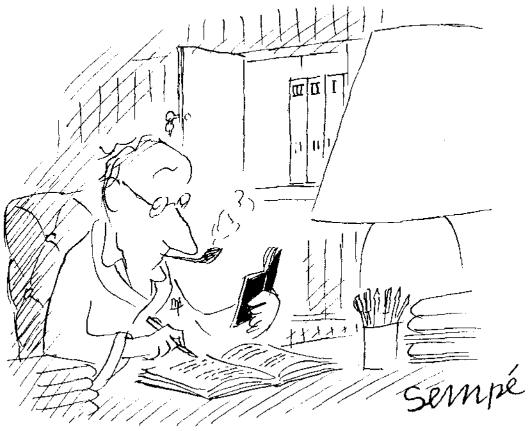
"There were huge white cows right at the hotel!" she reported. My wife, who is from the East, just smiled and nodded at that one, since she had heard enough Kansas City cow tales from me by then to be on her guard. Even now, there remains a quiet debate in our house about whether the gigantic statue of a bull on a ninety-foot pylon next to the American Hereford Association Building in Kansas City really does have a heart and liver that light up at night. As it turned out, there had indeed been huge white cows at our friend's hotel. She had stayed at the Crown Center—part of a "city within a city" that the Hallmark corporation built next to its corporate headquarters, near downtown—and she happened to arrive at the time of the American Royal livestock show. A number of breed associations—associations of people who raise one sort of purebred cattle or another—regularly have a meeting and a show and a sale in conjunction with the Royal, and the Charolais Association, looking for an unusual spot for its cattle sale, had settled on the plaza of the Crown Center complex. Charolais are almost always described in terms of their hugeness and whiteness. The lobby had obviously been filled with Charolais breeders—men who wore Stetsons and cowboy boots and looked as if they spent a lot more time outdoors than indoors. Among them, the Gary Cooper of "High Noon" could have passed unnoticed.

I explained to our New York friend that hotel lobbies in Kansas City were filled with Coopers only rarely—someone with a taste for Stetsons and cowboy boots would be much more comfortable in Denver or Fort Worth—and with huge white cattle almost never. The American Royal was an important annual event of my childhood—I remember accompanying my

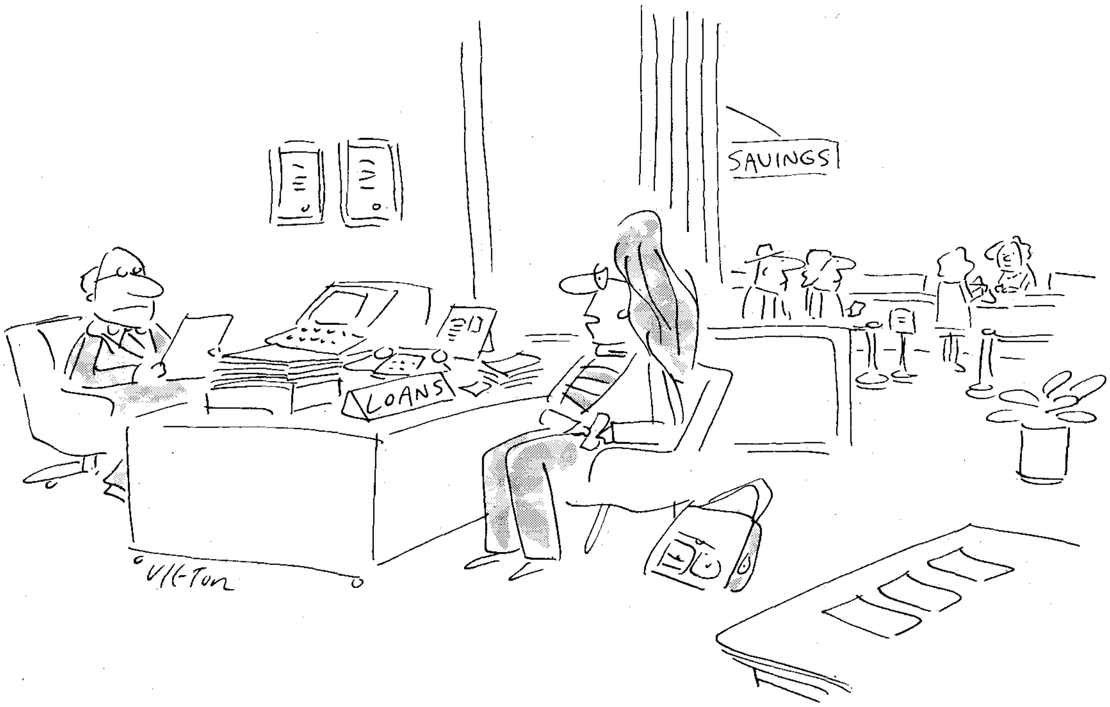


father, who was a methodical man, on a steer-by-steer and sheep-by-sheep inspection of the barns; I remember the high-school bands and riding clubs and Army units and sheriffs' patrols marching down Main Street in the American Royal parade; I remember thousands of farm boys in deep-blue corduroy jackets swarming into town for the annual conventions of the Future Farmers of America—but it was also my only contact with cattle. I told her that some of the other American aspects of Kansas City she had exulted over—the openness of its people, say, or of its boulevards—could be found in any number of American cities. Speaking with an authority built on countless nights at countless Best Westerns and Holiday Inns, I told her that, as much as I appreciated the thought, my home town was not necessarily the real America.

Even as I said that, I knew I didn't believe it. Anyone who grows up in the Middle West is likely



"Monday, Sept. 19: Crowd, noise, rain."



"I just wanted to have the borrowing experience."

to grow up with the assumption that his home town is indeed the real America—particularly if his home town happens to be, almost officially, the Heart of America—and I suppose I have never completely abandoned that assumption. When my nephews were very young, they came from Kansas City to visit us for a couple of weeks in the East—it was their first trip out of the Middle West—and they constantly asked what time it was in "real time," by which they meant Central Standard Time. We came to refer to it as Kansas City Mean. I haven't been a bona-fide permanent resident of Kansas City since I graduated from high school, but in the years since, living in the East or travelling around the country, I have used a form of Kansas City Mean to keep track of things myself. When I think about America or Americans, there are ways in which I probably still think of Kansas City as the norm, against which everything else must be judged. It seemed natural, then, when the fifteen years of travelling ended, last fall, to spend a few weeks in Kansas City, at the time of the American Royal. The film clip that runs in my head when I think of Kansas City always includes flashes of the American Royal, just before the scene in which night falls and the light goes on in the heart and liver of the bull on top of the American Hereford Association.

• •

WHAT struck me as funny about our New York friend's having encountered cattle at her hotel is that Eastern visitors to Kansas City are invariably accused of having expected to find something almost as improbable—Indians in the streets. Even in its early days, Kansas City was not strongly identified with Indians; in modern times, as far as I know, there has never been a verified instance of an Easterner finding an Indian in the streets. When my wife first came to Kansas City, though, any number of people asked her if she was surprised not to find Indians in the streets. I'll admit that my wife was at the time exhibiting some Eastern lapses in her knowledge of matters Midwestern—for instance, her conversation revealed her to be under the impression that lakes were made by the Creator or by geological phenomena rather than by the Corps of Engineers—but she hardly seemed sufficiently uninformed to believe that a place so urban that it had a Democratic political machine of national notoriety by the twenties still had Sioux roaming its shopping malls.

My wife had in fact expected to see a cow or two—for nearly its entire history, Kansas City has had a strong connection with cattle—but nobody asked her about that. It may be that Kansas Citians avoid asking a visitor if she expected to find cattle in the streets because they're afraid the answer might be yes. ("And, as a matter of fact, there were some huge white ones right at my hotel.") There have always been people in town who are sensitive about Kansas City's identification with the humble cow. That sort of worry actually took over the decision-making circles of Kansas City for a while a decade ago. A campaign was launched to promote Kansas City as a "glamour city" or "one of the 'hot cities' of the early seventies," and the standard headline for stories planted by the campaign's New York public-relations firm was "COWTOWN NO MORE."

Some of the anti-cowtown feeling, it seemed to me, was caused by a Midwestern disease I finally isolated a few years ago and identified as rubophobia—not fear of rubes but fear of being taken for a rube. Over the years, I have met any number of people in the Midwest who are afraid that when an Easterner describes Midwesterners as very American what he really means is that they seem to be hicks. Most rubophobes are city people. A Missouri hog-and-grain farmer isn't any more likely to worry about what people in New York think of, say, Clark County, Missouri, than he is to worry about what people in London or Dakar think of Clark County, Missouri. Kansas Citians have always seemed particularly susceptible to rubophobia. That may have something to do with being smack in the middle of the country—the part that some people on the coasts like to say they have glimpsed only idly, from a window of a 747. It may also have something to do with being conveniently situated for comparison with St. Louis, the most westerly of the old Eastern cities. People in Kansas City still remember the uproar caused nearly thirty years ago when *Life* published a ten-page spread on the two great metropolitan areas of Missouri, showing "some con-

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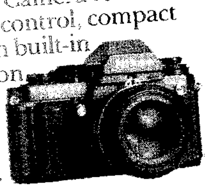
10 First Prizes



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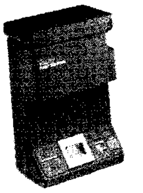

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How to Enter

Use the coupon on this page or see your participating liquor store for an entry blank. Take a picture of the scene you think whispers J&B, and send it in. Be sure to follow the rules below. Incomplete entries will be invalid.

Official Rules—
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1. To enter, submit a black-and-white or color photograph (2¼" x 2¼" to 8" x 10") of a scene that you feel "whispers." Slides and transparencies are not accepted.

2. Handprint your name, address, and zip code on the official entry form or a plain piece of paper. Glue or tape it to the back of your photo entry. Do not write on photo. Include cardboard backing to protect picture in mail. Include with your entry the answer to the following question: What do the initials "J&B" on a bottle of J&B Rare Scotch stand for? Your entry will not be eligible for judging unless this question is answered. The information needed to answer this question may be found by looking at the label of any bottle of J&B Rare Scotch. You may obtain a free label facsimile by writing to: J&B Label, P.O. Box 3244, Syosset, NY 11775.

3. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately to: J&B Third Annual "It whispers" Photo Contest, P.O. Box 3258, Syosset, NY 11775. Entries must be received by December 31, 1983. No responsibility is assumed for lost, misdirected or late mail.

4. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality (0 to 30 points), relevance to the theme (0 to 40 points), composition (0 to 20 points), photographic technique (0 to 10 points). Winners will be selected under the supervision of National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this contest. All prizes will be awarded and winners notified by mail. Prizes are not transferable or exchangeable. Only one prize to an individual or family.

5. All entries become the property of The Paddington Corporation with all rights, including the right to edit, publish and use any photo without further consideration of payment to the contestant. No correspondence about entries will be entered into, nor will photos be acknowledged or returned.

6. Before receiving a prize, each entrant must warrant his age, that the photograph was taken by himself, that he is an amateur photographer, and that he has full rights to the photograph and that it has won no previous award or competition.

7. The contest is open to U.S. residents, except employees and their families of The Paddington Corporation, its affiliates, advertising and sales promotion agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, and professional photographers. Void where prohibited. All federal, state and local regulations apply. Taxes on prizes, if any, are the responsibility of the individual winners.

8. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in the state of their residence as of September 1, 1983. For a list of major winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: J&B Third Annual "It whispers" Photo Contest Winners, P.O. Box 3269, Syosset, NY 11775. Winners list will be available as of March 15, 1984.

Official Entry Form

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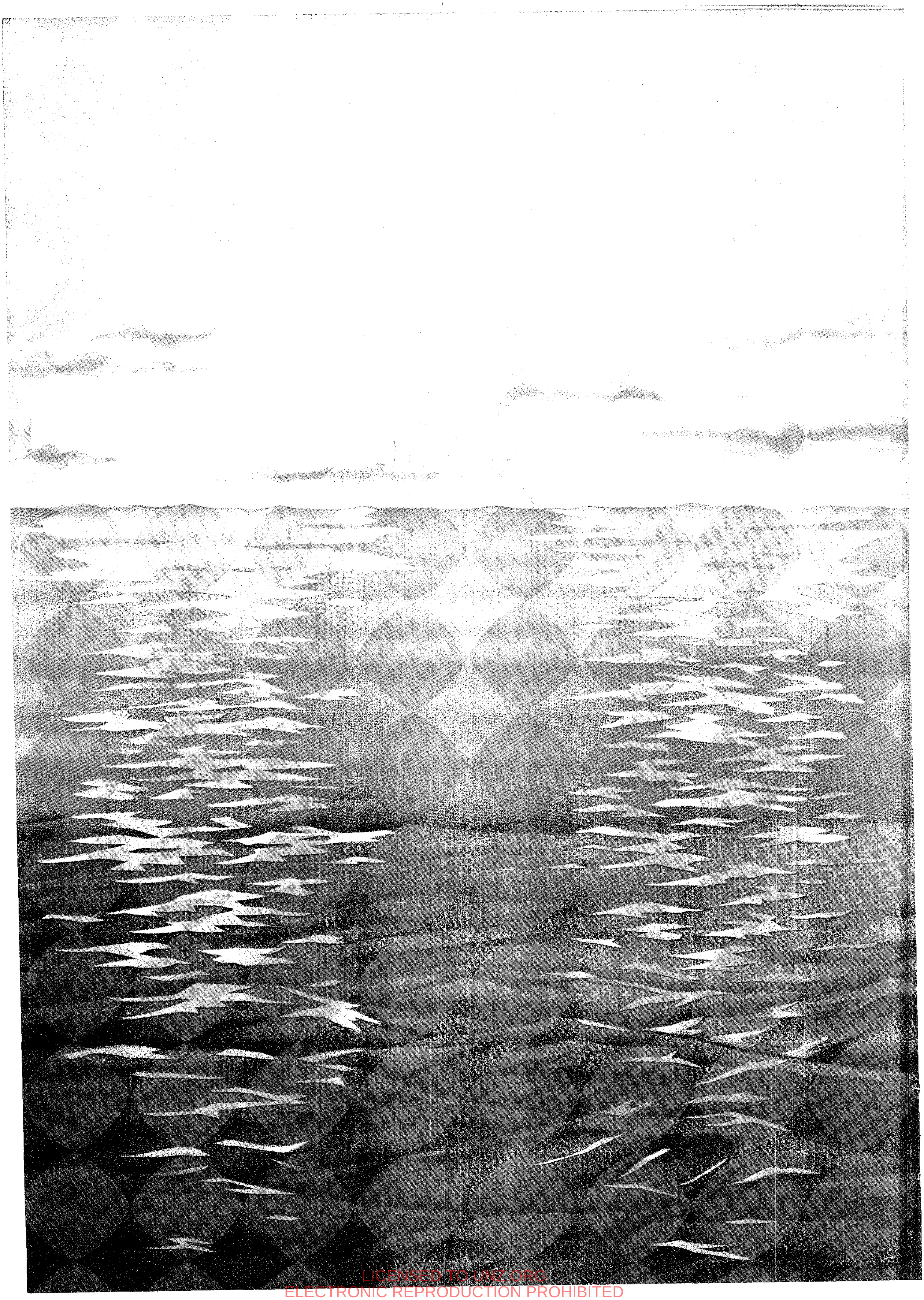

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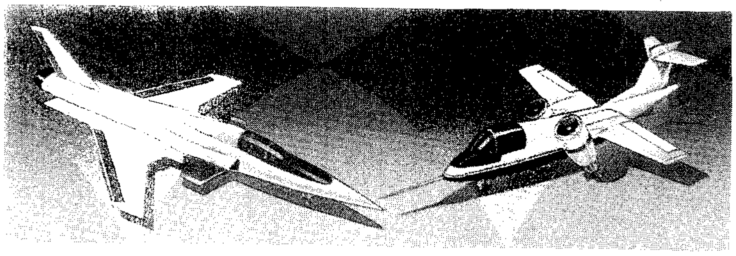

THE TECHNOLOGY FOR THE JOB AT HAND.

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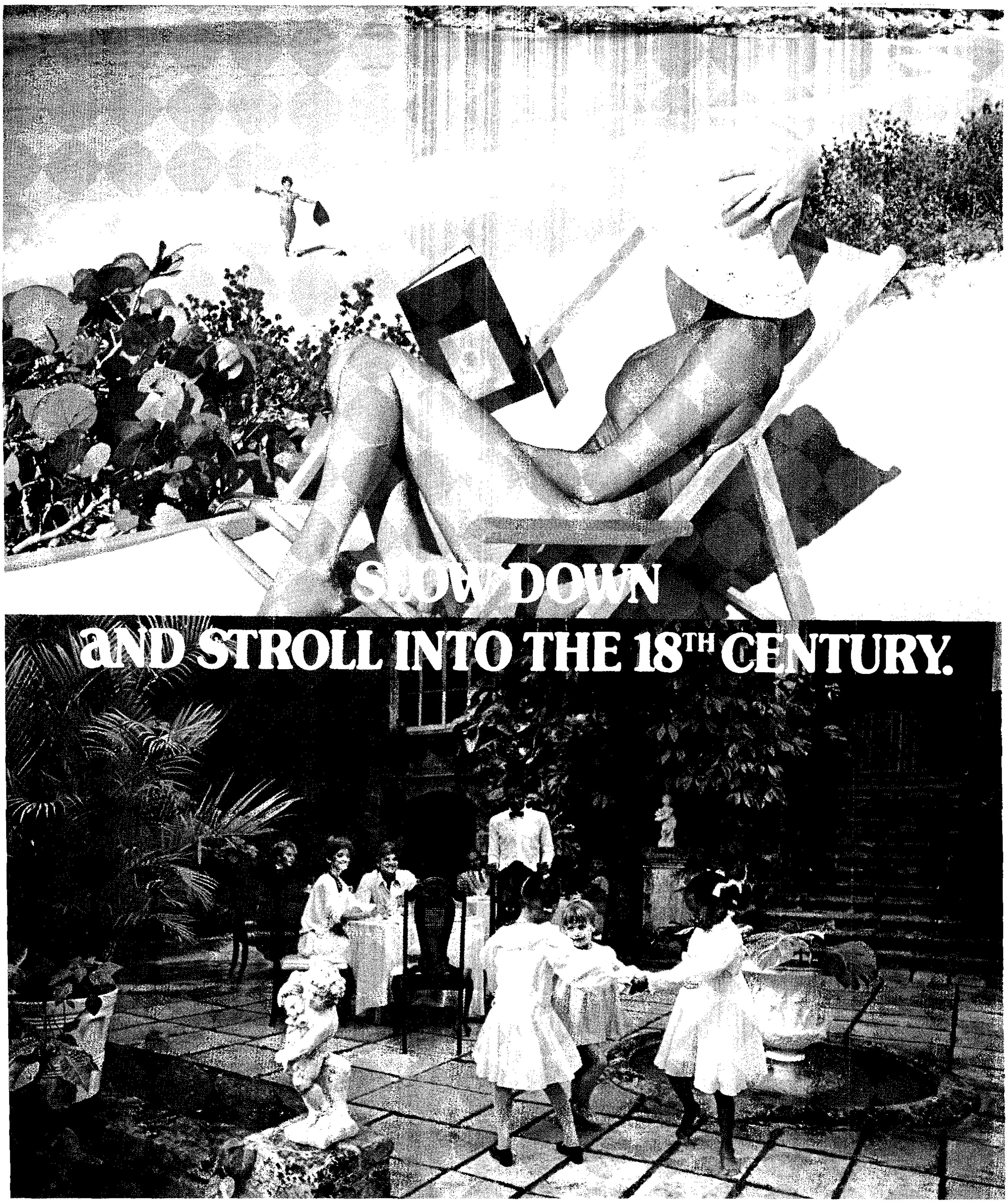
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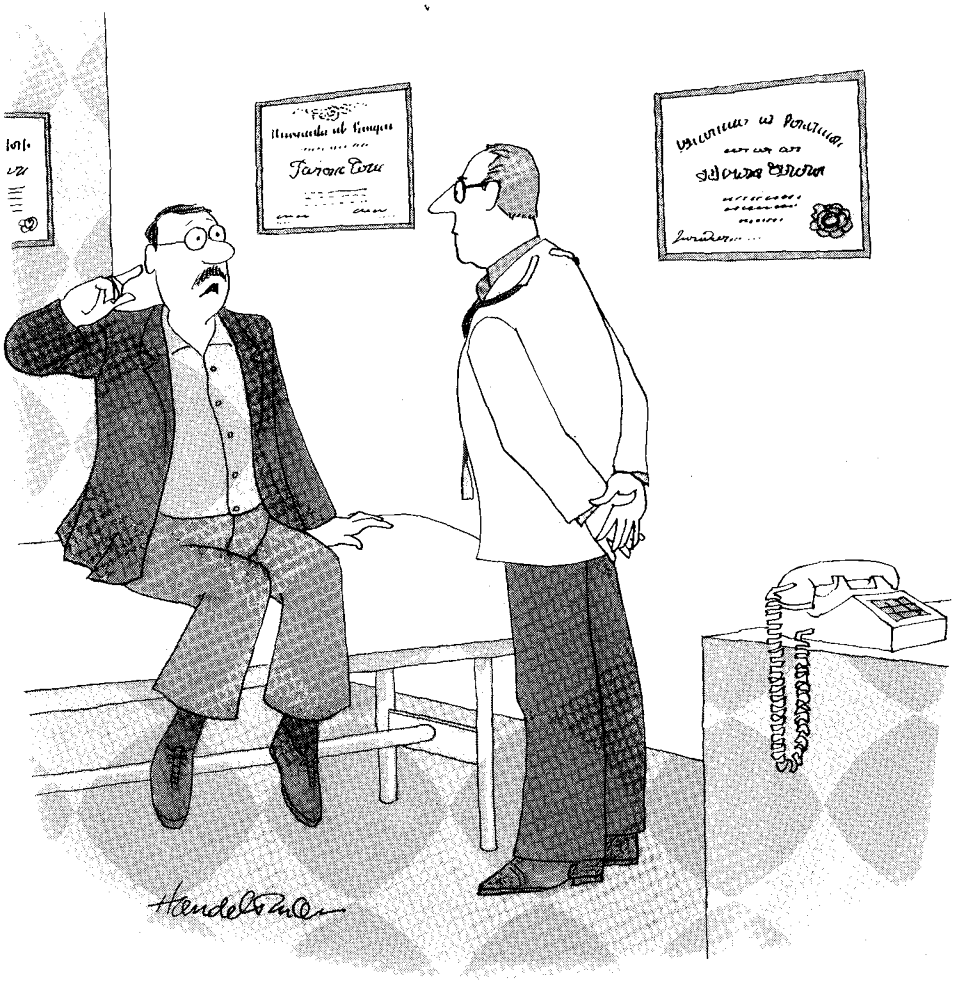
trasts between a striving city and a settled one." It almost goes without saying that we were the strivers.

The opening picture spread left no doubt about the kind of contrast that was going to be made. On the right-hand page, the members of the Bridlespur Hunt Club, in St. Louis, were shown riding to hounds. Facing them was a picture of a dozen riders, a couple of them noticeably portly, wearing Western hats—prominent Kansas City citizens who belonged to an organization called the Saddle and Sirloin Club. A section on high society, headlined "THE DEBS AND THE COWGIRLS," concluded that "culturally and socially, St. Louis exhibits its maturity while Kansas City tinges most of its efforts with self-conscious boosterism." It showed pictures of the débutantes being presented at St. Louis's Veiled Prophet Ball ("Admission is by invitation only"—a statement, I must say, that could also describe my high-school prom) and, on the facing page, a line of teen-aged girls who had been trained to do a high-stepping number for the American Royal Queen's coronation ceremony and were called the Royalettes. People in Kansas City might have gulped all that down with only an occasional howl if it hadn't been for the section contrasting a leading citizen from each city. The St. Louis man ("A Man of St. Louis and His Quiet Ways") was a conservative businessman who ran the wholesale drug company his grandfather had founded in 1852. The person *Life* had selected to represent Kansas City was a Ford dealer named Berl Berry—or, as people in Kansas City tended to say at the time, Berl Berry of all people.



"It's not just a plain ringing in the ears, Doctor. There's some kind of melody, and then a voice comes on and says, ' "One Man's Family," brought to you by Tender Leaf Tea.' "

• •

Berl Berry did not have quiet ways. His company, the largest Ford operation in the United States, had not been founded by anyone's nineteenth-century grandfather; Berl Berry had founded it himself, fourteen years before the *Life* article appeared, when he arrived from small-town Oklahoma with a stake of five thousand dollars pinned to his suit. Watching Berl Berry's exploits was one of the pleasures of my childhood. I wish I could say that he engaged my attention because I spotted him as an undiluted version of the American success story that has always been a specialty of regional centers like my home town—the poor boy who comes to the city from the farm or a small town and makes what Kansas City people sometimes call "a bunch of money." In fact, I simply found him entertaining. Berl—I think of him as Berl, even though I never met him—was a man who knew how to make the papers. He lived in what the Kansas City *Star* referred to as a "mansion-type home." The dimensions of his bedroom were common currency—a thirty-by-forty-foot room with a ten-by-thirty-foot closet and a ten-by-eleven-foot bed and, nearby, an eight-by-thirty-foot bathroom. *Life* lingered in Berl's bedroom. A huge photograph showed Berl and four children in a vast bed, staring straight ahead—presumably at one of his six television sets. There was a picture of his office ("Office has a bar, curved couch, gold drapes, TV set") and a picture of the purebred Herefords he had taken to raising on a place outside town. "Last fall," the article said, "Berry helped promote the American Royal by purchasing the Grand Champion steer for $6,000 just for table meat."

When Berl bought the Grand Champion steer, of course, the American Royal was not all he was promoting. The steer, Dorothea's Pride, was given temporary quarters at one of the Berl Berry used-car lots, at Armour Boulevard and Main. Within a day or two, it was reported stolen—the only case of Grand Champion-steer theft in American Royal history. A day after that, the *Star* reported that Dorothea's Pride had been found, grazing happily in a pasture north of town. Berl, expressing great relief, had it picked up and taken to one of his Ford dealerships, where it was bedded down in a car-wash rack. Anybody who buys the Grand Champion steer at the American Royal can count on making the paper; Berl and his steer made it four times that week, which comes to only about fifteen hundred dollars a shot.

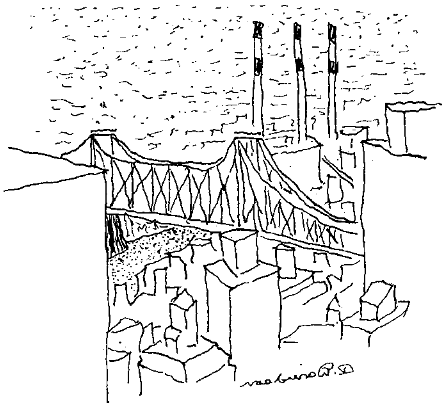
A couple of years after the *Life* article, Berl ran unsuccessfully for mayor. His opponent, a regionally renowned orator named H. Roe Bartle, referred to him during the campaign as a man who "bathes in a Roman bath like the Caesars of old." A couple of years after that, Berl was broke. The largest Ford business in the country had collapsed. J. C. Nichols, the real-estate company that had developed a residential district whose boulevards and shopping center ("the world-famous Country Club Plaza") were the sort of thing that Kansas City boosters thought *Life* might have done well to photograph, listed Berry's mansion-type home as its "House of the Month."

Berl Berry died just as I got to Kansas City last fall for the American Royal. He had been living in Springfield, Missouri, for several years. Even before I saw his obituary in the Kansas City *Times*, I had been thinking about him—thinking, among other things, how much more interesting he was than that stodgy fellow from St. Louis. Berl was a striver, but one of the particularly American aspects of Kansas City, it seems to me, is that strivers have always been thick on the ground. ("For sheer vitality and bumptiousness, it's almost worse than Texas," a journalist named George Sessions Perry wrote of Kansas City in the middle forties.) Joyce Hall, a poor country boy who came to Kansas City in 1910 and founded Hallmark Cards, was a striver in his own way, although not the sort of striver who makes the dimensions of his lavatory a matter of public record.

As far as I could see from rummaging around the clippings library at the *Star*, Berl Berry had never quit striving. After the collapse of his Ford empire, he reappeared once or twice as a foreign-car dealer, and once he came back as a candidate for sheriff of Jackson County. By then, he could no longer be accused of bathing like the Caesars of old, but he lost anyway. His life was rich in the livestock symbolism that persists in Kansas City, whether it is still a cowtown or not. The American Royal was his principal civic interest. He was a member of the Saddle and Sirloin Club, which had been founded as a support group for the Royal. In Kansas City, a man who wants instant front-page recognition as someone who has made a bunch of money and is willing to spend it doesn't have to build a mansion-type home; he can simply buy the Grand Champion steer at the American Royal. Berl bought the Grand Champion two years in a row. When he was about to go broke, a few years after that, the first hint of trouble the public got was that he began to sell off some of his Herefords.

THE American Royal has been the premier annual event of Kansas City for the entire century—it began as a Hereford exhibition in 1899 and snitched its name a couple of years later from a show in England called the British Agricultural Royal—but one of the first things I learned about it when I returned to Kansas City last fall was that in the early seventies it almost ceased to exist. I was astounded. As a child, I had simply taken the Royal's permanence for granted. I had assumed that everyone else did. I felt like taking a quick drive over toward Twelfth Street just to make sure that the bull was still on top of the American Hereford Association Building.

The American Royal always had built-in financial problems, which were not apparent to someone whose experience with it consisted of watching the parade and accompanying his father on an inspection of the livestock. Touring the stalls, or even watching the livestock shows—the judging of market steers and Hereford bulls and Hampshire swine and Suffolk sheep—never cost anything at the Royal. From nearly the beginning, the hard-ticket event was a horse show—not just the high-stepping American saddle-breds that I have always associated with state fairs but also hunters and jumpers that were maneuvered by riders who dressed like the St. Louis horsy types shown in *Life*. I would not want to be in a position of saying that Kansas City has no horsy set of its own. I happen to know of at least one hunt in which the riders, using English saddles and done up à la St. Louis, gallop around after a coyote, and apparently have a grand time of it. I think it's fair to say, though, that watching a fine-harness saddle horse pull a solemn-looking gentleman around the ring in a buggy has never had the general appeal of, say, the Missouri-Kansas football game. Even presenting entertainment at the Royal which might draw larger crowds—a rodeo or a pop singer—was not a realistic way to produce revenue, because the American Royal Building, constructed in 1922 right at the stockyards, had an arena that wouldn't hold many more people than the number interested in seeing a man pulled round and round in a buggy.



The American Royal had never really engaged the entire population of Kansas City in the way, say, that Mardi Gras engaged the entire population of New Orleans. Some people were interested in the livestock. Some completely different people were interested in the horse show. A lot of people weren't terribly interested in either. Virtually all the actual participants—the farm kids showing their steers, the breeders of purebreds selling their bulls, the solemn men in the buggies—were from out of town. By the seventies, a lot of people who once attended the Royal regularly—and maybe even some people who once devoted their time to boosting the Royal and serving on its committees—had other things to do. When my father and I made our annual pilgrimage to the livestock barns, for instance, the one professional-sports attraction in Kansas City was a Triple A baseball team called the Kansas City Blues. By the seventies, Kansas City had an N.F.L. football team and an American League baseball team and an N.B.A. basketball team—all of which would have had no effect on my own interest in the Royal if I had stayed in town, as it happens, since my loyalty to the Blues was so pure that my interest in such matters ended with their demise.

By the early seventies, alternatives to the Royal were not even limited to attractions available in Kansas City. For prosperous people, casual mobility had made recreation national. I doubt if many of the Saddle and Sirloin Club members shown riding their cow ponies in *Life* in 1954 would have listed among their hobbies surfing or scuba diving or cross-country skiing. Whatever impression the Kansas City businessmen made in *Life* as they galloped across the prairies, membership in the

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"Are you giving me a signal?"

Saddle and Sirloin Club, the American Royal's most steadfast support group, was then considered a serious prize by people interested in business or social success in Kansas City; by the seventies that was no longer true, and the reason may have had something to do with the romance of trail rides in southern Missouri gradually diminishing for people whose alternatives included a condominium in Vail or a ranch in Arizona or a beach house on St. Thomas.

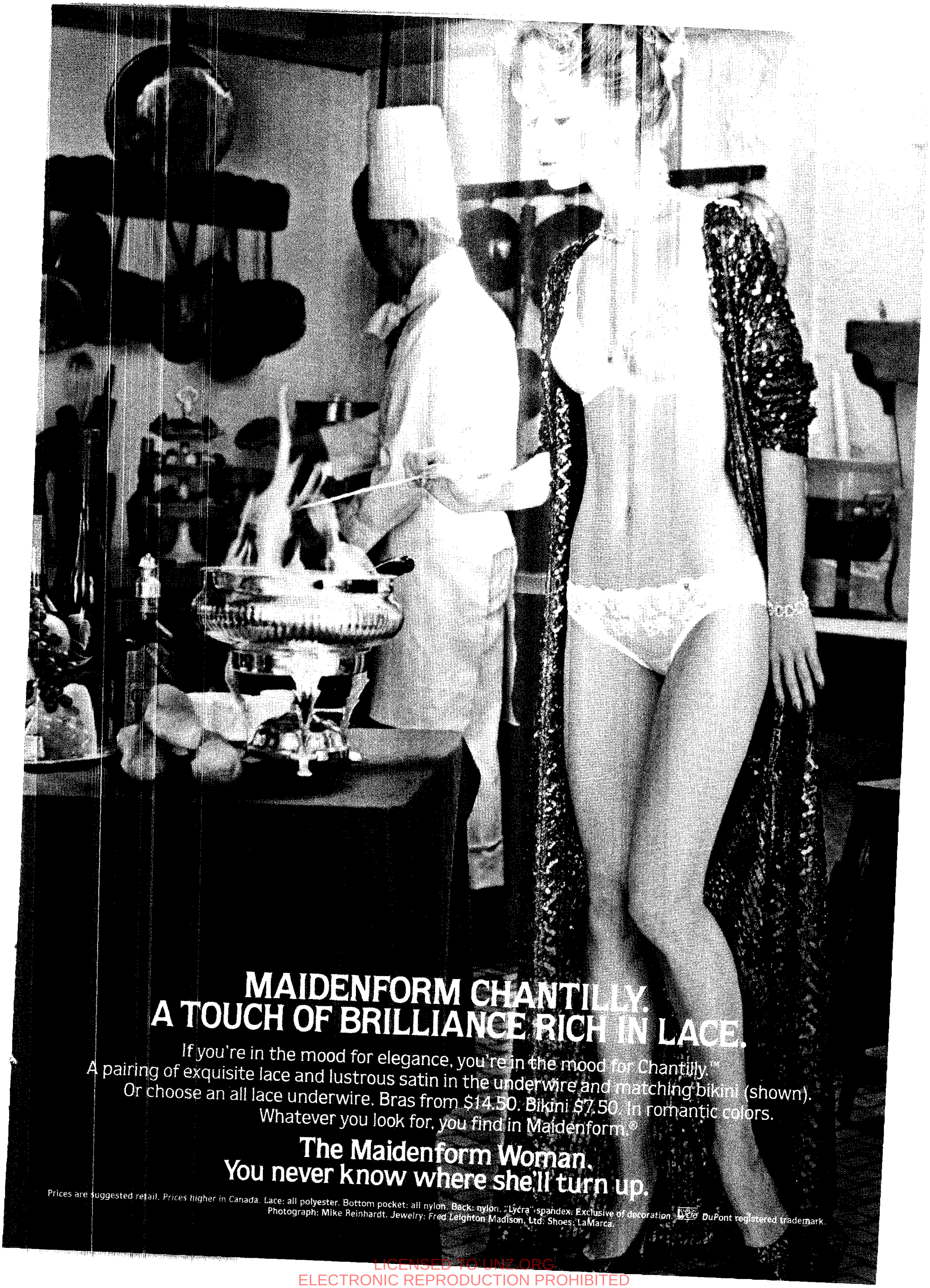
The band of people who actively worked for the Royal, never very large, had become smaller and more set in its ways—a dwindling company of men from families that had always supported the Royal or from businesses that had something to do with livestock or farming. One way to view the American Royal, in fact, was as the annual civic activity of people in the traditional Kansas City cowtown businesses—the beef interests from the stockyards, for instance, and the wheat people from the Board of Trade. The Royal was not the obvious outlet for some ambitious young stockbroker or Hallmark executive with civic-affairs energy to burn up.

By the seventies, the American Royal's connection with the actual business of the city was much less obvious than it had been in the days when Kansas City was a cowtown in the literal sense of being the place where thousands of cattle showed up every day to be slaughtered. The pens of the stockyards were mostly empty, the great packing houses having moved out to the cattle feedlots. There was still a cattle sale at the stockyards a couple of mornings a week. There were still breed associations with national headquarters in Kansas City. The bull was still right there on the top of the American Hereford Association Building. But sense of the cattle business as the central force of Kansas City economic life was gone. It must have been a maddening situation for the rubophobes in town: Kansas City seemed to be bearing the burden of a cowtown reputation without even the compensation of what real cowtown activity might do for gross retail sales.

The rubophobes were, in fact, marshalling their forces for the glamour-city campaign. They were obviously not overjoyed at the thought that the city's principal annual celebration was the sort of event that had as its climax a steer auction and included in its parade such dignitaries as the Missouri Beef Belle. There are many nice things to be said about the Future Farmers of America, but I have never heard them called glamorous. I don't mean to imply that the civic leaders of Kansas City sat down together one day—at lunch, at the Kansas City Club—and tried to figure out a polite way to finish off the American Royal. I do think that they were not of a mind to gallop across the prairies to its rescue.

"We had three guys here from the East who said we should let it die," Crosby Kemper, a leading banker and philanthropist in Kansas City, told me when I ran into him just before the Royal last fall. I thought he was talking about some team of management consultants called in from the East—a precursor of the New York press agents hired during the glamour-city period. As it turned out, he was talking about three of Kansas City's most influential civic leaders—all of whom were born in the East, and all of whom were identified with the notion of letting the world know that Kansas City was a cowtown no longer.

Kemper did not agree with the three guys from the East that the American Royal was expendable. "Symbolically, the guts of the town are down there," he told me. Kemper happened to have the cash to support his view. With family-foundation money, he covered part of the cost of a new civic arena to be constructed next to the American Royal. What became known as the Kemper Arena permitted the Royal to draw large hard-ticket crowds for a rodeo, and even for the horse show—once the solemn men in the buggies and the rich teen-agers in jodhpurs had been complemented in an unlikely but effective way with such attractions



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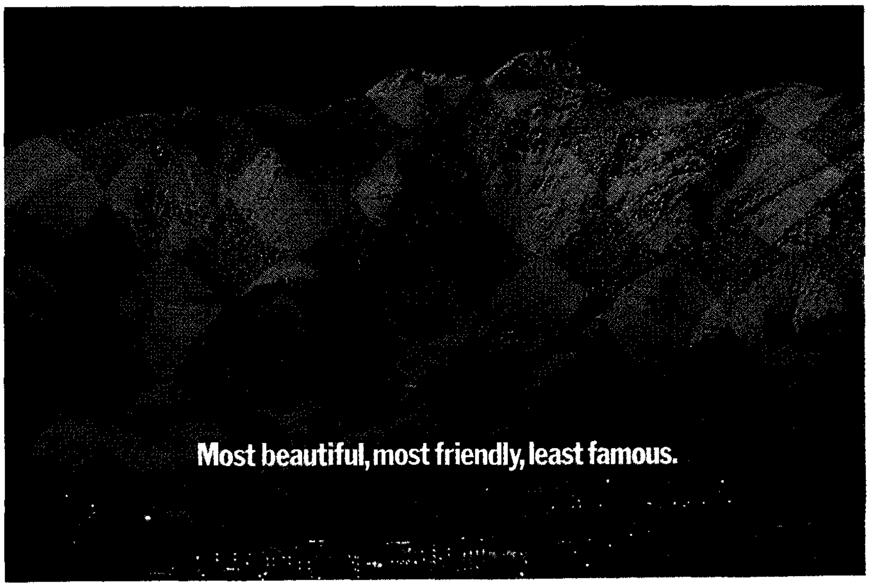

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as Barbara Mandrell. There were other factors in the American Royal's survival. There were some management changes. The corps of volunteers was greatly broadened, so that dozens of people flogged season tickets and showed up at American Royal events in Stetsons that designated them Ambassadors of the American Royal. The will for such activity was fuelled by a Midwest Research Institute report indicating that the Royal and the Future Farmers of America convention connected to it and the assorted agriculture-related events in the Royal Building brought to town something like thirty-five million dollars a year. If there had been any doubts, the M.R.I. report certified the American Royal as a good cause.

If someone in Kansas City is asked what saved the American Royal, though, he is likely to say the Kemper Arena. Building the new civic arena next to the American Royal, in the stockyards area that Kansas City people sometimes call the West Bottoms, had other implications. It meant, for instance, that events like the 1976 Republican National Convention—which the glamour-city people saw as a grand opportunity to stuff the national press full of stories about the beauty of Kansas City's residential district and the number of its ornamental fountains and the distinction of its art museum's Oriental collection—were held a block from the cattle pens. Partly because the Kemper Arena was built and the American Royal survived, I think, the campaign to present Kansas City to the world as a glamour city was doomed to failure. The next *Life* crew would find the same symbols the last one had found.

E. W. (EDDIE) WILLIAMS is the man in charge of fixing the American Royal steer auction. No one in Kansas City would put it that way, of course—least of all Eddie Williams. It's all for a good cause; it may even be for three or four good causes. The Grand Champion steer is chosen from among steers shown by members of 4-H Clubs and the Future Farmers of America, and the purchase price has always been spoken of in Kansas City as a way of giving some deserving farm kid a college education. Selling the Grand Champion at a healthy price is also thought to be important to the American Royal—important as a way of promoting public interest and important as a way of maintaining enthusiasm among livestock people, who are counted on to return to Kansas City year after year. These days, someone who buys the Grand Champion is likely to donate it to a charity, so that the meat can be used as a lure for a fund-raising dinner or an auction. With all those good causes at stake, the steer auction is obviously too important to be left in the laps of the gods. The burden of guarding against the possibility that everyone will leave disappointed—a shy but doughty farm boy doomed to correspondence school, the Royal humiliated by selling a Grand Champion at the sort of price that might be expected at a county fair, several worthy charities robbed of the opportunity to pry money out of their supporters with meat that rich men valued in the thousands—has fallen on Eddie Williams.

In times gone by, Williams sometimes simply bought the Grand Champion himself. Before his retirement, he was the president of the Williams Meat Company, which specialized in supplying restaurants and also carried on a mail-order business in steaks—including a boneless sirloin that, Williams told me, had been just another boneless sirloin until his uncle and another man thought of calling it a Kansas City Steak. In 1946, he paid forty-four thousand three hundred and seventy-six dollars for the Grand Champion. Years after the value of 1946 dollars became the stuff of nostalgia, that remains three times as much as anyone else has ever paid for one. Williams' big purchase came during a period when supplies of beef were getting back to normal after several years of wartime restrictions, and he saw the Royal steer sale in terms of what it would indicate about the eminence of the various meat companies in the postwar market. He told me that a few of his rivals had banded together to outbid him in 1946, but that he felt he had to have the steer, because it was "a symbol of supremacy in the meat business."

The purchase of the American Royal's Grand Champion steer is particularly long on symbolism—which is one of the reasons I was interested in it. Travelling around the country, I've been struck by how often symbols are what engage people's interest, even passion. I suspect that, however much business the American Royal brings to town, its greatest impact on Kansas City is not as a revenue-producer but as a symbol. Whoever buys the Grand Champion steer at the American Royal pays much more for the symbol than he does for the meat. Unlike a purebred bull, whose value may increase according to the distinction of his progeny, a market steer is, by definition, a male that has been castrated in order to turn his thoughts away from such matters as progeny toward the pleasure of filling his stomach with grass. Of all the shy and fetching statements made by farm kids whose champion steers had just been auctioned off for a lot of money, the most abruptly truthful was made by an Illinois boy named Michael Martz, who in 1974 was asked by a *Star* reporter if he was disappointed at getting only five dollars a pound for the Grand Champion: he replied that he would have been happy with anything over forty cents a pound, because "that's what he's worth on the open market." A market steer has no real value beyond what it would bring per pound at market, and a Grand Champion is worth no more per pound at market than any of the seventy or eighty other steers that are auctioned off at the same sale. Last fall, market steers—what used to be called fat cattle before the industry became sensitive about even mentioning fat—were going for about sixty cents a pound. For the Grand Champion, Williams was hoping to get nine or ten dollars a pound—the sort of beef-to-glory ratio that Berl Berry must have loved.

In the thirty years since Dorothea's Pride turned up missing from the Berl Berry used-car lot at Armour and Main, the notion of what a market steer should look like has changed so drastically that a steer resembling Berl's prize would have about as much chance of being chosen Grand Champion as some ample eighteen-nineties pinup would have of being named Miss America—and for some of the same reasons. Among the evidence indicating that Dorothea's Pride hadn't simply strolled away on his own was the fact that he was almost too fat to stroll at all. Berl Berry's steer was a purebred Hereford in the days when a properly raised Hereford steer was built so low to the ground that people would brag about having one that could not pass over a brick set on end without knocking it down. A decade or so after the triumph of Dorothea's Pride, that began to change. Partly because of changing consumer demand—away from the marbled prime steaks that some people had begun to consider unhealthy, and toward a lot of hamburger meat—American steers steadily grew longer and higher and larger-framed. Purebred herds of the traditional American beef cattle—overwhelmingly Hereford, Polled Hereford, and Angus—began to be bred for a larger, leaner carcass. If a steer that looked like Dorothea's Pride could be found today, it would be described by cattlemen with a phrase that doesn't conjure up a champion—"short and dumpy." Some years ago, the bronze statuette of a Hereford that the American Hereford Association used as a prize in its breed shows had to be replaced; it no longer looked anything like the winning animal. Even a long and lean Hereford is not long and lean enough to be declared Grand Champion of the American Royal. The winner of a major steer show these days is virtually always a crossbreed dominated by one of the enormous breeds that American cattlemen have been importing from Europe for the past fifteen years or so—breeds that are known in the trade as exotics. I asked Eddie Williams, a man who spent his career selling steers like Dorothea's Pride in the form of prime steaks, what he thought of the sort of steer that is now the judges' favorite, and he said, "It looks like a goddam camel."

d. ehrenberg

Still, if the American Royal decided in its wisdom to auction off a Grand Champion camel it would be up to Eddie Williams to make certain that the sale did not end before a respectable bid had been offered. Ideally, Williams would prefer the kind of competitive bidding that separated him from forty-four thousand dollars in 1946; to that end, he likes to see the prospective bidders have a drink or two before the sale. In the years before the sale was moved from Monday morning to Sunday afternoon, he was co-host of a bidders' breakfast that was known more for the potency of its Bloody Mary supply than for the perfection of its scrambled eggs. Not being able to count on bidders' aban-

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doning restraint in the excitement of the auction, Williams has to take other measures to make certain that the sale of the Grand Champion steer does not end with a bid embarrassingly close to what the steer is actually worth. At times, he has been commissioned by some restaurant or hotel to bid on the steer. At times, he has put together small consortiums of civic-minded businessmen who can give assurances that the Grand Champion will bring a respectable price and will then be donated to an appropriate charity. Then everyone goes home happy.

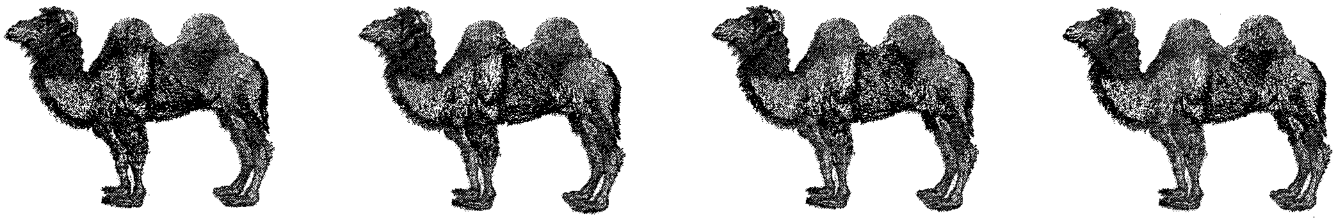
For the four years before I arrived in Kansas City for the American Royal, the businessmen recruited as buyers of the Grand Champion had been as good as their word, but they hadn't got the steer. At the 1978 Royal, a complete unknown named Tom Williams—unrelated to Eddie Williams—had simply walked into the American Royal sales arena unannounced and bought the Grand Champion. He'd done the same thing the next year. The year after that, he'd bought both the Grand Champion and the Reserve Grand Champion—the Reserve, or runner-up, also has a champion's sort of price tag on it, since the final competition for the Grand Champion banner is between the champion 4-H steer and the champion F.F.A. steer—and the next year he'd done the same thing. Tom Williams had paid respectable prices for the Grand Champion four years in a row, but it was apparent when I discussed him with Eddie Williams and the other boosters of the steer sale that he was not viewed as a savior.

Everybody acknowledges that Tom Williams is "a good promoter." His business, Guaranteed Foods, is a shop-from-home grocery service that delivers months of groceries not just to the door but right into the cupboards and refrigerator and freezer. Although none of his steers have been stolen so far, they have been mentioned frequently in the papers between Royal sales. What has troubled American Royal boosters about Williams is not his use of the Grand Champion to promote his business; that is an honored tradition in Kansas City. ("From the day it came into existence as a place where there was just one saloon and one store, Kansas City was bent to business and profits more than to any other possible goal for existence," a local newspaperman named W. G. Clugston wrote in the forties.) The problem that the Royal boosters have with Tom Williams is that he is unpredictable. He is not inclined to commit himself before the auction. He doesn't enter into the arrangements. Although Kansas City businessmen may sometimes be described by an outsider as bumptious, they are expected to enter into the arrangements. Hearing some of the Royal boosters talk about Tom Williams, I could imagine what the truly respectable businessmen of Kansas City—the ones who weren't so sure that Berl Berry belonged in the Saddle and Sirloin Club—must have sounded like talking about the dimensions of Berl's bedroom.

KANSAS CITY'S glamour period came at a time when a lot of the American cities I visited seemed to be dealing in symbols of progress so large that general-obligation bonds were required to meet the construction costs. The people who made the decisions for cities the size of Kansas City seemed possessed by the notion of constructing a domed stadium or a vast convention center. I gradually began to think of them as suffering from a disease allied to the dread rubophobia—domeism. Over the years, I had a number of theories about what had caused the outbreak of domeism. One of them flowed naturally from my belief that, particularly concerning matters of civic personality, the United States is divided neatly into two parts. The first part—what I came to think of as *ancien* United States—is the part that had major-league baseball before the Second World War. The second part is all the rest. It seemed for a while that boosters in expansion cities in any part of the country were following a kind of checklist of what was required for true major-league status—a big-league baseball franchise, of course, and a big-league stadium and a big-league symphony and an airport so big-league that it could be called "international." According to that theory, the southwest corner of the *ancien* United States would be St. Louis—which may have meant some extra checklist pressure on Kansas City.

An allied theory was that domeism came partly from the restlessness of the big fish. Kansas City has long had the reputation of a place where the important decisions are left to businessmen who arrange civic and political and cultural matters in the way they arrange the American Royal steer auction, but in a sense that is true of all American cities. As I envisioned it, somebody who has found himself as, say, the second most important banker in Minneapolis or the third-richest

Camelhair.



The double-humped Bactrian camel lives in Mongolia, which is no place to go on vacation.

In winter, bitter winds shriek across the high desert plains. In summer the sun would melt the change in your pockets. The camel, a year-round resident, developed an extraordinary coat in self-defense. Superbly soft, luxurious, and insulating.

One doesn't, however, step up to a camel with pruning shears as if it were a sheep. Perhaps as a result of the climate and its lifestyle, camels have notoriously sharp tempers. (Intellectually they're no great shakes either.) You have to follow it around and wait till it sheds its hair—about five pounds of it a year—of its own free will. Then you gather it, by traditional methods too monotonous to describe. (The typical Mongolian's day isn't much more fun than the camel's.)

Then it starts its long, slow journey to the Western world, where the sportcoats live. On arrival, being still in a fairly primitive and unhygienic condition, it gets scoured and combed to remove the coarse outer hairs, which reduces its bulk by half.

At this point, the man from Amicale Fabrics who buys and processes it for PBM comes to inspect it, and this man has eyes like ice-picks and fingertips more sensitive than a professional poker-player's. He picks out what he wants. He wants only a little of it. Only the cream.

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However, it's doubtful that the camel, if it knew, would be impressed. You can't impress a camel.

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real-estate man in Atlanta may after a time regard his position as something he reached inevitably and almost effortlessly—forgetting after all these years how difficult it was for him to go from being the ninth most important banker to the eighth. He begins to think he might have set his sights too low by settling for being a big fish in a little pond, so he decides to see what he can do to upgrade the pond—a domed stadium here, an international airport there. He wants to live in a major-league city; he deserves the perquisites associated with living in a major-league city. According to a strict interpretation of the big-fish theory, if there had been some sort of federal law against including private clubs and private boxes in a publicly funded facility none of the flashy new stadiums would have been built.

For whatever reason, a lot of domes went up in Kansas City during the early seventies. The Halls built the Crown Center complex—although, unlike most of the dome builders, they didn't use other people's bond money to do it. Suddenly Kansas City had a huge new airport, called Kansas City International, and a pair of stadiums, called the Harry S Truman Sports Complex. Around then, the Chamber of Commerce launched what it called the Prime Time campaign, ostensibly as a way to call the nation's attention to the scale of the construction that had been going on in Kansas City. Prime Time started out, I'm sure, as a way to promote Kansas City in the competition that American cities carry on for payrolls and conventions and simple attention; it was a certified good cause. But inevitably it took on a tone that I would have to describe as anti-cow.

The Prime Time Committee was led by Kansas City's most forward-looking businessmen and civic leaders. A delegation sent to New York in 1972 to make Kansas City's pitch to editors and reporters included Charles Kimball, the president of the Midwest Research Institute, and Donald Hall, of Hallmark, a corporation renowned for its involvement in civic affairs. In Kansas City, Hallmark has occupied a role that might be compared to that of an extremely successful young entrepreneur whose loyalty and responsibility inspire him to remain in the old neighborhood and help it reach its full potential. He brings concerts to the local park, sees to it that trees are planted in the median strips of the wider streets, and helps some deserving lads get to college. The neighbors are very grateful—although attendance at the concerts is not what it might be, particularly on nights when there's a ballgame, and few homeowners have got around to removing the plaster-of-paris flamingos from their lawns, and almost nobody remembers to refer to the old neighborhood not as the old neighborhood but as Vista Vue Hills. When I visited Crown Center shortly after its opening, it seemed to me that the stores had the problem of being more of a tourist attraction than a place to shop, partly because they reflected not Kansas City's taste but Hallmark's aspirations for Kansas City's taste. Hallmark's aspirations for Kansas City never included a prominent position for farm animals. In a glossy picture book that Hallmark published on Kansas City in 1973, the two-page color spread on the American Royal is so dominated by elegant equestrians that a casual browser might get the impression that the Royal is more or less the same sort of event as the National Horse Show in Madison Square Garden.

"We are frequently considered a dominantly agricultural city," Donald Hall told the New York reporters and editors. "Yet only Detroit builds more motorcars than we do. We are not often considered culturally conscious, yet our art gallery is among the top ten over all, and one of the top three in the excellence of its Oriental collection." A visitor who fell into a nest of Prime Timers during the glamour-city period would have thought that the Oriental collection of the Nelson Gallery of Art drew more people every Sunday than the Kansas City Chiefs. I suspect that during that period no travelling salesman or circuit-riding regional auditor got through a day in Kansas City without being told that it had more boulevards than Paris and more fountains than Rome—a phrase that the jaded finally started running together into one word, the way the political reporters covering Nelson Rockefeller used to turn his ubiquitous "brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God" phrase into the acronym BOMFOG. The scrapbook of clippings that the New York public-relations firm engaged by the Prime Time Committee proudly spread before the committee members highlighted quotes like "Kansas City outgrows its cowtown image" and "There is nothing hayseed about Crown Center." The *Star* stopped short of editorializing against the "Ev'rythin's Up to Date in Kansas City" number from "Oklahoma!" but it did point out that the song "only tended to reinforce the nation's stock image of Kansas City as a regional, dusty plains capital of the beef and wheat country."

From a safe perch in Manhattan, I did a lot of grumbling about my home town's effort to become a glamour city. I didn't want to freeze Kansas City as the home town of my memories—that would have amounted to carrying around a Kansas City Mean that was synchronized with a stopped clock—but I admitted in print that I felt the way I might have felt if an old friend, someone who had always been an unassuming and quietly dressed businessman, suddenly turned up in a bushy mustache and bell-bottom hip-huggers and a buckskin jacket: There was a terrible temptation to say, "Oh, come off it." I figured that whoever it was who wanted to make a very pleasant town into an imitation of Houston—Houston was one of the announced models of the glamour gang—couldn't have much understanding of what either place was really like. Although my annual inspection of the American Royal stalls had not equipped me to tell one breed of cattle from another, I began to see myself as the defender of the cow. Speculating on why the city fathers had chosen to replace an airport five minutes from downtown with an airport so far away that some people referred to it as St. Joe International, I pointed out that the old airport had a landing pattern that exposed the stockyards cattle pens—not to speak of several grain elevators and a First World War monument that by pure chance happens to look like a grain elevator—to the eyes of any arriving sales representative who might otherwise be led to believe that Kansas City consisted entirely of boulevards and fountains. I was delighted to see

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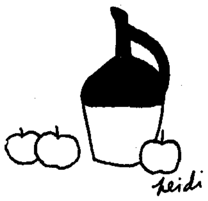
that sort of thinking backfire when, at the time of the 1976 Republican National Convention, a leader of the Pennsylvania delegation caused a furor by pointing out, quite accurately, that the hotel his delegation had been assigned to, the airport Hilton, was in the middle of a cornfield. I shouted "Rubophobia!" I shouted "Domeism!" Naturally, the shouting made me feel uncomfortable. If there is anything that someone who grew up in the Midwest recognizes as a crime, it is being smart-alecky about your own home town.



In my New York innocence, I had no idea that there were powerful pro-cow elements right in Kansas City who could not be dismissed as eccentric expatriates. There were still prominent people in Kansas City whose businesses had to do with agriculture. The stockyards people were still around. The Board of Trade remained the nation's principal trading floor for buying and selling the hard winter wheat that goes into bread. Businessmen whose companies were related to agriculture in one way or another were not enchanted with the idea that they were something to be hidden from the prying eyes of Eastern feature writers. In 1976, while people who had come to town for the Republican National Convention were hearing all about boulevards and fountains, the Midwest Research Institute was working on a report that showed agriculture-related business—buying and selling farm products, manufacturing grain-storage equipment, manufacturing agricultural chemicals, trucking wheat—to be by far the largest element in the city's economy. In other words, the reason that those hearing the Prime Time pitch in New York had thought of Kansas City as a dominantly agricultural city might have been that Kansas City was a dominantly agricultural city.

It was a fact that Kansas City business leaders gradually had less difficulty swallowing. Someone came up with the word "agribusiness" to describe the variety of enterprises in Kansas City that had previously been described as nothing more uplifting than "farm-related." In the early seventies, Morton Sosland, who runs a Kansas City trade magazine called *Milling & Baking News*, had broken the story of the huge Russian purchase of American grain. As the role of American agricultural production amid the general world food shortage became an important running story, Kansas City found itself being increasingly visited by reporters who were interested not in how plain old Midwestern Americans felt about bowling or the inflation rate but in what Sosland and other leaders of American agribusiness thought about the international economic and political implications of the latest wheat crop. The boosters even found a quotation—I saw it attributed to two or three different people—that made an American agribusiness center sound more important than cities that might be nearly its match at museums and stadiums. Considering the international dependence on oil and wheat, someone visiting the Midwest had said, there were only two superpowers in the world—Saudi Arabia and Kansas.

It may also have been that after a few years the leaders of the glamour-city crusade began to say to one another, "Oh, come off it." For whatever reason, the glamour-city period officially came to an end on October 6, 1977. On that day, Charles Kimball, of the Midwest Research Institute, recanted in front of the Rotary Club. He apologized for the period "when we were sorely ashamed to be known as cowpokes, sodbusters, hicks, rubes, and farm-related" and when the models became Houston and Atlanta. "The city was then—and is now—the greatest place to live in the Western Hemisphere," Kimball said. "But at that time, it seemed to me, we were missing all of the excitement and tinsel and rewards of a new age—electronics, rocket fuels, and the new revolution in business techniques and services." Kansas City's real opportunity, Kimball said, was to establish itself as the center for "*the* precious commodity of the world"—food.

When I arrived at American Royal time five years later, the Chamber of Commerce was beginning a promotion campaign to present Kansas City as World Food Capital. From time to time, Sosland and Kimball had tossed around the idea of establishing some sort of agribusiness research center in town as a symbol of Kansas City's preëminence in the field. Sosland had once proposed that the headquarters of the United States Department of Agriculture be moved to Kansas City. There was even some talk that the next building in the Crown Center complex—the complex that had been designed so carefully not to be hayseed—could be an office building devoted to businesses involved in agriculture, if, say, Japanese companies trading in grain were lured from New York. A new World Food Capital logo was being displayed on billboards around town, after being adopted officially by the Chamber of Commerce of Greater Kansas City. It is a sort of weathervane, topped by a "KC" that includes the suggestion of a globe. The points of the weathervane are a shaft of wheat and an ear of corn and a rather abstract pig and, after all these years, a cow.

WHILE all that was going on, the people I went to high school with never seemed particularly concerned about whether they lived in a glamour city or a cowtown. They seemed to be getting along either way. The introduction to a survey taken of our high-school class in 1978, on the occasion of our twenty-fifth reunion, said, "Certainly the profile that emerges from the poll is that of a group for whom, with few exceptions, life has gone well and according to plan." I see some of my high-school friends every few years. When I visit Kansas City, a friend of mine named Bill Sayler, who's an insurance executive now, phones the same four or five couples—the men all classmates of ours at Southwest High School, and their wives, by chance, all from smaller towns around the Midwest—so we can all have dinner together. As it happens, most of the people in the group would have probably struck my American-hunting friend from New York as particularly open and friendly—the sort of Midwesterners who would find it natural to call her by her first name and ask if there was anything they could do for her while she was in town. She may have even described them as "very American."

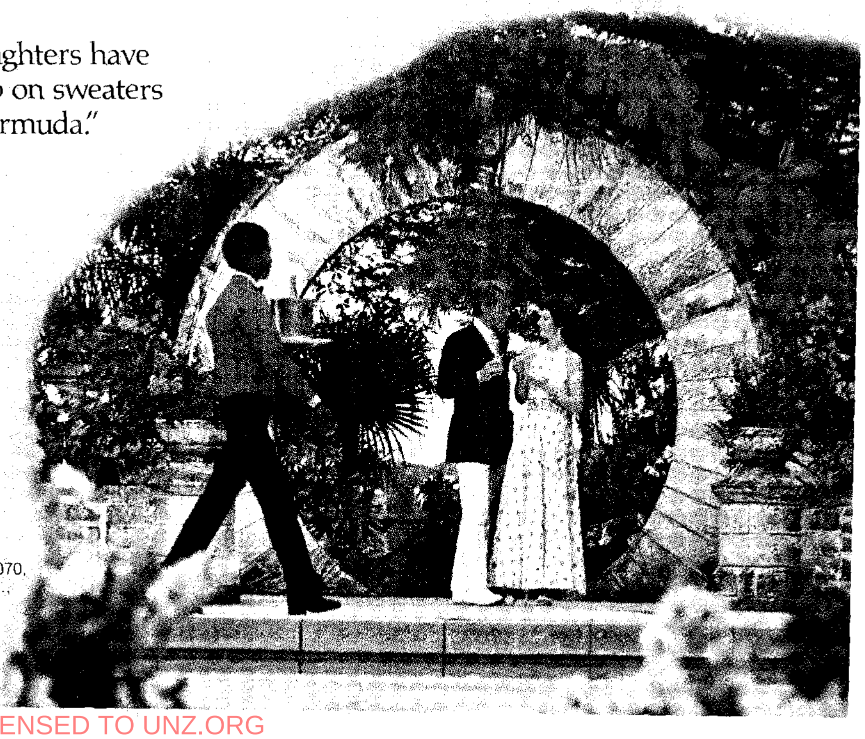
The high school we went to may have stuck in my mind as particularly American because it was so much like high schools in Hollywood movies. A lot of the southwest part of Kansas City was developed in the thirties and forties by J. C. Nichols—another striver lured to Kansas City from a small town—and given the grandiose name of the Country Club District. For a time, Southwest was known as a silk-stocking school—most of its graduates automatically went on to the sort of universities that Hollywood movies used to call State—but its stu-

"The children we met in St. George's were absolutely charming. Everyone here is."

Ed and Cindy Stegemann talk about their twentieth visit to Bermuda.

"Our daughters have grown up on sweaters from Bermuda."

"We sipped champagne underneath a Bermuda moongate. They say it's good luck."



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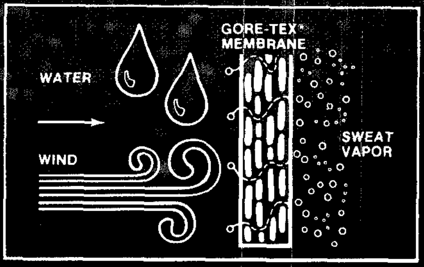

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dents were actually from just about every sort of family that can be conjured up by the phrase "white middle class." (Missouri schools were segregated by law until the Brown decision, in 1954, although I wasn't aware of the law; nobody ever mentioned it, and there weren't any black families in our area anyway.) If I had to guess what the fathers of most of my high-school classmates did, I would say that most of them sold something—insurance or real estate or cars, or maybe even soybeans. Even while we were growing up, the residential district in southwest Kansas City had begun to slurp over the state line into Johnson County, Kansas. In that part of town, the state line is just an ordinary residential street that happens to be called State Line. In the years since, development has moved steadily south and west into Johnson County, and most of my high-school classmates who remained in Kansas City have moved with it. Their houses look more or less like the houses we grew up in, but the mailing address is something like Prairie Village, Kansas. Their kids go to the same sort of school we went to, except that it's called Shawnee Mission East instead of Southwest.

I don't mean that nobody I went to high school with has been touched by the changes in American life over the past thirty years. There must have been people who could have answered the reunion survey with tales of radical transformations—the "mid-life crises" and "life-style changes" that Easterners are always talking about. The friends I have dinner with every few years, though, seem to remain consistent to my high-school memories of them. They don't change drastically in their appearance or their occupation or the way they view the world. They don't appear at dinner with droopy mustaches one year and strings of beads the next. They even show up every time with the same wives. I've never had any cause to say to them, "Oh, come off it." The generalizations I'm always reading about what Americans are doing or what Americans are thinking or what era Americans are living in never seem to fit my high-school friends in Kansas City, and that has always left me with the assumption that they don't fit a lot of other people's high-school friends, either. For me, that assumption is a big part of Kansas City Mean. If, at one time or another, Americans are suffering from "a national malaise" or are "into self-fulfillment" or are "returning to the careerism of the fifties," why do my high-school friends always seem the same?

If the *Star* ever did call for the suppression of "Ev'rythin's Up to Date in Kansas City," I suppose I would have to object on First Amendment grounds, but I wouldn't bring any enthusiasm to the fray. For anyone from Kansas City, it becomes dispiriting to know that simply answering the standard question "Where're you from?" in a straightforward manner is almost certain to trigger some lame joke about how up to date things must be there. The best solution to the "Ev'rythin's Up to Date in Kansas City" problem was invented by a jocular friend of mine in Kansas City, R. Hugh (Pat) Uhlmann, who is in the grain and milling business. Pat has always travelled a lot—which means he has often been asked where he comes from and has always answered that he is from Kansas City and has almost always been asked if things are really up to date there. Pat's practice from that point on is to feign complete puzzlement, based on a simple premise: he never acknowledges in any way that he has heard of a song about everything's being up to date in Kansas City. It makes for some awkward moments, all of which he savors.

Playing dumb is a staple device of Midwestern humor, particularly when the object of the joke is a sophisticated Easterner. My own father was an adroit dumb-player. Although he was born in Kiev, he was raised from infancy in St. Joe, about fifty miles north of Kansas City, and he spoke with an accent that would be familiar to anyone who ever heard a speech by Harry S Truman. On one of his trips to New York, I was with him in Tiffany's when he asked a salesclerk the name of the store we were in.

"Why, Tiffany's, sir," the salesclerk said.

My father said he had never heard of it, and asked if it had just opened. "I'm from Kansas City," he added, by way of explanation.

"Oh, no, sir," the salesclerk said. "We've been in business a number of years. It's quite a well-known store."

"Does it have anything to do with Cartier's?" my father said. "I've heard of Cartier's."

"No, sir," the salesclerk said. "Nothing at all to do with Cartier's."

My father nodded as he took that in. "Tiffany's," he finally said, rolling the word around as if testing its appeal as an appropriate name for a jewelry store. "Well, that's a new one on me."

Like most Kansas City businessmen, Pat Uhlmann takes some note of the American Royal. He buys whatever season tickets he's supposed to buy. He takes his grandchildren to a weekend matinée of the horse show. Pat is interested in horses; for some years he presided over a Sunday hunt on his farm, whose entrance was dominated by a large sign that said "Welcome to Berry Hill—Keep Out." But he is not one of the people who seem to devote most of their autumn to organizing or attending American Royal events. In Kansas City, a businessman's civic energies tend to settle on one or two institutions after a time, and Pat's institutions have been mainly the Nelson Gallery of Art and the Kansas City Zoo. Serving as president of the Friends of the Zoo is an admirable undertaking, but not quite admirable enough to explain a scheme that Pat hatched several years ago: to buy the house he was born in and turn it into a national shrine. "It was a great idea, but Helen Jane wouldn't let me do it," he told me. Helen Jane is Pat's wife—the cooler head that sometimes prevails. A lot of Pat's stories end "It was a great idea, but Helen Jane wouldn't let me do it."

When one of Pat's civic or business activities requires him to list his clubs and honors, he always includes the Gailardia Society, which he founded some years ago for his exclusive use. If it is appropriate to list offices held in the society, he describes himself as founding president and international chairman. Once, after many years of being the only member of the Gailardia Society, Pat sent membership applications to me and a number of other friends, explaining that the society had decided to expand its membership without expanding its dues or responsibilities—both of which would remain constant at zero. A postcard arrived a couple of weeks later, informing me that my application had been rejected. It was signed "R. Hugh Uhlmann, Founding President, International Chairman, and still only member of the Gailardia Society."

When I saw Pat in Kansas City at American Royal time, he told me that the civic project that had most engaged him during the early autumn was a scheme concerning the Oriental collection of the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art—the very collection that a Kansas City booster lacking Pat's antic strain might mention when an Easterner asks him if everything is really up to date. Having read that a rare Chinese plate was on the market at six hundred and fifty thousand dollars, Pat wrote the appropriate authorities at the Nelson to say that the plate sounded similar to a Chinese plate he happened to have in his attic—a plate that the Shanghai representative of the family's grain business had sent to the Uhlmanns for safekeeping just before he disappeared in the turmoil of the Japanese invasion and the civil war. The scheme called for Pat to buy a cheap plate of vaguely Oriental design, invite the curators and the trustees of the Nelson over for a little presentation luncheon at his office, and drop the plate as he handed it to them.

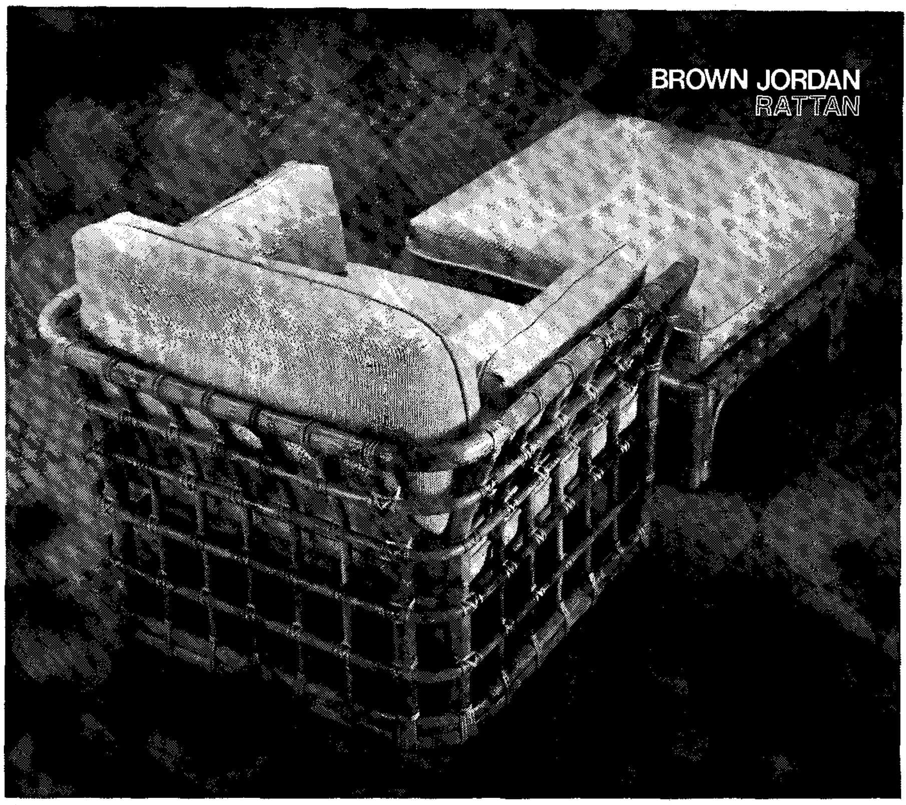
Unfortunately, the plate that Pat bought for the occasion was so coarsely made that it bounced when it hit the floor, without breaking. I happened to see some people from the Nelson Gallery several weeks later—they were in New York to announce an important purchase for the Oriental collection to mark the museum's fiftieth anniversary—and I asked them whether they would have been devastated, at least for a moment, if what Pat insisted on calling the Uhlmann Plate had shattered as it hit the floor. "Well," one of them said, "with Pat you sort of suspect something might be up." I began to realize what people who have always lived in New York mean when they say that life in a city the size of Kansas City must be limiting: after only fifty years or so of playing pranks, Pat Uhlmann is not running out of ideas, but he may be running out of easy marks.

Someone meeting Pat in New York would have no reason to suspect him. When Pat travels, he goes disguised as a respectable businessman. When I'm in need of cheer, I try to imagine him in conversation with some New Yorker who has just asked if everything is up to date out there.

"Well, we do have a modern city, if that's what you mean," Pat says, looking puzzled. "But no more modern than most, I suspect."

"No, no," the Easterner says. "I was referring to 'Oklahoma!' "

"Oklahoma?" Pat says, looking even more puzzled. "Well, actually, Kansas City is in Missouri. A lot of people do think that it's in Kansas, but



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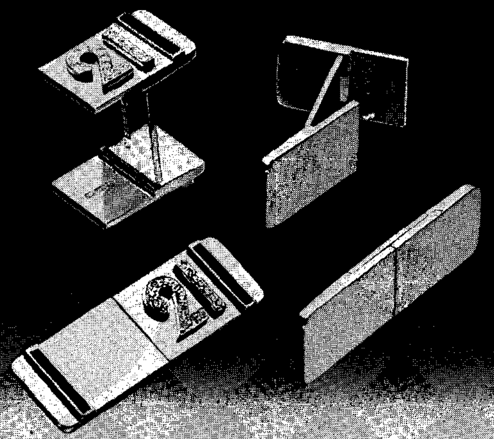

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you're the first person I've ever met who thought it might be in Oklahoma. You may be thinking of Oklahoma City."

"The song!" the Easterner says, starting to get a bit ruffled. "The song!"

"Song?" Pat says. "What song? Can you hum it?"

IF real Americans are generally found in a real American industry, our friend from New York was in the right place when, in her search for a Gary Cooper, she stumbled into a meeting of the Charolais Association. I think of the business of raising beef cattle as being particularly American, in that it has both its Gary Cooper aspects and its P. T. Barnum aspects—not to speak of its I.R.S. aspects. In some ways, the cattle business remains a handshake sort of business. Bill Sayler's wife, Jan, is from a family that raises livestock in Iowa, and she once told me that in all the years her father bought and sold cattle—often over the telephone, with the seller's description of the condition of the goods all that the buyer had to go on—he never signed a contract. That is obviously the way Gary Cooper would have done business if he had been a businessman instead of a sheriff. On the other hand, if Gary Cooper had been drawn into the Charolais boom around the time our New York friend saw the huge white cows being auctioned off at Crown Center, he might have lost the ranch. The Charolais were the first exotics. When a cattleman wants to express his admiration for the people who dominated the Charolais business in those days, he doesn't say "They were square shooters" or "They were real men." He says "They were great promoters."

Undiluted, hot-shot, razzmatazz American promotion is an essential part of the purebred-cattle business. When the American Royal began, in 1899, it began as a way to promote Herefords. Cattle raising is really two allied industries—one concerned with the commercial herds, which are cattle being raised to be slaughtered, and the other with purebred herds. Essentially, the purebred-cattle industry exists to sell breeding stock to the commercial herds. In practice, breeders of purebreds sell a lot of cattle to one another, but technically the point of raising, say, purebred Herefords is to provide the commercial industry with what one cattle expert I met at the Royal calls "predictable genetic material"—

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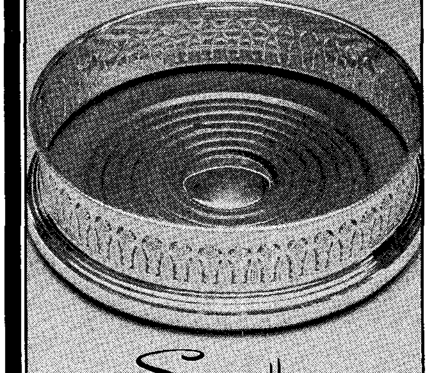

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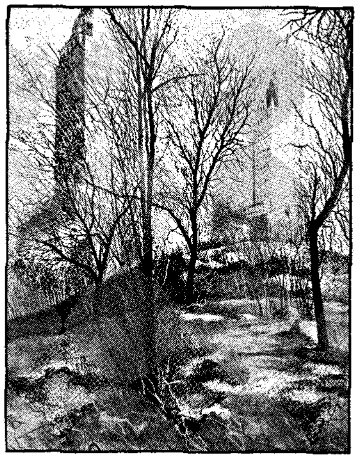

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a Hereford bull whose offspring can reasonably be expected to carry Hereford characteristics, such as hardiness. A breeder of purebred Angus has a stake in persuading commercial cattlemen to raise Angus—or part-Angus crossbreeds—in the same way that a General Motors dealer has a stake in persuading them to use Chevy pickups. Breed associations exist partly to register cattle and partly to promote the breed. At a show like the American Royal, there are posters and brochures touting Polled Herefords as "The Trouble Free Breed" and Brahman as "The Beef Machine" and Charolais as "The Complete Beef Breed" and Hereford as "The Beef Breed Supreme" and Santa Gertrudis as "An American Original" and Limousin as "Genetically Trimmed Beef."

Any breeder of purebred cattle can present a good case for his breed's possessing qualities that make it the obvious choice for anyone who is seriously interested in making money in the cattle business—a commercial cattleman looking for breeding stock or a rich dentist who is thinking about buying purebred cattle for speculation. People who raise Polled Herefords—a breed that was formed from a mutant strain of Herefords, without any horns—talk about how long the Polled Hereford can feed on grass rather than more expensive grain and how much less damage it does to other steers in close quarters. The Charolais people say their cattle are "growthier" and more efficient—able to gain more weight per pound of grain than other breeds do. When purebred-cattle men talk about other breeds, they can sound—well, catty. They may allude darkly to some trouble a rival breed has apparently been having in gaining weight or with cows' caring properly for their calves. They may emphasize that the prices at the important national sales in their breed represent real American money changing hands between buyer and seller—leaving the impression that some breeds may puff up the auction prices a bit for promotional reasons. An Angus breeder talking about the double-muscling problems of the Charolais may sound like a Chevy dealer talking about some carburetor problems he's heard of people having with the new Ford pickup.

All this is lost on some people in the commercial cattle business. At the Hereford sale during the Royal, I met a commercial cattleman from Texas who has been sending Hereford steers to market all his life, as his daddy did before him and as he fully expects his son to do after him; whatever motto the Hereford people put in their brochures, the motto that sums up his reasons for sticking with Herefords is "If it ain't broke, don't fix it." Cattlemen tend to be traditionalists, with strong loyalties. It's the Gary Cooper in them. That would probably strike our friend from New York as charming; some of the people who try to change the ways of American cattlemen find it frustrating. During the Royal, a promoter of one of the exotic breeds told me that the four elements of the American beef-cattle industry were "prejudice, ignorance, tradition, and emotion."

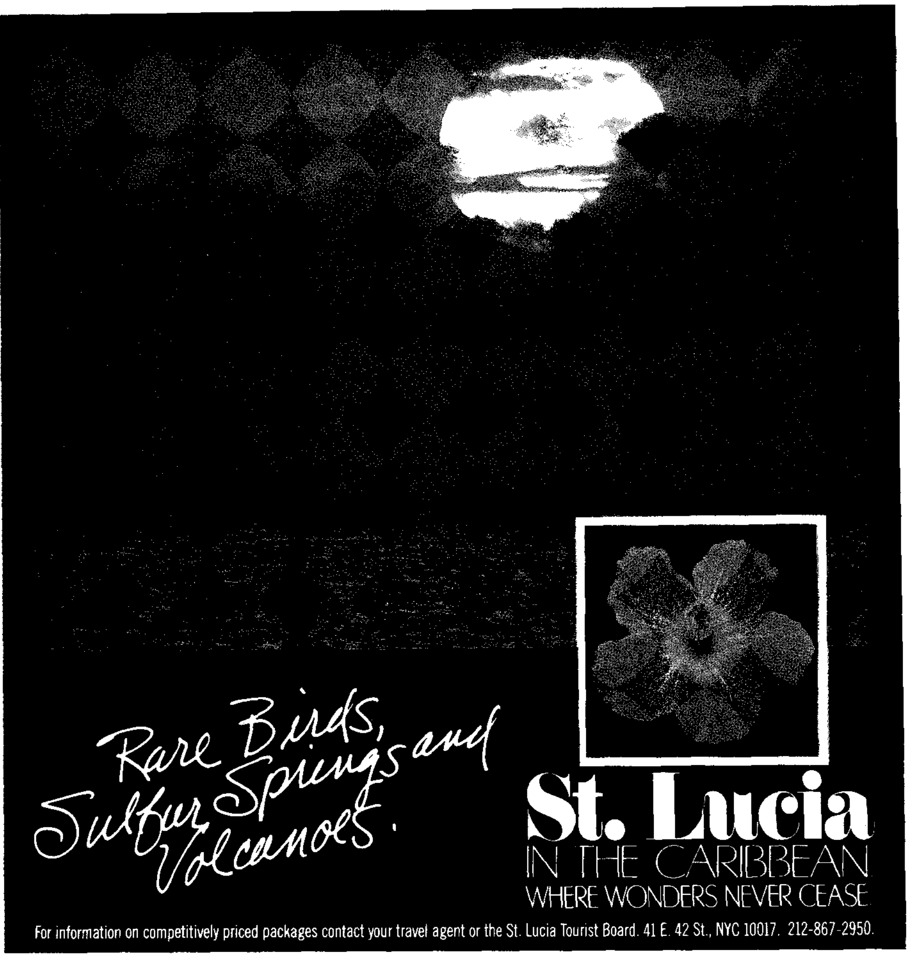
In recent years, though, commercial herds have increasingly used crossbreeding, partly to acquire certain characteristics in their steers and partly because crossbreeding is said to provide a kind of genetic boost, known in the trade as hybrid vigor. The most common crossbreed among steers sent to market is still a cross between an Angus and a Hereford—known as a Black Baldie—but the pressure to produce a longer, leaner animal has meant an increasing use of the exotics. The American Royal now includes breed shows not just for Herefords and Angus but for Simmental and Limousin and Maine-Anjou—breeds, a Polled Hereford man told me, "that just a few years ago none of us could pronounce." Of course, the Gary Cooper instincts have not been obliterated. When the Simmental began to gain popularity, in the early seventies, some people thought that it was partly because the Simmental coloring is similar to the Hereford: cattlemen could use Simmental crosses to increase the size of their steers without giving up the pleasure of gazing out on a field of brown-and-white cattle.

Another reason for the success of the Simmental was that the Charolais stumbled. When the search for size began, in the middle sixties, quarantine laws made importing large breeds from Europe very difficult, but some Charolais were already in the country. They had slipped into Texas from Mexico over the years. Suddenly they were star cattle. They looked like stars—imposing, heavily muscled pearl-white animals—and they were sought after by show-business celebrities and the sort of rich people who viewed the cattle business not as a way of converting grain into beef but as a way of turning ordinary income into deferred capital gains. "Those were the days," a cattle auctioneer I met at the Royal told me. "If it was big and white, you could sell it."

A few years into the boom, though, things began to go sour. Charolais bulls began to get a reputation for causing calving difficulties. A lot of calves died. Some cows died. After a while, people began to say that a lot of "genetic trash" had been sold when the demand for Charolais made anything large and white worth a lot of money. Some cattlemen say that the people involved in Charolais breeding in those days—many of them amateurs captivated by the thrill of selling one another a hundred thousand dollars' worth of depreciation on the hoof—lost track of the essential fact that the purpose of purebred cattle is to serve commercial herds. It took several years for the Charolais industry to sort itself out. The Charolais people I met at the Royal told me that the breed now had a much higher percentage of professional cattlemen and a much more businesslike approach. The promoters are said to have moved on three or four times since the glory days, from one exotic breed to another.

The promoters of exotic breeds have been given a publicity boost by market-steer shows at events like the American Royal. Although a Black Baldie may be the crossbred steer most often seen on the range or in a cattle feedlot, it is definitely not the crossbred steer most often seen on the front page of the local paper the day after the Grand Champion steer is sold. For the four Royals in a row before I arrived in Kansas City last fall, the Grand Champion steer had been an enormous crossbreed dominated by Chianina—an exotic breed so large that it used to be employed in Italy as a draft animal.

In recent years, breeders of purebreds who were in the business of trying to sell the traditional American breeds to commercial herds began to feel the way General Motors dealers would feel if *Car and Driver* rated Toyota the pickup of the year seven or eight years in a row. Promoters of the traditional breeds began saying that the huge beasts that always won the steer shows at major livestock events were no more representative of the standard market steer than the dresses shown in a Paris fashion opening are of the clothes that women actually wear. Some of them began saying among themselves what sponsors of



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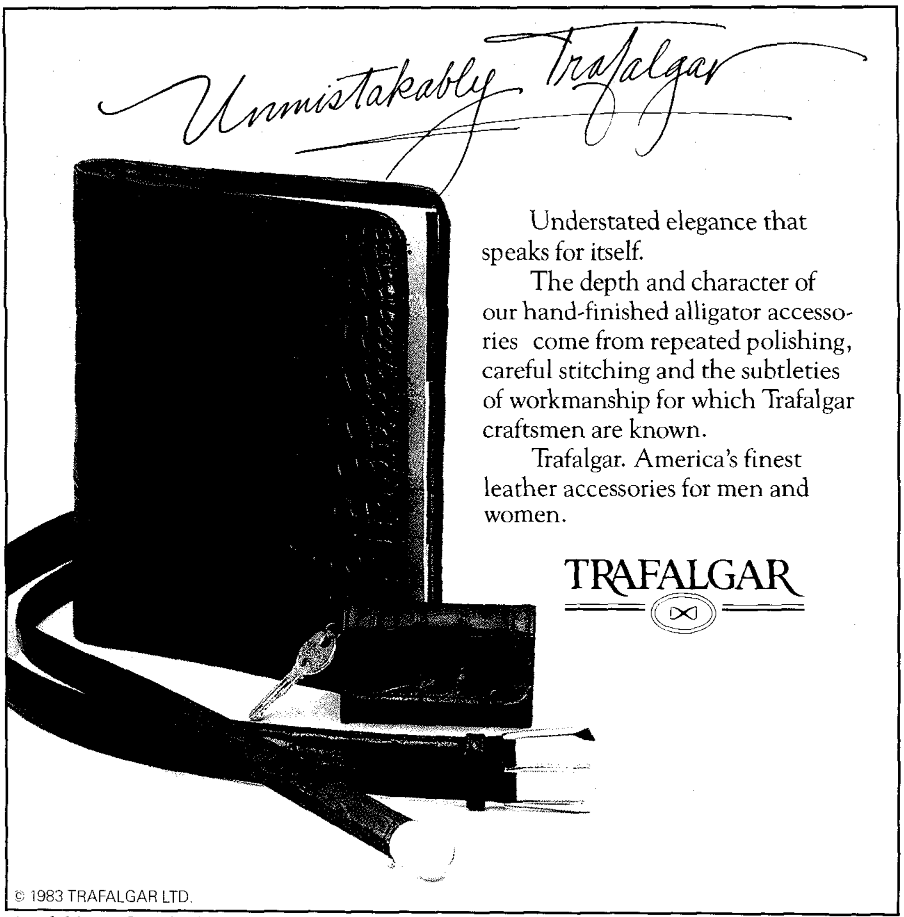

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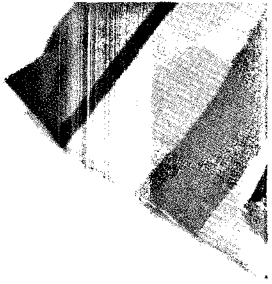
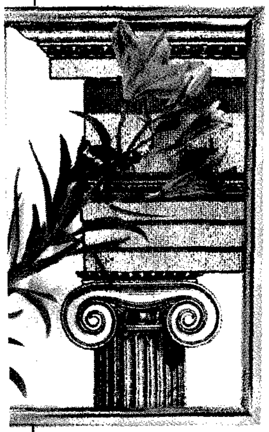


The true colors of Ionic, Doric and all their persistent offspring.

Since its first flowering several dozen centuries ago, the Greek style has been making successful comebacks in almost every era from the Romans on. The latest "return performance," after a disappearance of some decades, is going on right now. Hardly a "new" room can be seen without a column or two standing around.

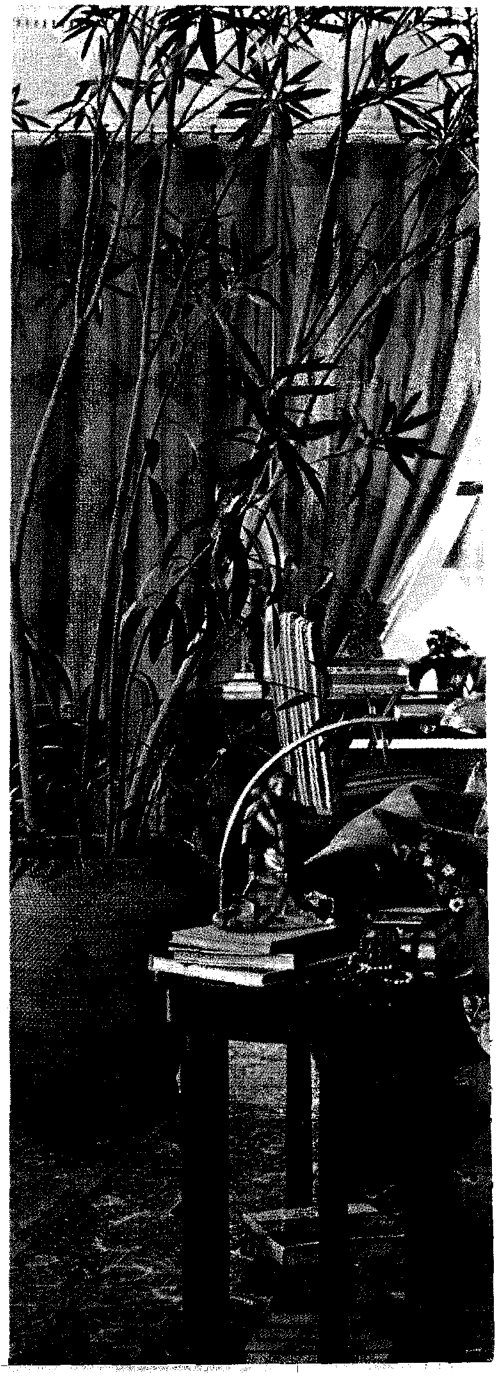
One of the surprising things about the perennial Greek revivals is the chameleon-like adaptability of the style to all sorts of often widely divergent national sensibilities. All those columns and capitals and caryatids, those processions of Greek keys and scrolls, easily become French, English, German, Russian and American details. And, mysteriously, these details are recognized forever after as being distinctively characteristic of each "national" style. You can't envision Napoleon without his Empire trappings; nor England without its brothers Adam; nor ever imagine Scarlett O'Hara without her Tara.



Today's neo-classicism however seems to be an international phenomenon, sprouting and flourishing independently all over the globe. Some say that designers all over the world are simply reacting against the spare and minimal fashion that's been another international phenomenon in recent years. Many of the definitions and uses of classicism currently popular seem to provide just the warmth, wit and links with traditionalism that acute modernism is accused of being short on.

Probably even more of a surprise than the Greek style's ubiquitous adaptability is the lively and exhilarating color palette that characterizes the present revival. Past revivalists, no matter what their national hue, seemed to take their color inspirations from the pallid bones—all those romantic ruins—of the art they sought to revive. They ignored the evidence of the dramatic and exuberant colors that sheathed those classic columns in their prime. When Elsie de Wolfe first saw the Parthenon she is said to have exclaimed, "Why, it's beige! *My* color!" But when Aristotle and friends looked at *their* Parthenon they saw it ablaze with real color—sea-blues and orange-reds, sun-yellows and leaf-greens, all spiked with gold and brass. The Greeks, as writers have been pointing out for centuries (and which may account for the Hellenic hold on healthy imaginations through the ages), were very interested in life and *its* many colors; they had little interest in bones.

In the grand living room of the nineteenth century Tribeca penthouse shown here, designer Jeffrey Weiss has taken his Greek cue from the architectural detailing of the fireplace wall. You can see the Greek style's adaptability in the comfortable mixing of Empire, Biedermeier and over-stuffed modern furnishings. And you can see what can be done with all these neo-classic elements when the palette is true Greek rather than some revivalist's latter-day romantic interpretation. The sunny, rainbow-hued selection of fabrics, papers and carpet would surely have been right up Aristotle's alley. And they certainly fit in with



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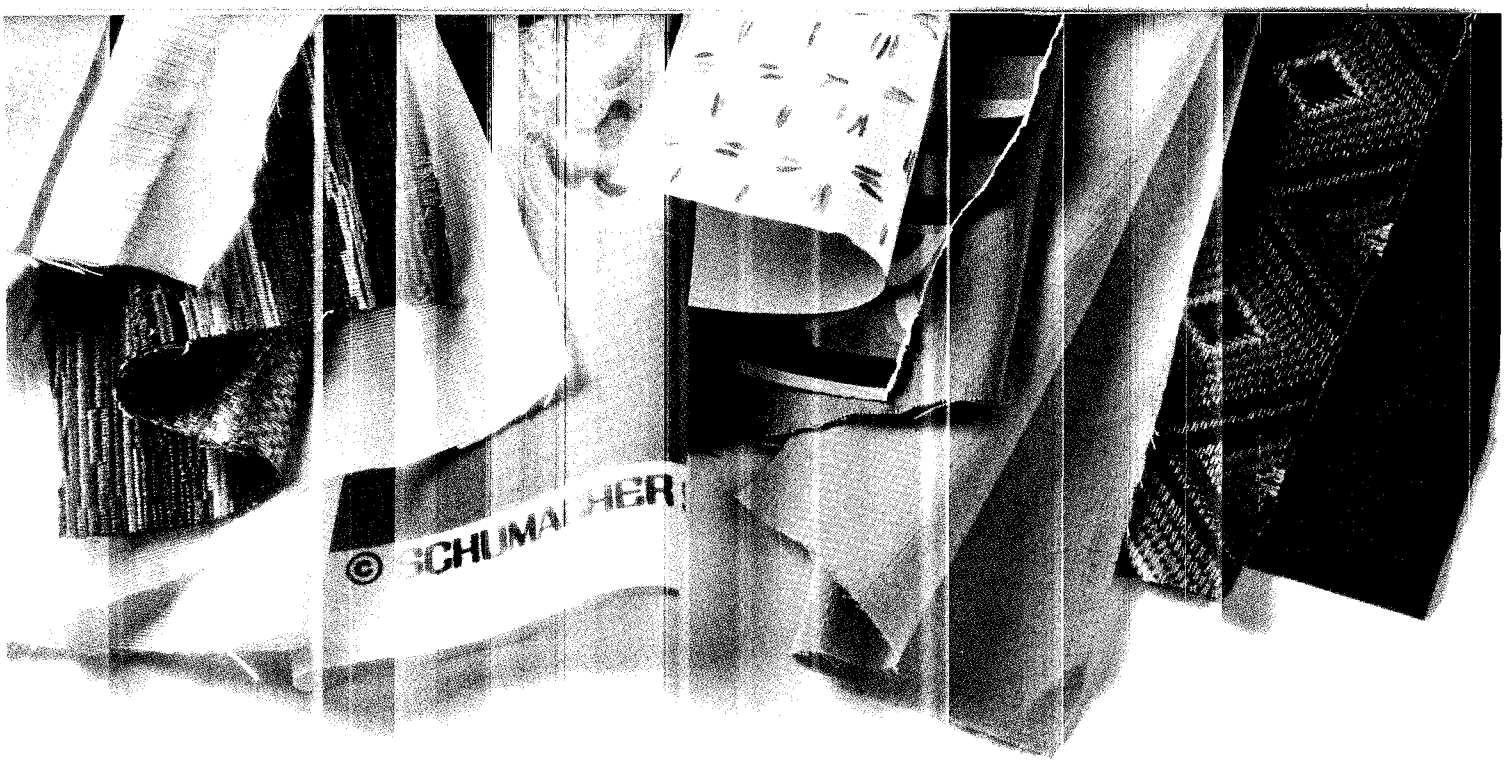

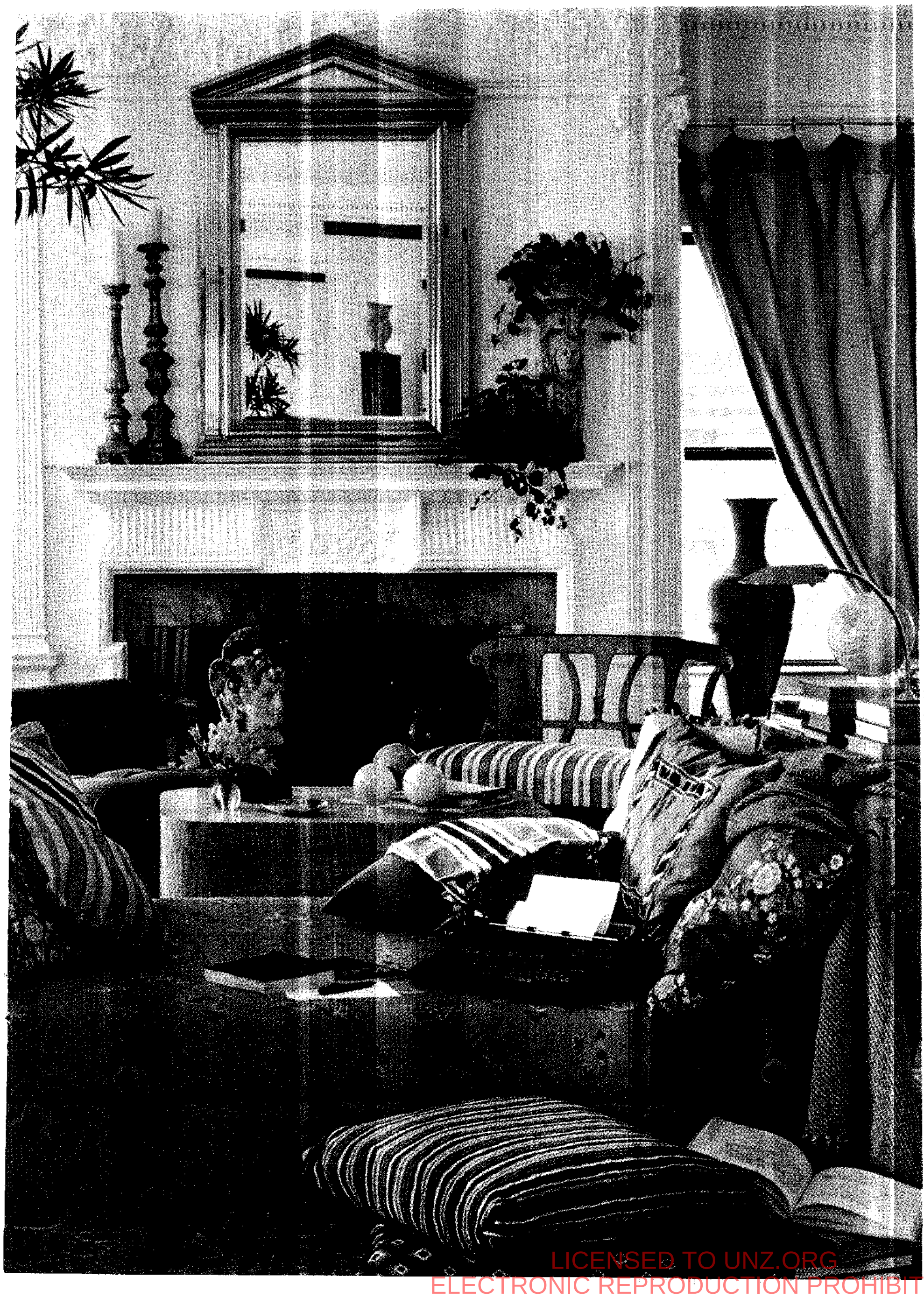
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today's more informal traditionalism.

The fabrics used include a lacquer-red cotton sateen print with embroidery motifs, on the daybed. There's a surprising melange of colors, patterns and textures, on the cushions. A slubbed stripe on the settee. Seen in the mirror, a wallpapered wall provides a calming and very modern background (a close-up of the chalk-dabbed paper pattern and the red-navy-yellow Greek key border can be picked out in the swatches shown at the top of the page). The draperies of rosy-sand and sky-blue taffeta make a serene yet also colorful backdrop for the room's many color splashes.

The modern temperament is also reflected in the durability of the azure 100% Dupont Dacron® polyester that covers the tufted chair and on which the sandaled foot is perched in the inset picture on the left-hand page. Its qualities would more than likely also have intrigued the luxury-loving yet logical Greeks.

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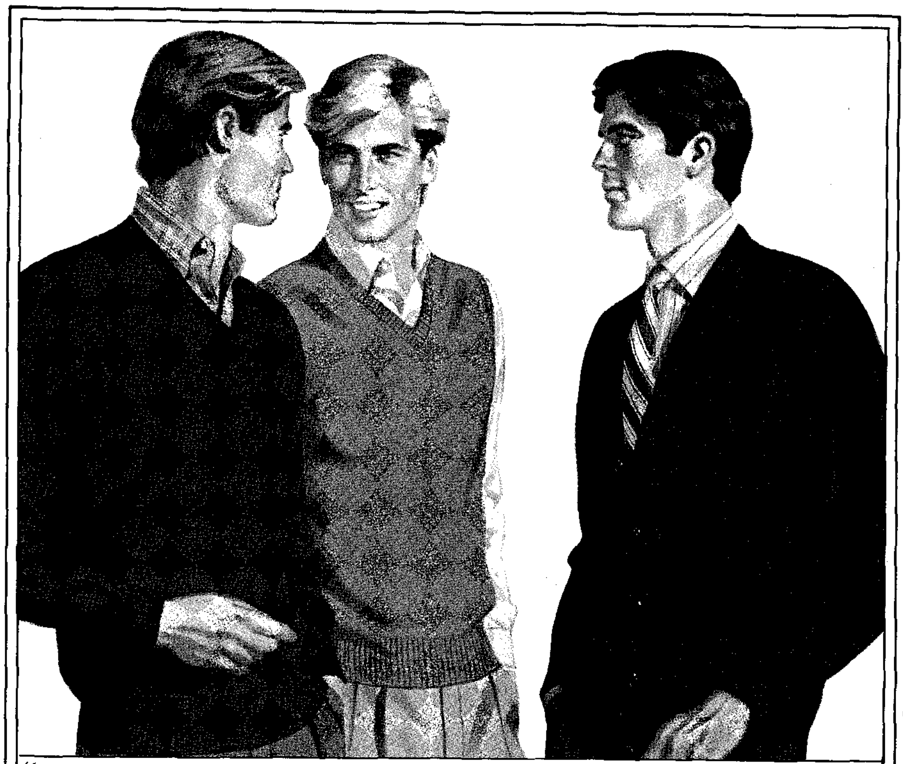
a livestock show like the American Royal never say out loud—that whoever buys the Grand Champion steer these days cannot even expect to get prime steaks for his money. "Everyone was trying to change from fat cattle," a man long associated with one of the traditional breeds told me at the Royal. "Then, college professors being what they are, every one of them who was judging picked a longer, leaner, more counterfeit animal. It got hard to sell the Grand Champion. No one wanted to eat the goddam thing." I'm not sure that a change in the quality of meat from the days of, say, Dorothea's Pride actually had any effect on the price that people were willing to pay for a Grand Champion. Not many people outside the trade seem aware that any change has taken place, and I doubt whether it would make much difference if they were. In a way, bidding on a steer whose meat would probably grade only Choice, or maybe even Good, simply means that the purchase price for a Grand Champion represents an increasingly high ratio of symbol to beef.

Under pressure from people in the industry who thought the judges had gone too far toward the camel look, a meeting was held at Oklahoma State University in the spring of 1982, and some steer-show procedural changes were recommended in an effort to "swing the pendulum back toward the middle a little bit." The Hereford and Polled Hereford and Angus people I met at the Royal were not under the illusion that it had yet swung far enough to give a straight Hereford steer, or even a Black Baldie, any chance at being Grand Champion. It was assumed from the outset that the Grand Champion steer of the American Royal would be, for the fifth year in a row, a Chianina cross.

As I walked into Tom Williams' office at Guaranteed Foods, my eye was caught by four purple banners adorning one wall—symbolic of four straight Grand Champion steers bought at the American Royal. I had come to ask him how he got into the habit of buying Grand Champions at fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars a shot. With the 1982 American Royal steer show only a week or so away, I also wanted to sound him out about his plans. The people who were trying to stir up interest in the sale hadn't been certain. "You can't count on him," they kept telling me. Williams turned out to be a friendly, fast-talking,



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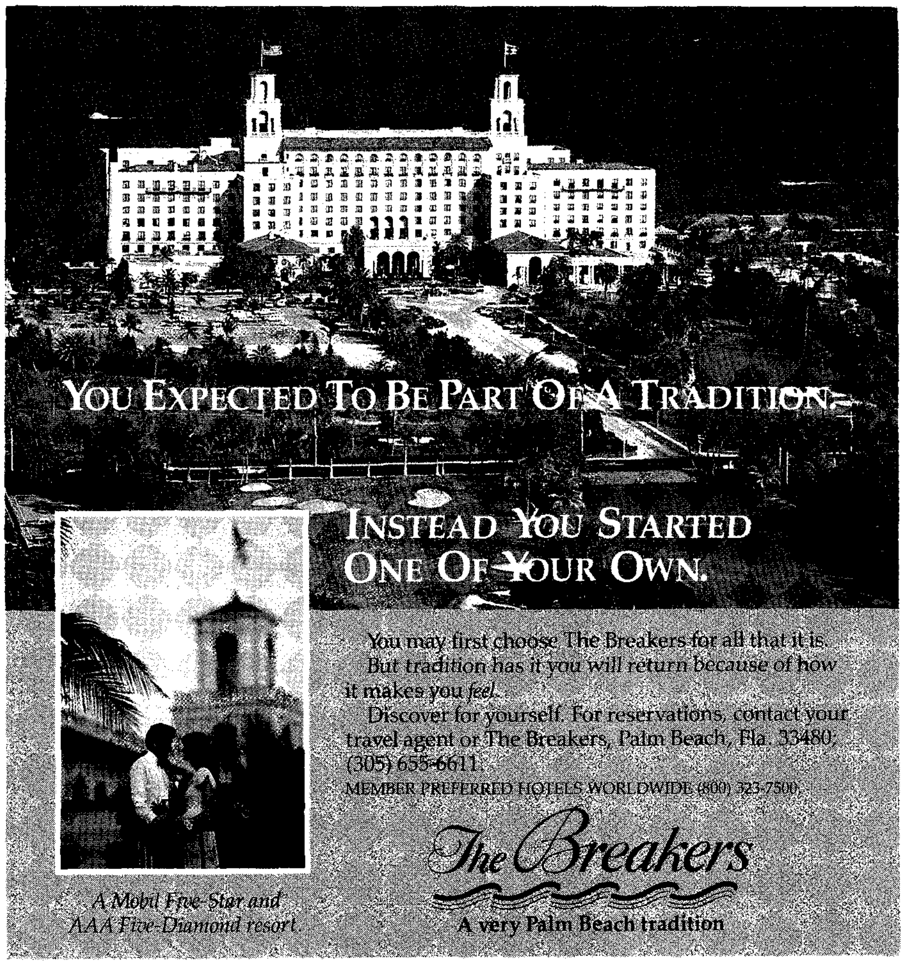

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curly-headed man in his early forties. He was wearing a coat and tie, but also cowboy boots. I knew immediately that I was likely to enjoy my visit. I have always had a weakness for a certain type of American promoter. I suspect that the values on matters financial soaked up by somebody growing up in the middle of the country combine a disdain for Wall Street manipulators with an admiration for anyone who can somehow sell abandoned automobile tires or figure out a way to make money out of delivering groceries.

I hadn't been there long when I realized that the Royal boosters had been right in saying that Williams was a good promoter. As we were talking about how he had decided to buy the steer because it was symbolic of quality beef in Kansas City, he suddenly said, "What has there never been a song written about?"

I thought about that one for a while. Williams looked at me as if the answer were a matter of record. "I think that's a very broad question," I finally said.

"Kansas City steak," Williams said, indicating by an ever so slight look of disappointment that it had been obvious all the time. As someone whose company had gone into the sideline of selling gift packages of steaks by mail, Williams had been concerned for some time about this gap in the musical storehouse. Then he had the good fortune to run across a man named Alan Syms, who, according to Williams, claimed to be able to write a song about anything in forty-five minutes. Williams told him to take his time on a song about Kansas City steak, and was pleased by the result. He was hoping to have a country-music star record it. I rather liked it myself. My favorite verse was

Old Edgar A. Poe
said he just didn't know
Why that bird was keepin' him
awake.
Said, "To Hell with that raven,
'cause I just got a cravin'
For a real Kansas City Steak."

The other literary verse was

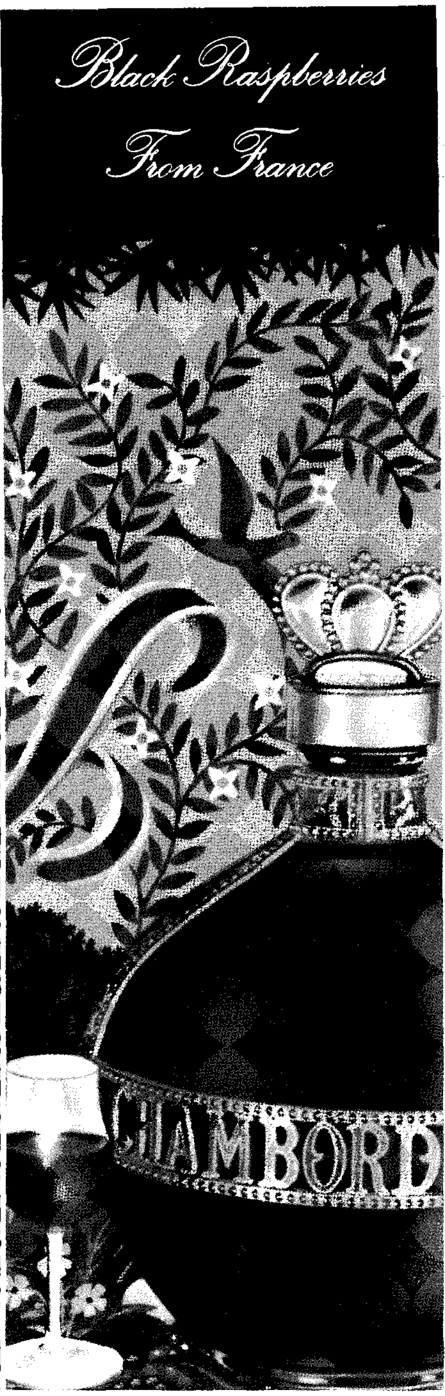
Captain Ahab was chasin' a whale
Till he had about all he could take.
Said, "Forget Moby Dick, what'll
really do the trick
Is a real Kansas City Steak."

Even before Williams got into the steak-by-mail trade, he had reason to be interested in a symbol of quality. Businesses that deliver groceries ordered by catalogue grew out of high-pressure schemes in which freezers were sold with the promise that they would be kept stocked with provisions, and Williams has always been interested in demonstrating that he is running a respectable operation. In 1978, he decided he should buy the Grand Champion steer of the American Royal. He asked an acquaintance—Rudy Pinter, who works as an order buyer at the stockyards—to come with him to do the actual bidding, and the two of them just showed up at the appointed hour at the sales arena in the American Royal Building. They bought a Grand Champion named Black Dice for $11,889.75. "I didn't realize that the Ford dealers had planned to buy it that year and give it to Sister Olive Louise at Avila College," Williams told me. He didn't look contrite.

Buying the steer, Williams said, had indeed enhanced the prestige of Guaranteed Foods. He now sponsors a night at the American Royal for his subscribers, "in honor of our record-making purchases of the American Royal Grand Champion steers the past four years," and he even sponsors one of the classes at the horse show—awarding a cup each year to one of the solemn men in the buggies. "It opened up a lot of doors for us in the community," he said. "It put us in a little different league than we were in. I hadn't had the steer three days before I was asked to be on the American Royal board of governors."

Still, there are nearly a thousand members of the board of governors. Williams had not become part of the relatively small crowd, mostly Saddle and Sirloin members, seen at all the American Royal fund-raising events and ceremonies—the Western Art Auction and the dinner for the Queen candidates and the wine-and-cheese party before the lamb auction. He seemed to treasure his role as the brash outsider who simply walked in and bought the Grand Champion—and then kept buying it year after year. He told me that when he bought Black Dice "all sorts of people came up to Rudy afterward and said, 'Who *was* that little curly-headed son of a bitch?' "

Williams said he hadn't been quite sure what to do with a Grand Champion steer the first time he bought one, but he soon caught on. He may use a quarter of a carcass for a promotional drawing at the home show, but he gives most of it away to charities—the Salvation Army, a boys' club, the local



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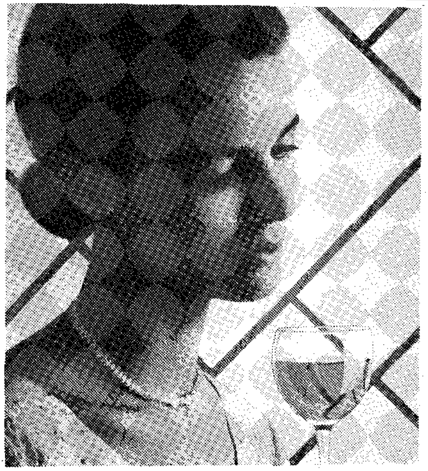

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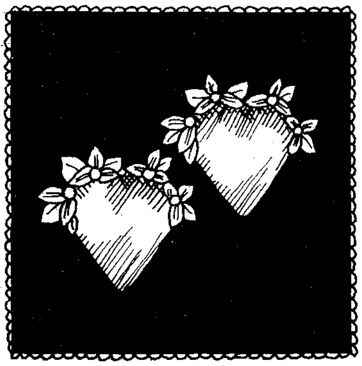

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Christian television station. The Royal boosters say that Williams' charities keep him in the newspaper all year; Williams says that the Grand Champion steers he has furnished have enabled the charities to raise several hundred thousand dollars. He struck me as someone who enjoyed it all greatly.

"Are you going to buy the Grand Champion this year?" I asked him.

He smiled. "Well, in my heart I'd like to," he said. "It depends on how fierce the competition is. I never really know what I'm going to do until I see the animal."

HAVING spent many hours of my youth drinking milk shakes at the Country Club Dairy and riding downtown on the Country Club streetcar line, I was a long time in acknowledging that there might be any reason for out-of-towners to be amused by a name like the Country Club Christian Church. It has taken me even more years to acknowledge that people in my home town may talk differently from people in some other parts of the country. I don't mean that Kansas City people speak with an accent. I *have* never acknowledged that there is such a thing as a Kansas City accent, and I never intend to. Kansas City is the Heart of America, and it stands to reason that its citizens speak standard American English. I don't know where else one would go to find the norm. What I noticed on this trip—what hadn't registered on shorter trips home over the years—was not an accent but the use of words in ways that they are not regularly used in the East. "Super," for instance, is a word used a lot in Kansas City as both an adjective ("They're doing a super job over there") and an adverb ("He's a super-nice guy, Bill, super-nice"). "Neat" is used a lot to mean, more or less, "super," and "real" is used a lot as an adverb, so that somebody might say, "They've got a real neat house, and she's real neat, and he's done a super job." Such people might even have a bunch of money. People in Kansas City often use the word "type," as in describing the presentation of the Belles of the American Royal as a "débutante-type ball," and they often use the word "deal" to mean, more or less, "thing." When I told one of the staff of the American Royal that I was looking forward to the third annual American Royal Barbecue Contest, for instance, he said it was "a real fun deal."

A couple of Royal boosters had

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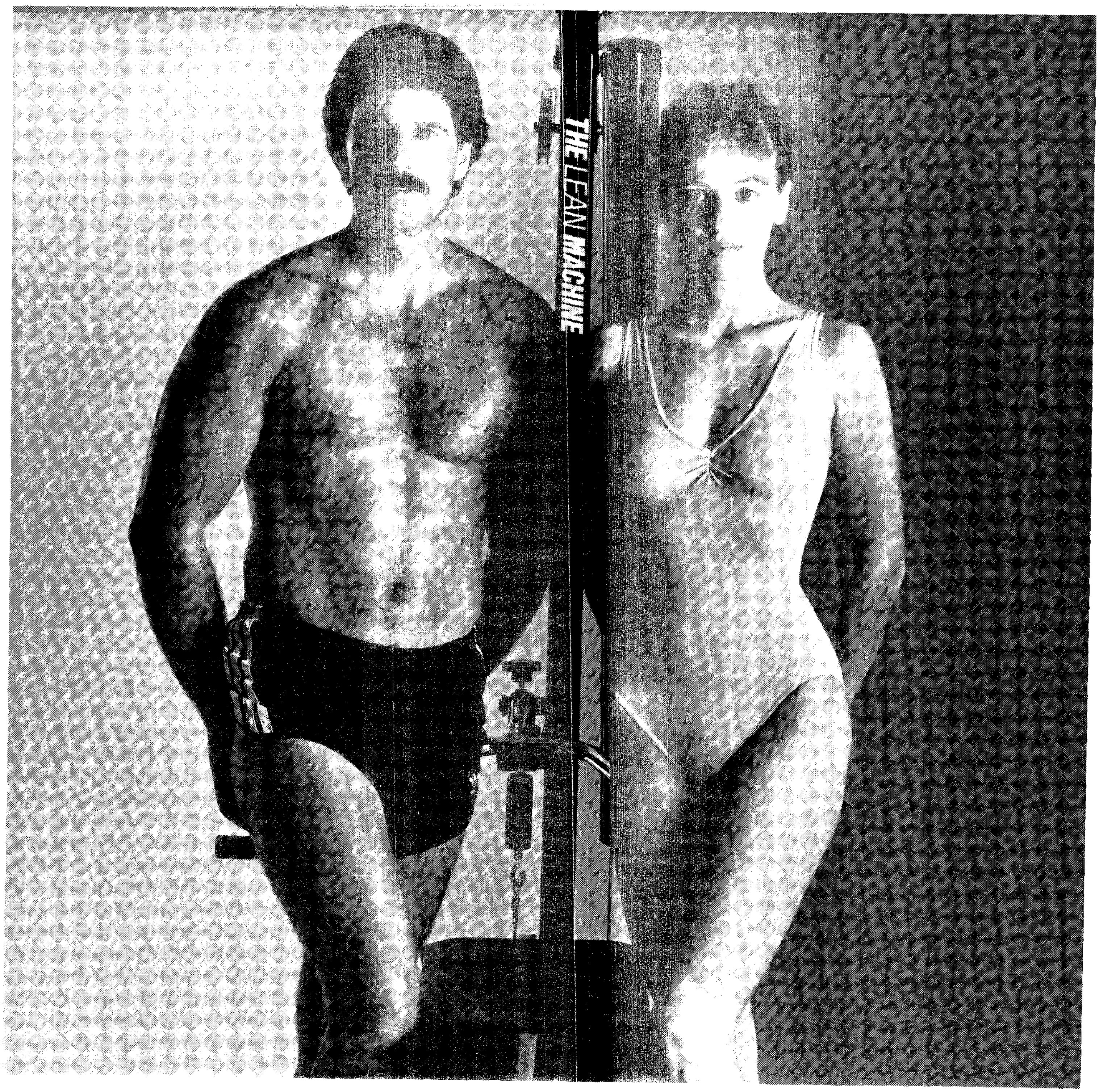

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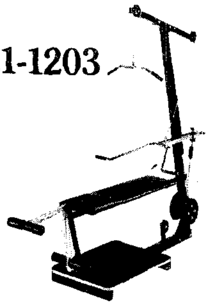

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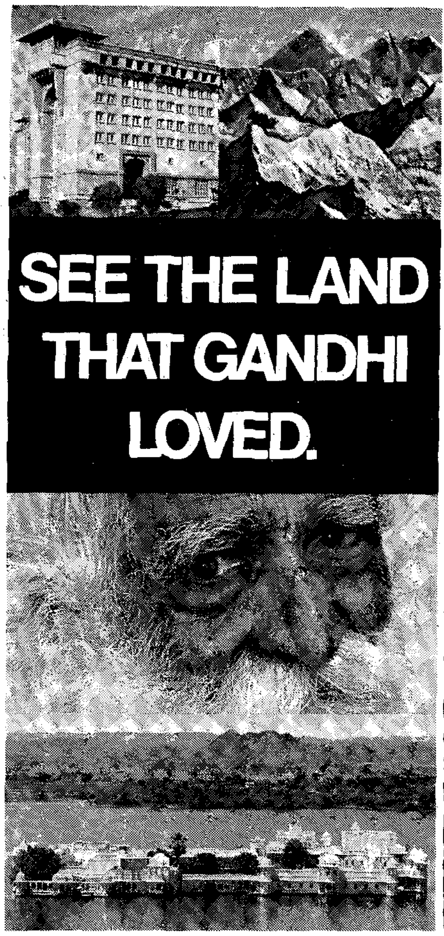

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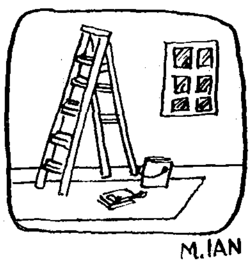

heard of the annual barbecue contest held in Houston, and in 1980, after travelling to Houston and eating enough barbecue and drinking enough beer to make certain they were on the track of a good thing, they suggested that a Royal barbecue contest would be a fine way to promote the American Royal and add to the festivities. It was also felt, one of the barbecue contest's organizers told me, that it might be appropriate for a city that was putting on a livestock show to celebrate the consumption of meat from the animals that were being displayed on the hoof in the arena. The way the nutrition people had been bad-mouthing beef the last several years, he figured, a cattleman might be cheered just by seeing people slowly turn a side of it over a hickory fire. Farmers in general are always exhorting each other to promote what they raise. Nobody expects to be served chicken fricassee at the dinner honoring Miss Charolais. While I was in Kansas City, I heard the kickoff speaker at the Future Farmers of America convention, a country comedian from Mississippi named Jerry Clower, say how irritated he got when he saw someone from Iowa turn his nose up at grits—since grits come from corn, and corn is Iowa's business. "Whatever you grow, you eat, and you encourage people to eat it if it's eatable," he told the Future Farmers. "Why, I *pray* the cure for herpes comes from soybeans."

It was also felt that a barbecue contest might be a way to involve more of the general public in the American Royal, there being no doubt in anyone's mind that a profound interest in barbecue cuts across economic and social and racial lines in Kansas City. It is not an interest that the city fathers were always eager to celebrate. During the glamour-city period, the boosters and I had some of our most uncomfortable moments over the subject of barbecue. Before then, I had written a few things that Kansas City boosters might have considered best left unsaid. Once, in an article called "I Got Nothing Against the Colored," I wrote that even those whites who were backing a proposed ordinance for open housing had argued for its passage basically on the ground that it would be a nice symbol of tolerance that would have no actual effect on who lived next door to whom. Speculating on how the Country Club District had acquired a name that seemed too grand for most of its houses, I wrote that it may have been because J. C. Nichols, like many country clubs, tried to keep Jews out. At one point, I even mentioned that Kansas City International Airport did not happen to have any flights that took off from there and landed on foreign soil. I do not think I truly gave offense, though, until I wrote that the single best restaurant in the world was in Kansas City. The problem was the restaurant I had in mind—Arthur Bryant's barbecue, at Eighteenth and Brooklyn.

When I revealed that Kansas City had the single best restaurant in the world, I assumed that everyone in Kansas City would consider that a loyal—not to speak of an incontrovertibly accurate—thing to say. I was mistaken. The glamour-city people considered Bryant's insufficiently glamorous—even when I argued that the one piece of decoration in the main dining room, an eye chart, was the sort of thing that sophisticated Easterners were always describing as elegant in its simplicity. The glamour-city people were not crazy about Bryant's location—in a black neighborhood that is conspicuously lacking in both fountains and boulevards. Some boosters were appalled when reporters and delegates who went to Kansas City for the Democratic mini-convention in 1974 and for the Republican National Convention in 1976 trooped down to Bryant's even though the public-relations firm for the Chamber of Commerce had gone to the trouble of providing for the press packet a list of establishments considered more suitable for out-of-town visitors. There were even some among the boosters who blamed me for the scandal of Bryant's being full of reporters and senators, although I was, of course, innocent. There was a line outside Bryant's when I was fourteen simply because it was obviously the best barbecue joint in town. Any reporters incapable of finding the best barbecue joint in town on their own wouldn't be the sort of reporters you'd want writing about your fountains and boulevards anyway.

The only disagreement I thought my statements about Bryant's might provoke from Kansas City was from devotees of other barbecue establishments. Arthur Bryant always had a number of estimable rivals, each with a following. When Bill Sayler took me along to the monthly meeting of a stag investment club he belongs to, I was delighted to find that the host, a bachelor who lives in a swank apartment building that is part of the Crown Center complex, had provided his guests with dinner by going to three separate barbecue establishments for takeout—beef from Bryant's, beans from a place called the Smoke Stack, and ribs from Rosedale barbecue, in Kansas City, Kansas. It proved to be an opportunity to correct a misapprehension I'd had concerning Rosedale ribs. Rosedale traditionally wrapped its barbecue in copies of the Kansas City *Kansan*. Somebody—maybe a devious devotee of some rival rib joint—had led me to believe that the *Kansan* had folded and that the quality of Rosedale ribs had therefore diminished, since the Kansas City *Star* did not impart the same taste. The *Kansan* is still in business, my host informed me, and he must have been right, because the ribs were excellent.

These days, I suspect, a lot of the people I saw at that meeting—bankers and doctors and lawyers and businessmen, some of whom may have had a bunch of money—would not hesitate to take an out-of-town guest to a barbecue joint where the product is wrapped in newspapers. Sometime during my travels—sometime in the late seventies, as nearly as I can pin it down—even boosters in American cities the size of Kansas City began coming around to an appreciation of what was local and regional rather than simply whatever could be called the Fourth Largest in the Country or the Third Highest West of the Mississippi. They decided that local customs like playing bluegrass music and eating enchiladas were not as shameful as they had once been led to believe. It became more likely that a businessman in, say, Memphis or Fort Worth would take an out-of-towner to the barbecue restaurant he actually ate in himself instead of to that universal Chamber of Commerce favorite I had taken to calling La Maison de la Casa House, Continental Cuisine. It became more likely that the theatre being bragged about was a regional theatre with homegrown playwrights rather than a succession of Broadway road shows. It became more common to find community festivals built around local ethnic groups or local customs. It became less common to hear boosters

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judge their own city completely by the standards of New York—a place, of course, that they professed to despise. It became easier, I think, for Kansas City to face the world as a cowtown.

I'm not certain what caused that change. It came gradually in the years after the Bicentennial celebration, but I wouldn't argue that all those re-enactments of Revolutionary War battles and installations of commemorative plaques and projects to have the fire hydrants painted red, white, and blue had much to do with it. I'm not certain if it caused or was partly caused by the trend toward preserving the architectural past of cities—a trend that saved a lot of old buildings, even if it was at the cost of turning some of them into outlets for wooden toys and kites and bad quiche. It may have had something to do with a sort of drawing in, in the years after the Vietnam War and the first energy crunch, to concerns that were local or regional rather than national or international. For whatever reason, Americans in places like Kansas City began to accept the legitimacy of their own territory. The academic regionalists—people who had been working away obscurely in Geography Departments—found themselves in demand for weekend seminars. People on talk shows talked about finding their roots.

I don't mean that, beginning in 1980, a corporation official looking Kansas City over as a possible regional headquarters was routinely taken to Arthur Bryant's for lunch by the Chamber of Commerce economic-development committee. Localism will never go that far. Still, when Arthur Bryant's eightieth birthday approached, last summer, even the Chamber of Commerce was interested in finding an appropriate way to honor him—although I can't say I got much response to my suggestion that the airport be named after him. Then, a month or so after I went to Kansas City for the American Royal, Arthur Bryant died, and the *Star* devoted four columns at the top of page 1 to his passing. There were statements by the mayor and other dignitaries. The best statement for my money was by the editorial cartoonist for the *Star* and the *Times*, Lee Judge. His drawing showed Arthur Bryant at the pearly gates with St. Peter, who, with a hand on Bryant's shoulder and a hopeful look on

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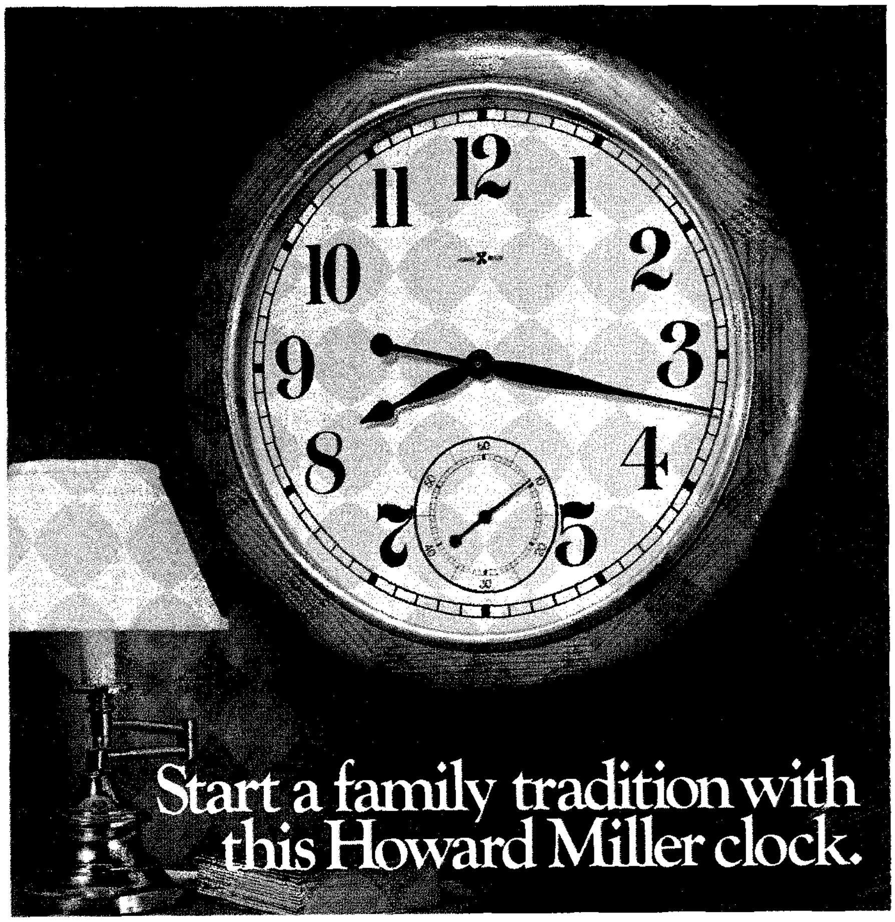

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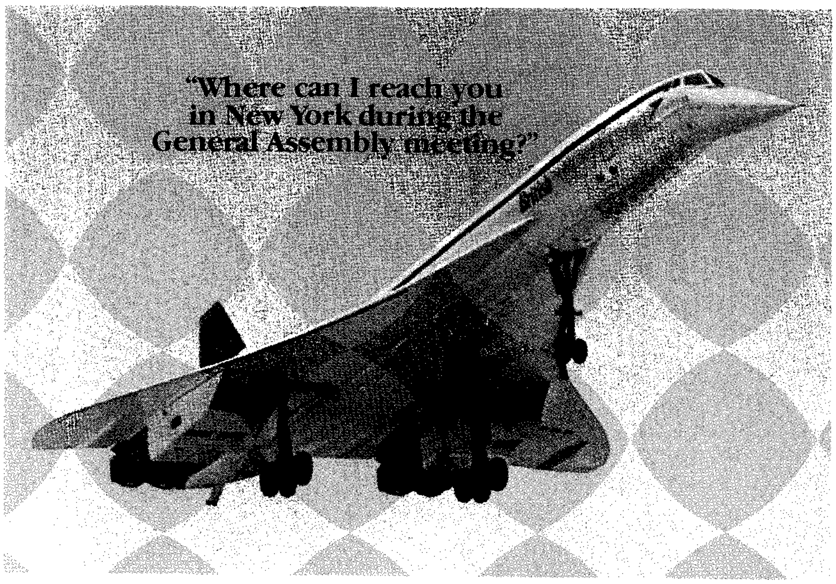
his face, is saying, "Did you bring sauce?"

I'M not sure I was ready for the notion that being a real American might mean being a typical American. The question was raised when someone showed me an item from the *Star* quoting Charlton Heston as saying that Kansas City was chosen as a place to preview a new movie he was in because Kansas City "is perceived as the demographic nerve center of the country—a film will play in Kansas City almost exactly to the percentile that it plays in the rest of the country."

I suppose it's possible to argue that Kansas City is typical simply because it is almost impossible to categorize as anything else. I have always thought that it felt Midwestern, but an academic regionalist would smile at such an undocumented impression. Regionalists like data. I wouldn't be surprised to hear that there is a regionalist at some Midwestern university at this moment figuring out where the East ends by calculating where the saddles used by rich people who ride horses for amusement change from predominantly English to predominantly Western. I once mentioned in an article how much trouble regionalists have with Missouri; those who observe state lines in their categories tend to put it in three or four different regions, and those who ignore state lines have their own lines swooping right through the middle of the state. There is more trouble with Kansas City, which has Southern influences and Western influences and Mid-Central influences and big-city influences—a cowtown whose past includes both segregation and an Irish Catholic political boss. If it were truly Southern, its segregation would have been festooned with oratory. If it were truly Western—the West of the weathered rancher rather than the Midwest of the tired farmer—people wouldn't have been so concerned about its being considered a cowtown.

"Kansas City is a kind of interior American crossroads and melting pot where the Southerner, the Northerner, the Easterner and the Westerner meet and become plain John American," George Sessions Perry wrote in the forties. Another way to interpret the data, as the regionalist might say, was reflected in a regional map I once saw: A little circle had been drawn around Kansas City, and the legend



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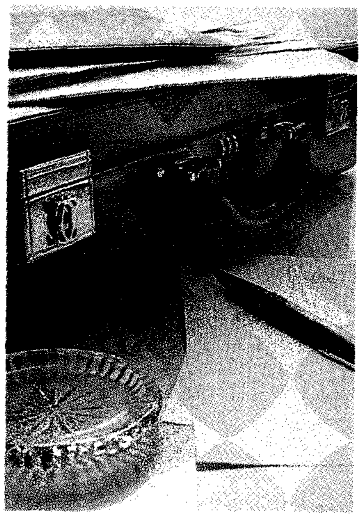
pointing to it said "Non-Conforming Area."

A LOT of the activities that go along with the American Royal took place at the Crown Center complex. The Belles of the American Royal, or BOTARs, were presented at the Crown Center Hotel. The Polled Hereford people were across the street at the Hyatt—now rebuilt after having been the scene of Kansas City's worst disaster, when two lobby skywalks collapsed during a tea dance in the summer of 1981 and more than a hundred people were killed. The shock of the disaster was followed by the shock of realizing that Hallmark, which owned the hotel, could behave as if it were a normal American corporation. The company whose insistence on quality went so far that it would sponsor only quality television shows was revealed to have allowed a shoddy job of design and construction. The company that had always been a model of civic responsibility had the remaining skywalk—presumably a key piece of evidence in trying to figure out what went wrong with the two others—dismantled and removed in the dark of night. Still, what sometimes struck reporters who came to town in the months following the disaster was that people in Kansas City expressed as much sympathy for the Halls as for those killed or injured. I don't think Kansas City people feel anything contradictory about both grieving for the victims and sympathizing with a family that had, after so many years of trying to do the right thing, found itself burdened with suspicion and guilt and taking a bruising in the press. People don't talk much about the disaster these days, but when they do it is rare to hear any bitterness about Hallmark—except now and then from a reporter on the *Star* or the *Times*, which got a Pulitzer Prize and some abuse from the business community for covering the disaster in a way that did not protect the city's most prominent corporate citizen. If the dismantling of the remaining skywalk is mentioned to someone in Kansas City, he is likely to shake his head and say that it just goes to show what can happen to fundamentally decent people who find themselves in the clutches of lawyers.

The barbecue contest was to be held in the plaza of the Crown Center complex in conjunction with a Crown Center promotion called the Harvestland Festival—a celebration of re-



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gional foods and crafts and music—and, for reasons that had nothing to do with the Hyatt disaster, the contestants were obviously unhappy with the location. The two previous contests had been held near the American Royal Building, in the West Bottoms—a desolate, sometimes muddy pitch that the contestants described to me as absolutely perfect. Barbecue contestants set up their rigs, and may even begin to cook their meat, the evening before the actual judging, and in the West Bottoms the night in between was, by all accounts, memorable. The people who were setting up their rigs at Crown Center the night before the judging last fall told me the same thing about the barbecue contest that people who remembered the wide-open Kansas City of Boss Pendergast before it fell into the hands of the reformers used to tell me about the whole town: It's O.K. now, but you should have seen it before it got respectable.

Nobody seemed quite sure how the switch from the West Bottoms to Crown Center had been made. Crown Center had, of course, agreed to pick up the promotion and set-up expenses, and it was said that Crown Center was a more convenient site, since the parade that precedes the barbecue contest ends nearby. Some people thought that Crown Center had, with a little expense money, managed to snooker the Royal out of the barbecue contest so that the post-parade traffic would be lured in the direction of Crown Center shops instead of the Royal arena. The alternative view was that even if no commercial consideration had existed Crown Center would have been eager to organize the barbecue contest into a proper setting, with decent graphics and adequate sanitary facilities, simply out of Hallmark's penchant for tidying things up.

I was astonished at the elaborateness of the equipment some of the contestants had brought along. I had forgotten just how seriously people in Kansas City take barbecue. In the Crown Center plaza, people were setting in place huge rolled-steel drums with fireboxes welded to the sides. The barbecue rigs were every conceivable shape; some of them were so large that they had wheels, so they could be hauled behind pickup trucks. The team of a local artist named John Puscheck stood out in the equipment category: it somehow managed to barbecue in white porcelain stoves that looked as if they had been rescued from the demolition of a nineteen-

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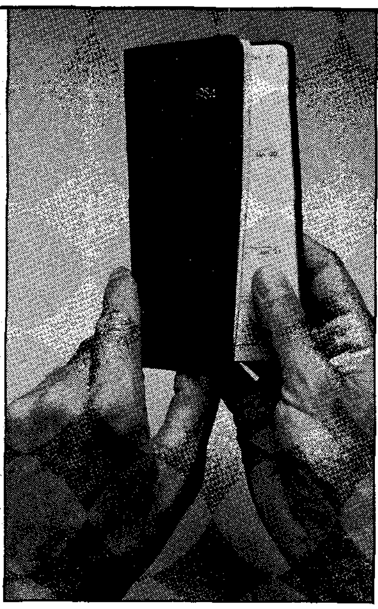
forties apartment building. The meat was put in the oven, the fire was built in the pots-and-pans drawer underneath it, and smoke leaked eerily out of the holes where the burners had been. As his crew clanked the stoves into place in the neat cubicle furnished by Crown Center, Puscheck looked around with some disdain. "It's a bit sanitized," he said, "but we'll try to make do."

Almost nobody limited himself to barbecuing simply ribs or brisket. A contestant might offer to the judges—and to anyone who strolled by and looked hungry—ribs, T-bones, leg of lamb, lamb breast, chicken, smoked catfish, and three kinds of sausage. The menu displayed by Puscheck's crowd had a list of fifteen or twenty items, including white bread. I told Puscheck I had never heard of barbecued white bread. The white bread wasn't actually barbecued, he replied; it was used as napkins.

The contest, or maybe the free food, also drew a splendid array of all sorts of onlookers—a few too many for the space, as it turned out. A couple of the Royal boosters who had helped organize the contest talked about the possibility of turning it into a fund-raising event the next year—inviting Royal supporters to a barbecue at the Saddle and Sirloin for, say, fifty dollars a head. A lot of the contestants seemed interested in going in the other direction—back to the wide-open spaces of the West Bottoms, where 4-H kids stopped by at night on their way to brush down steers, and where there were no expensive apartment houses and hotels whose residents might complain of a little music after three or four in the morning. Puscheck, who had concluded that the move to Crown Center was "like moving Mardi Gras to Iowa City," was among the chief grumblers. He told me that the moment he heard that the contest was going to be held in conjunction with the Harvestland Festival he should have known things wouldn't be the same. "When you hear the word 'tie-in,' what do you think?" he said to me as the day of handing out barbecue ended. "Does that make you kind of suspicious?"

MY memories of the Royal have always included the sight of thousands of fresh-faced farm boys on the streets of downtown Kansas City—every one of them in a rich-blue corduroy jacket with the Future Farmers of America emblem on the



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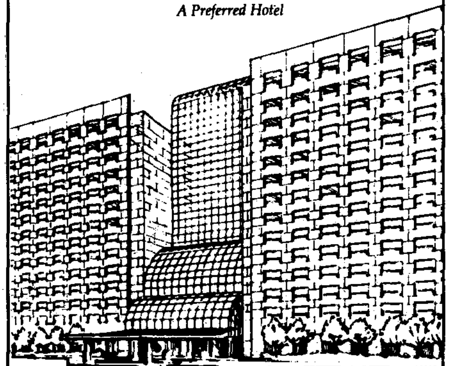

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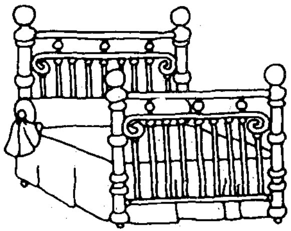

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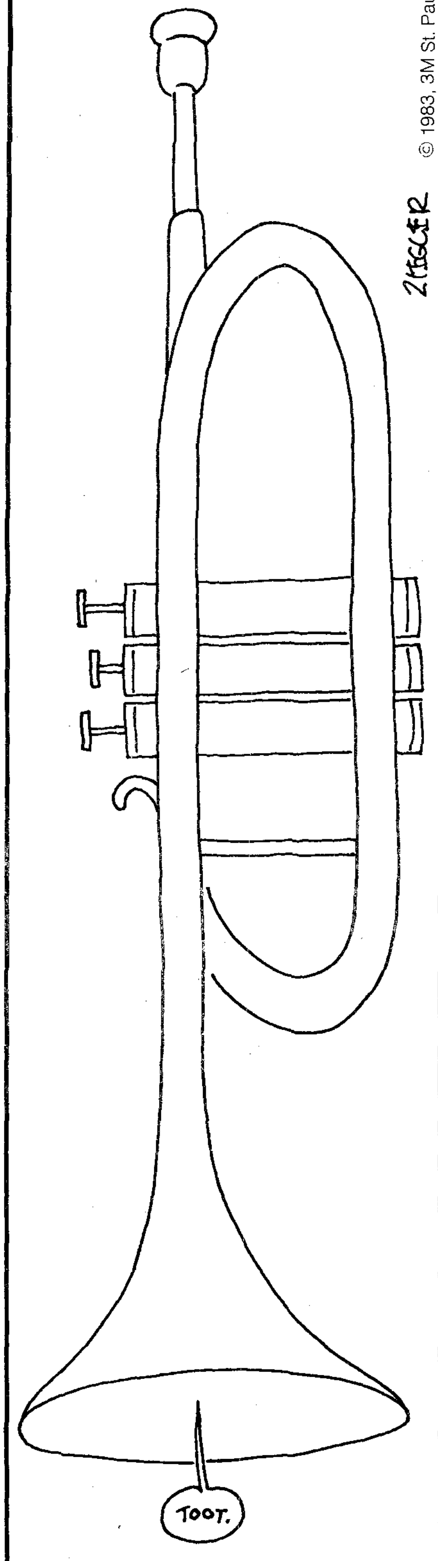

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back. I speak as someone who was himself reasonably fresh-faced at the time. The F.F.A. boys look precisely the same as they did when I was growing up; there are now F.F.A. girls, and they look as fresh-faced and wholesome as the F.F.A. boys. F.F.A. kids still look straight up at the office buildings downtown. It is possible to hear an F.F.A. boy who is riding one of the glass elevators of the Crown Center Hotel say, "Is this ever slick!" When that happens, the other passengers in the elevator tend to smile. People in Kansas City have always been cheered by the arrival of the Future Farmers of America.

As if to provide a handy contrast to the innocence and purity of the Future Farmers of America, appropriately dark and furtive-looking peddlers display their wares on downtown sidewalks every year during the F.F.A. convention, apparently on the assumption that no farm boy would return from the rare trip to a big city—the sort of trip mentioned, if I may safely say so these days, in "Oklahoma!"—without some prize like a hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar watch being sold for fourteen ninety-nine ("American Royal special") or a velvet tapestry of Elvis Presley. The first F.F.A. member I heard deliver a speech, though, sounded like the sort of young man whose encounter with a peddler would result not in the peddler's selling him an American Royal special but in his lecturing the peddler about how watch-selling productivity could be increased by a careful capital-investment program. The speaker—Scott Watson, a national vice-president from Gallatin, Missouri—addressed about three hundred Rotarians at a luncheon meeting that the chairman described as "Rotary Club No. 13's annual tribute to these super-nice young guys." Watson turned out to speak in the style of old-fashioned stem-winding oratory that is a strong part of the F.F.A. program. "I don't know if that boy can make it as a farmer in this economy," I said to my luncheon companions when he was through, "but he's definitely got a future as a preacher." A student of agricultural economics at the University of Missouri, Watson spoke of the values of patriotism and the blessings of freedom, but he also spoke of the achievements of the American farmer—what farmers contributed to the gross national product and what the balance-of-payments picture would look like without farm exports and how the productivity of the

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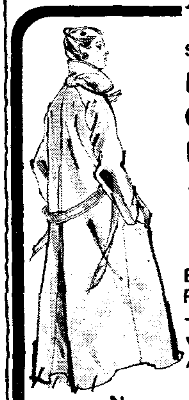

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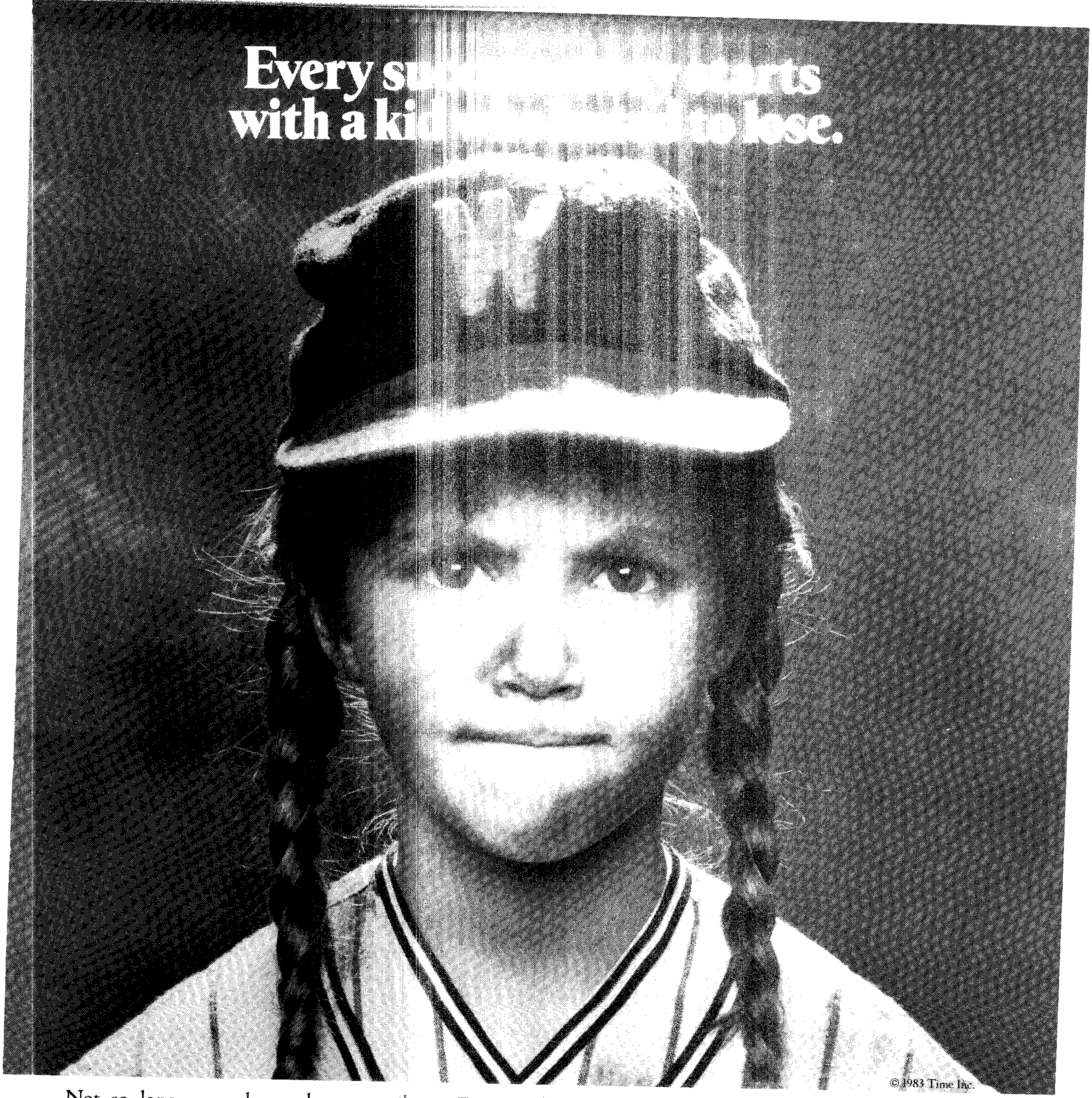

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American farmer compares with the productivity of the American anything else.

It was the sort of talk I heard from farm people all during the Royal. I suppose it's something like the talk people have been hearing from the farmers for a good part of the century. An economist could undoubtedly show that a certain percentage of the farmers who have gone bankrupt in the last few years brought on their problems by overextending themselves in acquiring more land, but the general problem that farmers tend to talk about through one economic swerve or another is that they suffer from doing their jobs too well. Unlike, say, the people who run General Motors, the more they produce the less they get for it. Farmers call themselves "price-takers rather than price-makers." The talk is particularly intense these days. Farmers' income fell by more than twenty-five per cent last year; 1982 was also the year that American farmers produced more food than any nation has ever produced in one year in the history of the world. Whatever is wrong, farmers tend to think it's not them. Nobody has ever suggested that the average Iowa hog-and-grain farmer has anything to learn from the Japanese.

Scott Watson got an ovation from the Rotarians. The chairman called him "a super young man and a super achiever." Kansas City has always tried to make the F.F.A. feel at home. There is an F.F.A. support committee in Kansas City that coördinates accommodations and helps organize the various national contests, in subjects like extemporaneous speaking and floriculture and farm-business management. The American Royal provides animals for the contests in livestock and dairy-cattle judging. The F.F.A. State Sweethearts who come to Kansas City as American Royal Queen candidates are put up at the Kansas City Club, and entertained at a round of luncheons and dinners, and presented with gifts donated by local merchants. The F.F.A. convention has been held in Kansas City since it began, fifty-five years ago, and a plaque now marks the spot where it was founded.

The annual convention brings to town about twenty thousand F.F.A. members, and it is assumed that they buy a few things other than Elvis Presley tapestries. Still, the Rotarians who applauded Scott Watson were not simply clapping in accompaniment to the promised jangling of their cash

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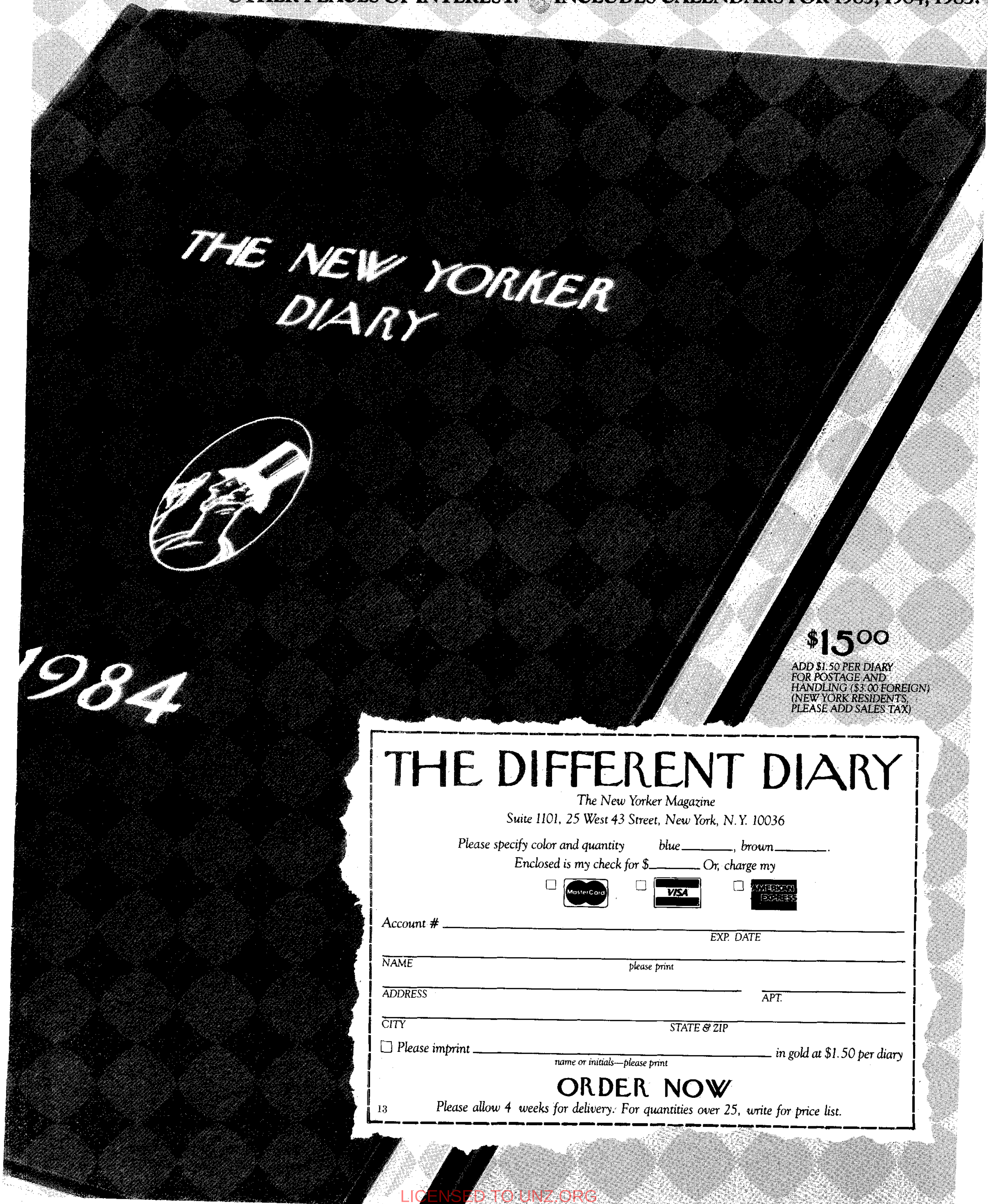

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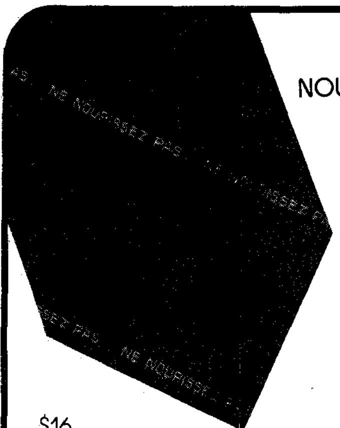

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registers. They liked what he had to say. Most of the people who smile at the F.F.A. kids riding the glass elevators don't have any interest in economic-impact studies. They smile because the F.F.A. kids make them feel good. An analytical Easterner would probably say that people in Kansas City are cheered by the F.F.A. convention every year because, worried about being patronized themselves, they take particular pleasure in being on the other end. There may be some of that, especially among the people who attend dinners for the Queen candidates at places like the Kansas City Club and always seem to be saying how much better-informed the girls are than one would expect and how cute it is that the trip to Kansas City represents the first airplane ride for some of them. It seems to me, though, that the F.F.A. kids are still truly popular in Kansas City partly because of precisely what struck me about them when I went back to the American Royal after many years: they seem unchanged from the F.F.A. kids who came to town at Royal time thirty years ago.

The fact that my high-school friends also seem essentially the same to me doesn't mean there haven't been changes in Kansas City over the years. When I left town, for instance, there weren't any singles bars or gay bars—for the simple reason that there weren't any people categorized as singles or gays. There weren't packs of children from respectable families whose alternatives for the future included simply staying high on drugs. A lot may have changed in farm towns, too, but the changes aren't really apparent at the F.F.A. convention. Everybody is polite. Everybody is neatly dressed. Everybody has short hair. If a big black comb is sticking out of an F.F.A. kid's back pocket, it is for grooming steers rather than for tending an Afro. Nearly everybody is white. The delegates at an F.F.A. meeting don't boo or laugh when somebody says something overtly patriotic. The F.F.A. Sweethearts who are interviewed by the judges charged with selecting an American Royal Queen don't answer questions about their farm experience by saying, "Well, my boyfriend and I have been running a good-sized hog operation ever since we started living together." For people in Kansas City, many of whom carry around visions of a grandfather's or great-grandfather's farm, an F.F.A. kid may be what they

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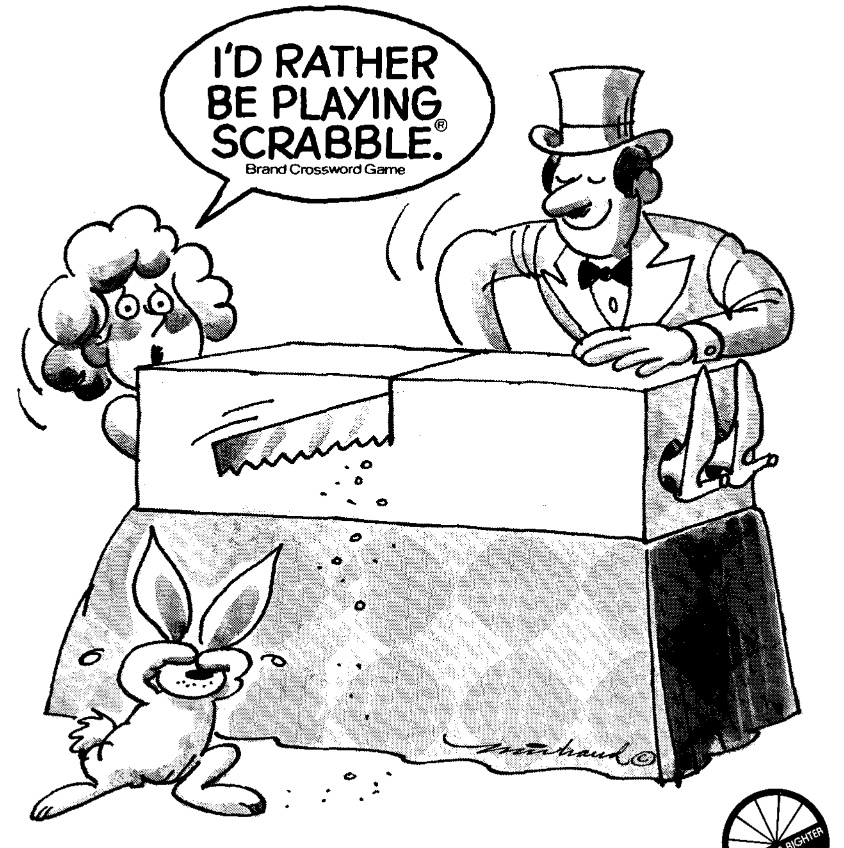
think of when they think of somebody being very American. No wonder they smile when one walks into the elevator.

BY the time the day of the American Royal parade came, there had been a lot of Royal activity. I had been to the Western Art Auction and Sale. I had been to the BOTAR Ball, which was indeed so much like the sort of débutante ball common to Pittsburgh or Cleveland or (God help us) St. Louis that a first-time visitor might be startled to learn that some of the proceeds go for scholarships awarded to agriculture students for winning competitions in judging cattle, sheep, and swine. The quarter-horse people had already come and gone. The more jaded reporters on the *Star* had quietly begun their annual *Star* Animal Derby, in which a number of them attempt to guess the total number of animals that the *Star* will picture in its pages during the three-week American Royal period—horses, cows, sheep, pigs, and sometimes, by absolute coincidence, a dog that has saved a child from drowning or an A.P. photograph of a lion that has escaped from a zoo somewhere. For me, though, the parade was, as always, the sign that the Royal was on again. There had obviously been a lot of changes in Kansas City since I stood as a high-school student on Main Street to watch the institutions of the city pass before me in the American Royal parade, but I was not assuming that many of them would show up in the line of march. Parades don't normally include contingents from various condominiums, or boosters of the latest shopping mall, or drill teams from some of the racquet-ball clubs—although, as it turned out, a group of aerobic dancers did bounce down the street. I knew that the officers of the Future Farmers of America would lead the parade. Some things never change. And there, in fact, were the F.F.A. officers in the lead—smiling and waving, and probably polishing orations on patriotism in their heads as they marched—but they weren't coming down Main Street. Apparently, Main Street merchants complained that the excitement and the attraction of a parade simply provided an opportunity for roving bands of shoplifters.

There were fewer riding clubs than I remembered—although the Saddle and Sirloin Club's patrol was out in full Western costume, unafraid now of any *Life* photographer who might be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hidden in the shadow of an office-building doorway. As if in modern replacement, there were any number of automobile clubs—not just antique-car clubs but a Corvette club and a Mustang club and an Oldsmobile club. After all these years of talking to Americans who have joined together in clubs because of common interests like driving dune buggies and trading citizens-band skip-handle cards, I should be able to accept the existence of, say, an Oldsmobile club as routine, but it remains beyond my imagination. Over the years, I have retreated to the position that Americans will organize around any activity, and that attempts to assign significance to which activity they choose—to decide that C.B. clubs have to do with a need to communicate or that snowmobile clubs are traceable to the mad American gene portrayed in "The Wild One"—can lead someone down the path toward becoming an analytical Easterner. I don't know why some people like to march with mules in parades as members of the Midwest Mule Club, and I suspect that nobody else does.

I knew that the high-school bands would not look the way they'd looked before I left Kansas City. Missouri abandoned its school-segregation law shortly after the Brown decision came down. There was never any rhetoric about defending it. There had never been any rhetoric about having it in the first place. The rhetoric, in fact, was usually about tolerance. At High School Day in City Hall, black as well as white students pretended to be city officials—a black mayoral candidate would often carry Southwest—and then they went back to their school and we went back to ours. Black people always voted in Kansas City. There was no segregation on buses or streetcars, and I never saw a sign in Kansas City that said "Colored Only" or "White Only." It was almost as if school segregation were some historical leftover—like the fact that one of the poorest parts of Missouri, the southwest corner, has always voted Republican because its residents are descendants of people who voted Republican in Tennessee in the middle of the nineteenth century. Still, I suspect that most adults could name the streets that formed the borders between where black people lived and where white people lived, and, I realized later, the only integrated restaurant in town was Bryant's barbecue. It was integrated because it was a black restaurant that white people couldn't stay out of.

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The Southwest High School band came by not far behind the F.F.A. officers. It was mostly black. The parade contingent from Northeast, our old crosstown football rivals, revealed what seemed to be a rather lumpy pattern of integration—a black military-drill team followed by a white group of pom-pom girls followed by a black group of flag carriers followed by black cowgirl prancers followed by a white pep-squad group followed by a mostly black band. Under the Kansas City, Missouri, school-integration plan—which was finally adopted by the Kansas City School District in 1977, after twenty years or so of integration by attendance zone and some voluntary busing—Lincoln, which is where the black mayoral candidates at High School Day in City Hall came from, became a magnet school, offering a number of special programs. It became best known for some fancy steppers who go by the name of the Marching Twenty-third Street Cobras. The Cobras are so good that they sometimes have to appear at drill competitions as a special attraction rather than as an entry, because no one wants to compete against them. Their slogan is "A fast, swift snake." Some of their steps are actually choreographed by the kids themselves and then named after their inventors, so that the Cobras have in their repertoire the Troy Step and the Smith Special. They have been sent to bowl-game parades a couple of times through public-funds appeals, and it is not unusual to hear of them entertaining at a party held in a place like the Kansas City Country Club. When the Cobras pranced by me, doing perfectly synchronized jazz steps from one side of the street to the other, a good section of the crowd around me simply peeled off and followed them for the rest of the parade.

The Cobras had taken part the year before in an American Royal project I was sorry to have missed. Under the sponsorship of the Contemporary Art Society, a Catalan sculptor named Antoni Miralda, who specializes in festival art, came to Kansas City to try his hand at the American Royal. Miralda doesn't look anything like the sort of artist whose paintings were sold at the Western Art Auction and Sale. He tends to appear in multicolored billowing silks of various shapes, a cape, and a pigtail. He also has an approach to art that is markedly different from portrayers of cattle roundups and bucking broncos and noble-looking Indian scouts. As part of his

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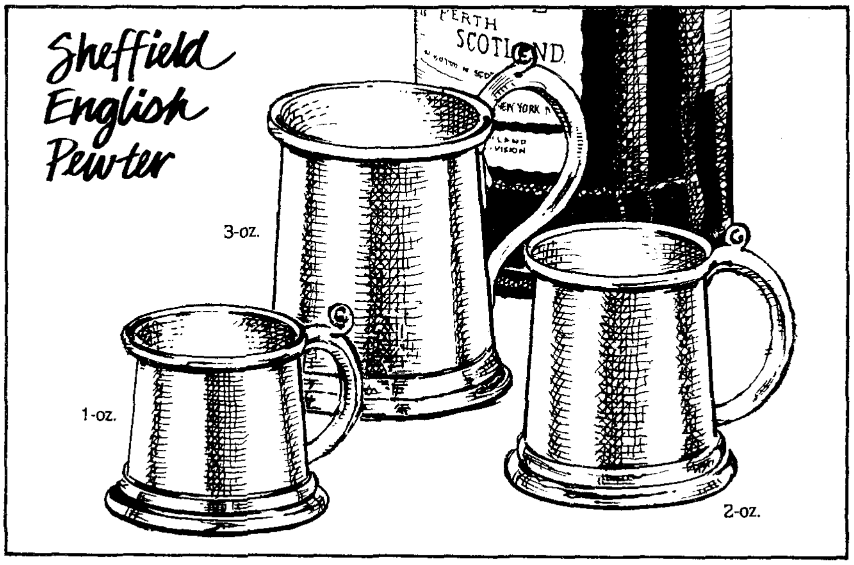

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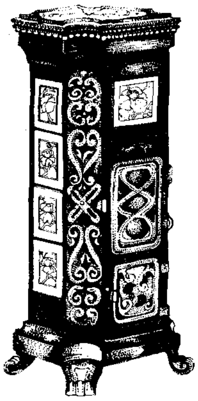
Wheat and Steak project for the Royal, for instance, he went to the trading floor at the Board of Trade and built a wall of various-colored loaves of bread. In the American Royal parade, the Wheat and Steak section included huge combines decorated to look like scarecrows, the Marching Twenty-third Street Cobras sashaying down the street carrying giant forks and knives and silk-screened replicas of pork chops, and, as the centerpiece, a huge American Royal crown that had a sheep's head and a cow's head and a pig's body extending from it. The crown was made from, among other materials, ten thousand corncobs and fourteen thousand pounds of lard.

I read in clippings from the *Star* that some people were less enthusiastic than they might have been about Wheat and Steak, because they were afraid Miralda was poking fun at them, but when I talked to Miralda in New York a few months later he struck me as an enthusiastic Kansas City booster—someone the Chamber of Commerce might think of sending around to New York editors next time it wants to make a pitch. I suspect that his normal costume may have turned a head or two on Main Street, but everyone I talked to in Kansas City seemed to have enjoyed having him around. I had a look at the tape of the KCMO television coverage of the parade that Miralda's work appeared in, and I noticed that Bill Harsh—an American Royal board member who always does the color commentary for the parade—said of Miralda after the Wheat and Steak section had passed, "He's a great artist, and he's a super guy."

WHEN a Royal booster is discussing the American Royal at some event that seems a bit spiffy for a livestock show—at a débutante party, for instance, or at an evening at the horse show that features carefully costumed rich girls jumping expensive horses over hurdles—he is likely to say that the real American Royal can be found in the cattle barns, where farm kids are camped out in cots next to the steers they've raised. The notion that a farm boy or a farm girl can patiently and lovingly raise an animal that becomes a Grand Champion—and sells for enough money to finance a good part of a college education—is a reaffirmation of how pluck and diligence can be wondrously rewarded. I suppose my interest in the steer show may have something to do with early ex-



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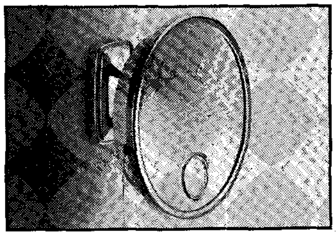

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posure to those tales of teen-age triumph—a triumph recorded on the front page of the *Star* with the picture of a proud farm boy standing next to a barrel-shaped little Angus steer. When I went to see the steers weighed in for the Royal steer show last fall, I was aware that the entries were likely to resemble the fat steers I remember only in that many of them contained some Angus blood to give them the shiny black coat that judges seem to like. Still, I was astonished at the size of the steers. A market steer is also called a calf sometimes, but that word seemed insufficient for the sort of animals I saw being led to the scales—huge beasts that could weigh thirteen hundred pounds and stand nearly five feet at the hip. I had assumed that the huge black animals whose pictures I had seen as Grand Champions in newspaper clippings represented one type of steer that was shown these days; as it turned out, that was the look of practically every one of the two hundred steers being weighed in for the show. Farm kids, like television producers, tend to try what seems to have succeeded in the past. Some of the kids appeared to be leading their steers, and some of the steers seemed to be dragging the kids along, like a locomotive that carries along a tree branch for a couple of miles.

The criteria for judging steers are quite specific. A prize-winning steer is supposed to have just the right amount of fat—some four-tenths of an inch of fat cover at the twelfth rib—and the right thickness of loin and back and the appropriate soundness of legs. I learned that during the steer judging from Travis (Dusty) Rich, the president of the Polled Hereford Association, in answer to my comment that they all looked alike to me. I tend to be skeptical about how well the judges of anything that is regularly judged—show dogs or French wine or enormous black steers—can actually tell the contestants apart. The steers had been divided, more or less by size and weight, into classes of fifteen or twenty. Rich, to my amazement, was able to predict with remarkable accuracy what the judge would do as he "roughed out the class" into approximately the order of finish. I asked Rich about the meat in the steers we were watching, and he said most of it would probably grade Good or Standard.

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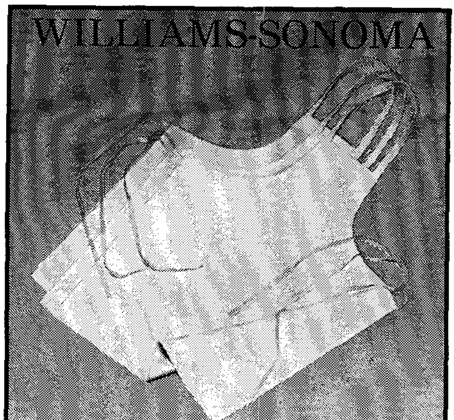

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rump. Then he takes the microphone to do the "reasoning" as the class parades past him out of the ring—the first twelve finishers pausing to pick up a ribbon from somebody like the Kansas Junior Livestock Association Queen. "He's got a lot of profile and eye appeal," the judge would say as the steers filed past him. "He's a calf we'd like to see deeper in his quarter. . . . He has got a good top on him. . . . We'd like to see him blend a bit better from front to rear. . . . This one should be a tad deeper in the quarter. . . . This one's pretty fresh; I'd like to see a little more body in him. . . . He's awful piggy up front. . . . Some of these steers, I feel like, are just a little bit rough-made. . . . A bit bare and green in his finish."

The F.F.A. championship went to a steer shown by Darla Harrel, a junior at Oklahoma State. The next day, the champion 4-H steer was named—a steer shown by Rickie Vogel, an eighth grader from Hereford, Texas. Darla's steer was mainly Chianina and Limousin. Rickie's was a Chianina-Angus cross. If I had been asked to explain the difference, I would have said that Rickie's steer had a slightly brown tint to it, but the judge who had to decide between them spent some time studying a number of other points. Finally, he slapped Rickie Vogel's steer—the new Grand Champion steer of the American Royal. During the reasoning, the judge said that Rickie's steer was "expressively muscled," and then, alluding briefly to the grumbling that had brought about some changes in the procedures, he said of the two champions, "I definitely won't speculate whether they will or will not grade Choice."

The romance of the lonely steer-raiser—the farm kid who cares for and grooms his steer and tries to hold back the tears as the Grand Champion money comes in and the steer is led off to slaughter—started to fade for me a bit when I asked how the winners had come by their steers. What are shown at places like the American Royal, it turns out, are not calves raised for market but animals called club calves, which are bought specifically to be raised as show steers. Rickie had paid much more for the Grand Champion as a small calf than a full-grown steer would sell for at market. A family that is interested in steer showing and has three or four kids might have a dozen show steers around at any given time—going from show to show on a sort of

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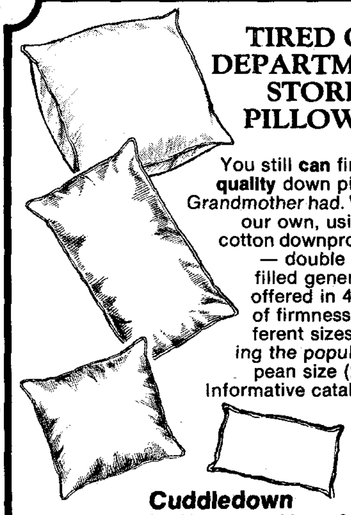

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circuit. The Harrels and the Vogels, in fact, knew each other from other shows. Another steer of Darla's had actually beaten Rickie's American Royal Grand Champion at another show the previous spring. Both families have any number of champion ribbons. "It teaches them how to win and lose, and it teaches them how to handle themselves," Darla's father said of showing steers. That's probably true, but it's also what parents of rich girls in riding costumes always say about the horse-show circuit. Being familiar with the effort that people will put into a barbecue rig or Oldsmobile clubs, I suppose I should have known better than to think that the American Royal itself could be won by some kid who just happened to take particularly good care of a handsome steer he had become attached to. At least I didn't have to worry about Rickie Vogel's college education riding on the efforts of Eddie Williams to stir up interest in the Royal steer sale during a recession year. One of Rickie's brothers sold a Grand Champion at a show in Houston in 1981 for a hundred and twelve thousand dollars. Part of that presumably belongs to Rickie: For their steer showing, he and two of his brothers formed a corporation.

THE Southwest High School marching band, I found out, was a fair reflection of the racial composition of the school. Southwest, which was all-white by law when I went there and overwhelmingly white as late as the middle seventies, had become seventy-five per cent black under the busing plan that was finally adopted by the Kansas City School District. Oddly, the neighborhoods in the area of Southwest did not seem changed at all. The grander houses of the Country Club District, some of which look like country clubs themselves, are still on any Chamber of Commerce tour of Kansas City. So, of course, are the boulevards and fountains. So is the shopping district, the Country Club Plaza. So, I hope, is the mansion-type home once lived in by Berl Berry. The block after block of comfortable middle-class houses still reflects a strong urge toward regular trim-and-gutter maintenance. The simpler bungalows of a district called Waldo—in my day, the source of those Southwest students whose after-graduation plans might have been pumping gas rather than going on to State—still looked the same; the most jarring change I noticed in Waldo

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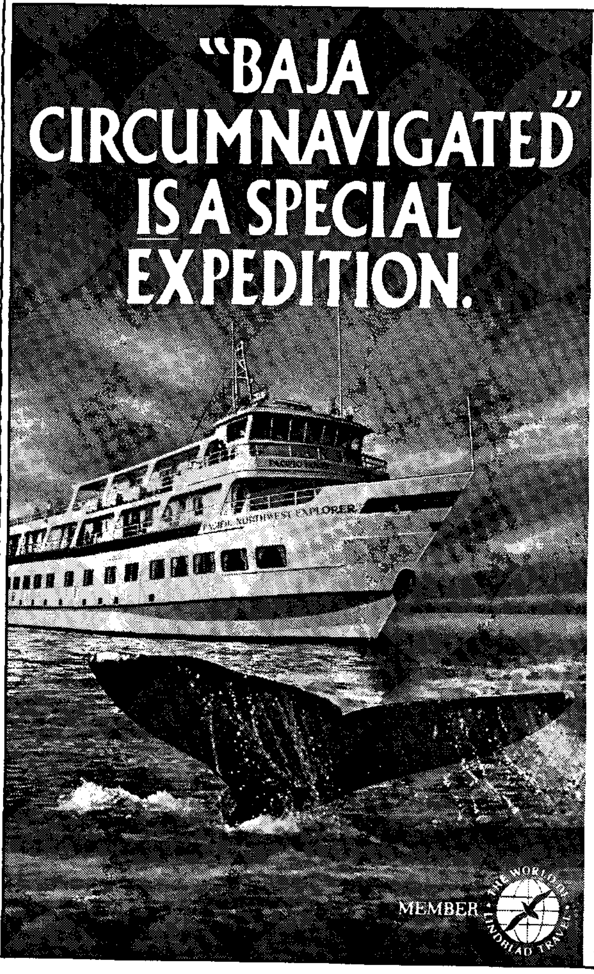

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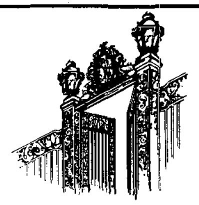

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was the transformation of the old movie house into a dinner theatre called the Waldo Astoria. A lot of respectable-looking white families still file in for services every Sunday at the Country Club Christian Church. Driving around the southwest part of town, I saw no black people except those going in and out of schools. I suppose some of the people who live in the area send their children to private schools. I suppose some of them are young couples with no school-age children or older couples who have grown children—my classmates, maybe, raising their own families a few miles, or even a few blocks, away, in Johnson County, Kansas.

The movement of people from the Southwest part of Kansas City into Johnson County was accelerated by school integration (when I was in town in 1968 to write about the fair-housing ordinances, the elementary schools in the district already had some bused-in black students, and it was said that real-estate agents preferred to show houses on weekends, to guard against the possibility of a prospective buyer being frightened across the state line by the sight of a black third grader) and by other school problems, such as the effects of two long and bitter strikes by teachers. Still, the move to Kansas had begun years before people envisioned the day when Southwest High School would be seventy-five per cent black. Cities the size of Kansas City are constantly shifting themselves around. Since I left town, the name of the street delineating the southern end of the black neighborhood had constantly changed, as one redoubt or another fell under the steady move south. A lot of white people—maybe some of those in the southeast part of town who saw the blacks approaching, maybe some who simply wanted a spanking-new house—settled north of the Missouri River, in an area that hadn't been residential when I was growing up. As the people I had gone to high school with moved farther and farther south and west, a number of white people resettled an area of town that had once been fashionable and was considered decrepit during my childhood. It was like some huge game of musical houses. I have always imagined that somebody comes to collect the houses left over when an entire city has rearranged itself, and quietly disposes of them somewhere in a house graveyard. Just about every new neighborhood—neighborhoods to the south in both Kansas and Missouri,

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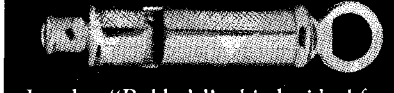

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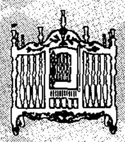

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neighborhoods north of the river—had its own school district, so by the time an integration plan was finally approved Kansas City, Missouri, alone had thirteen separate school districts. Only one of them—the original Kansas City School District—had a significant number of black children. All of which explains why a high school in a white neighborhood of a city whose black population is less than thirty per cent—or less than fifteen per cent if the Kansas suburbs are counted—ends up seventy-five per cent black.

Or does it? I still find it difficult to figure out exactly how much is explained by the lines that crisscross America—school-district borders and county lines and city limits (sometimes, as in the case of Kansas City, hopping over another city and beginning again on the other side). I don't mean that they're accidental. I think it's safe to assume that the people who establish a separate school district in an all-white neighborhood are aware of how little integration can take place within an independent school district that has no black students. The lines often do seem arbitrary, though—a way to avoid small inconveniences ("I'm afraid that's out of our jurisdiction, sir; you'd have to see the county about that") and large ones ("I'm sorry, but our town zoning laws do not permit large blocks of low-cost housing"). The permanence of the lines depends on how much pressure there is from the outside. Twenty years ago, for instance, it was taken for granted—by Presidential candidates, by Congress, by people who tried to explain the United States to foreigners—that within the state lines of Mississippi duly elected state officials had the right to deny the franchise to every single black person in the state, no matter how deplorable that might be. When the national pressure to change that became strong enough, the lines suddenly had no meaning. The question of whether town lines that prevent low-cost housing within the town are permanent is still being argued in the courts. It is clear that the national pressure for school integration is not strong enough to erase the sort of school lines that exist in an area like metropolitan Kansas City—partly because most people with any influence find themselves on the comfortable side of one school line or another.

When white people in Kansas City mention my old high school, they often use the same phrase: "It's a shame about Southwest." Articles have been

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written in the newspapers and the local magazines about the sad state of a school whose glories were once the pride of Kansas City—distinguished alumni, an extraordinary percentage of graduates going on to college, a national academic reputation. As I was reading the stories on the golden era of Southwest, it began to occur to me that they didn't seem to be describing the high school I went to. I remember it as an amiable, homogeneous place with a core of dedicated teachers working within a curriculum that was not much more ambitious than the one the F.F.A. kids find at the local consolidated high school—a place where French seemed to consist of making "Joyeux Noël" booklets under the guidance of a teacher who may have been monolingual herself, and where the teacher of a sort of cut-rate biology course called Human Science solemnly taught us that colored people smelled different from white people. ("Not better or worse," he said, with Kansas City fairness. "Just different.") It may be true that ninety per cent of the graduates went on to college, but virtually all of them went to state colleges that had no serious admissions standards, and most of them were there not because they had been imbued with a thirst for knowledge but because State was where the child of a sales rep or a dentist normally spent the years following high school. The only source I could discover in the *Star's* clipping library for the notion that Southwest had a national academic ranking was a story some years ago in the *Ladies' Home Journal* about the twenty-five best high schools around the country, and my vision of how that list was compiled includes remarks like "Hey, Lenny, we need one in the Midwest. You know anybody in Iowa, maybe, or Missouri?" The ranking that Southwest enjoyed in those golden years seems to get higher every time I go home. Before long, the high school I went to is going to sound like Exeter.

Still, it was an amiable place. I liked it. I don't remember it as Exeter, but I remember it fondly. Because of that, some of my high-school friends thought I might find a visit to Southwest dispiriting. They had heard that the physical deterioration of the building was appalling. They had heard—they had read, in some cases—that students wandered the halls during class and that discipline had disappeared. When I said I was going back to visit the old school, one of them just

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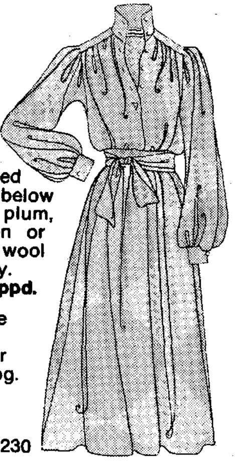

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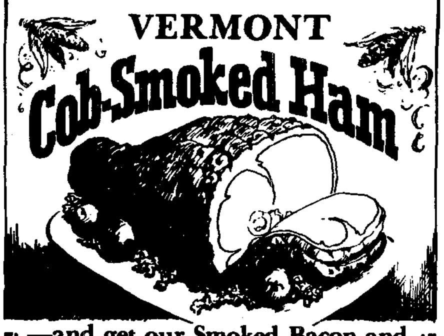

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shook his head and said, "Better take a weapon."

As it turned out, I didn't need one. Southwest has had some rough passages since integration—there have been academic years, apparently, when I would in fact have seen students roaming the halls instead of sitting in classrooms—but the only person roaming the halls the morning I went there was me. The building looked a lot better than it had when I was a student. There are obviously a lot of underprepared students at Southwest and a lot fewer classes that are run with the assumption that everyone in them is heading for college. Integration seems to be as lumpy at Southwest as I took it to be at Northeast, with activities either basically white or basically black. I don't doubt that Southwest has serious problems, but the present-day Southwest turned out to be no closer to the descriptions I had heard of it than the Southwest described in articles about its golden era was to the high school I went to. I met students who reminded me of the people I knew in high school, and I suspect that their education does not differ as much as everyone in Kansas City assumes it does from the one we received in the days when laurels were bestowed on us by the *Ladies' Home Journal*. They must know more French. I'm not certain why white people in Kansas City tend to assume that Southwest is an unmitigated disaster. Some of them may believe that the presence of any significant number of black people is automatically disastrous. A lot of them probably don't like to think too much about the institutions left on the wrong side of the line.

AT the cocktail party that preceded the American Royal steer sale, I didn't see anybody I had seen in the arena when Rickie Vogel's steer was named Grand Champion. The cocktail party was made up of Royal boosters rather than Royal participants. A lot of the men wore tweed sports coats and Stetson hats that were nearly covered with tacks signifying attendance at one event or another of the Saddle and Sirloin Club. The cocktail party was in a room in the Royal Building, just upstairs from the livestock pens. The Queen of the American Royal, an F.F.A. Sweetheart who goes to college in Tennessee, was there, wearing her crown. Charts showing the retail cuts of a lamb were still taped to the walls; many of the

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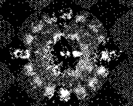

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same people had been there the previous day for the wine-and-cheese party preceding the lamb auction.

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"You won't see him here," one of the Royal supporters at the party said when I asked if he had spoken to Tom Williams lately. "Not that he's not invited." Half an hour later, though, Williams showed up. He was dressed a bit more formally than the Saddle and Sirloin types. He had on a blue suit with a light pinstripe in it, a white shirt, a striped tie, and a gold bracelet. His wife was with him, and so was his cattle buyer, Rudy Pinter. They didn't mix much. Williams looked around a bit, and smiled, and said, "Well, this could be interesting."

A few minutes before the sale was set to begin, a Royal official led Williams and some of the other big spenders through the cattle barns and into the sales arena by way of a back door. "It's only taken me a hundred thousand dollars to get a good seat here," Williams said, rather cheerfully. Within a few minutes, the arena was full. Beneath the auctioneer's stand, the floor of the pen where each steer would be displayed had been covered with green wood chips. At five-thirty, George Morse, a noted cattle auctioneer, took his place at the microphone, and his ring men went to stand

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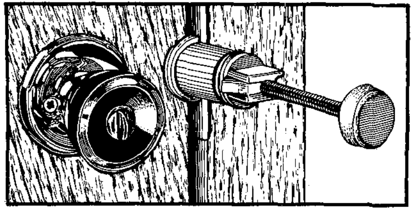

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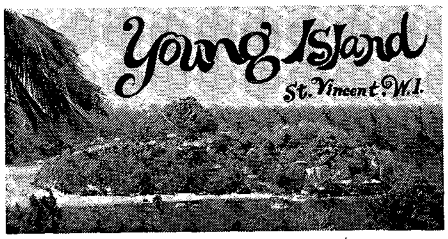

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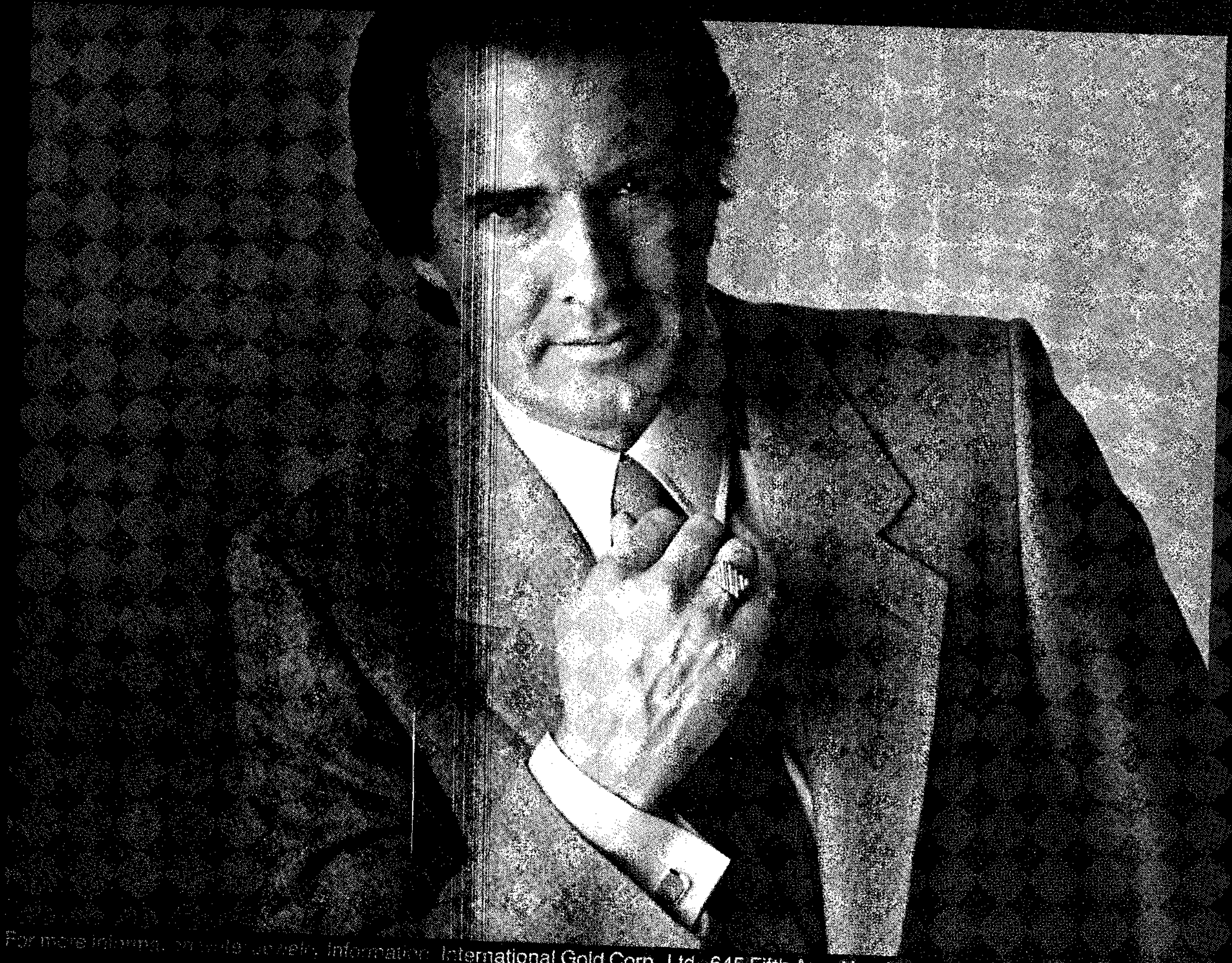

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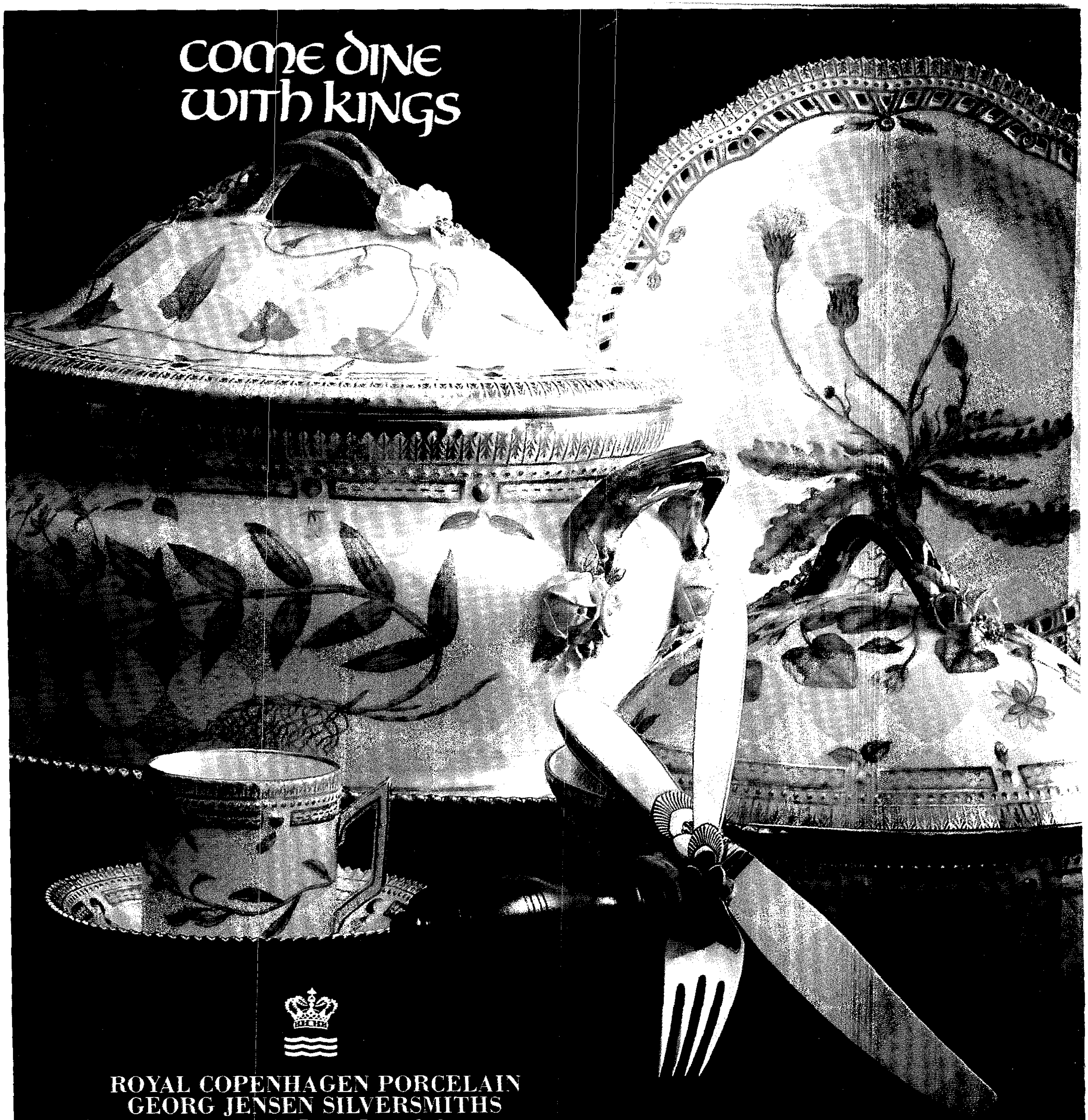

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just outside the iron fence of the display pen. Morse is an impressive-looking man with a black mustache tinged with gray and an elegant way of dressing that includes just a touch of the Western. I had seen him auction art at the Royal's Western Art Auction and Sale, and even there his style owed nothing to Parke-Bernet. To spot the bids from the audience, cattle auctioneers use ring men who tend to be dressed in tweed sports coats and twill pants and ties and Stetsons. Ordinarily, the ring men are advertising salesmen for livestock publications; ringmen services are thrown in with a cattle-sale advertisement. The ring men stand poised, almost on tiptoe, peering out into the crowd for a bid they can bring to the auctioneer's attention. Each of them has his own style. At the art auction, one of them seemed to yell "Yeah, yeah, yeah" constantly. Another gave sudden ragged whoops, as if one of the exceedingly noble-looking Indians in the Western paintings had just turned from noble to savage and swooped down on a wagon train. Another one occasionally shouted out phrases like "Whataya talkin' about!" and "Don't you worry a minute!" Morse, meanwhile, hurried on in a rhythmic chant that was occasionally replaced suddenly by a sincere discussion of value, done in a contrasting drawl. Barrelling along on the auctioning of an oil painting, with his ring men yelping in front of him, Morse would suddenly pause, look long and hard at his audience, and say, "I just did an auction in Dallas, and a picture like this . . . well, I won't tell what it brought, but it brought a bunch." Then he'd be off again. A cattle auctioneer doesn't end his auction with a measured "Going once, going twice." He might pause, as if about to launch into an explanation of what the breeding of this particular animal really means, and then suddenly tap his gavel on the lectern and say abruptly, "Sold the bull." It's what George Morse calls "pulling the string on 'em."

"We want you to have fun," Morse said. "We want you to be free in your spending habits, and we want you to send the boys and girls home happy." Morse introduced some people in the audience—including Tom Williams, as the man who had bought the Grand Champion the previous year, and Eddie Williams, as the man who had paid more for a Grand Champion than anyone else in the history of the Roy-

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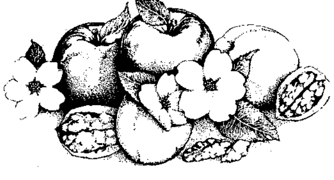
al—and then explained the rules about the floor price and the arrangements for designating a butcher if the steer was being kept and the system for paying for the purchase. Then Rickie Vogel came out with his steer—brushed and combed and blow-dried and dusted with silver sprinkles. After an award or two, George Morse entertained bids for the Grand Champion steer.

Tom Williams and Eddie Williams bid a dollar a pound simultaneously. Eddie Williams, I was told, had been authorized to go as high as ten thousand dollars by a consortium of Kansas City business interests he had put together—H & R Block and the Yellow Freight System and E. F. Hutton and the First National Bank and the Boyle Meat Company. As the bidding crept up from a dollar a pound, Tom Williams just sat there, looking a bit bored. Rudy Pinter was silent. One of the ring men kept looking over at them, his arm half raised in anticipation. It occurred to me that Tom Williams might get a kick out of letting the boosters assume that he would always buy the steer after all and then not bidding past a dollar a pound. At about seven dollars a pound, the bidding seemed to dry up, and Morse asked the Queen to step up and take the steer around the pen for a while—a task she did with every indication of having handled such duties before. "Don't you think we ought to have a little more money, and don't you think we know where we ought to get it?" Morse said, staring right at Tom Williams. Tom Williams was sitting with his chin in his hand, looking uninterested.

Finally, whoops from the ring men indicated that the bidding had started up again, but I couldn't tell where it was coming from. Then, suddenly, it was over. George Morse said the steer had been sold, and for a second I didn't know to whom. At the last moment, as it turned out, Rudy Pinter had indicated with a nod or a blink that he was outbidding the consortium of businessmen. Tom Williams had bought the Grand Champion again—this time for just short of fifteen thousand dollars.

There was polite applause. Tom Williams smiled, and then got up to step outside the sales arena, where he was going to pose with the Grand Champion and have a word or two with the man from the *Star*. As he started to leave, he turned to Rudy Pinter with what seemed to be an af-



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terthought. "Rudy," he said. "Go ahead and buy the Reserve, too."

SOME months after I returned from Kansas City, I read that Kathy Whitmire, the Mayor of Houston, had launched a campaign to rid her city of its image as a cowtown. Houston! During Kansas City's glamour-city days, Houston had been one of the acknowledged models. The Prime Timers must have been more stunned by the story than I was: It was as if a shy teen-aged boy had spent years trying to emulate a seemingly suave and debonair older cousin only to discover that the older cousin was, in his heart of hearts, terrified of girls. A quote from Mayor Whitmire had a familiar glamour-city ring. She said that people who identified Houston with cowboys didn't seem to know about such attractions as its world-renowned contemporary architecture and its opera. It was only a matter of time, I figured, before some of those down-home Texas millionaires began to resent being told that cowboy boots would not be appropriate dress for the ballet benefit. Sooner or later, Mayor Whitmire would have to repudiate her anti-cow notions in front of the Rotary Club, and then Houston would start arguing about which city really had the right to call itself World Food Capital. In that event, of course, I would defend my home town. I might point out, for instance, that something like eighty per cent of the country's purebred cattle are registered in the Kansas City area, since both the American Hereford Association and the American Polled Hereford Association (not to speak of the American-International Charolais Association, which recently moved from Houston) are right in town, and the American Angus Association is in St. Joe—which, thanks to the dome-building of the early seventies, can now be spoken of as just on the other side of the airport. When it comes to being a cowtown, we were there first.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

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[*From the Calendar News of McCarter Theatre Company, in Princeton, N.J.*]

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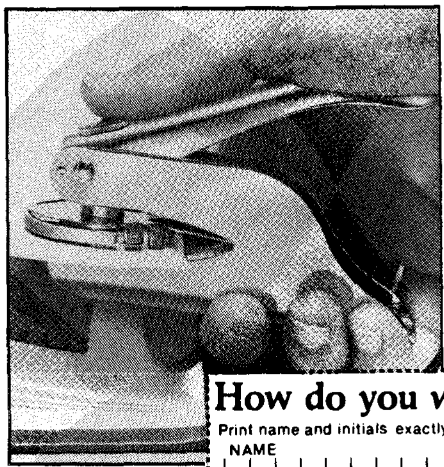

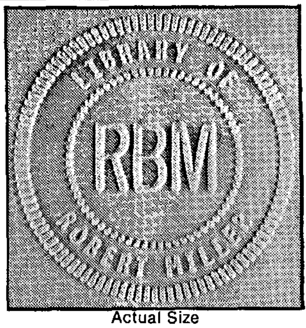

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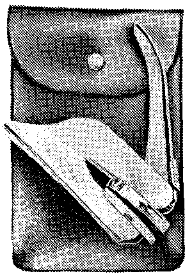

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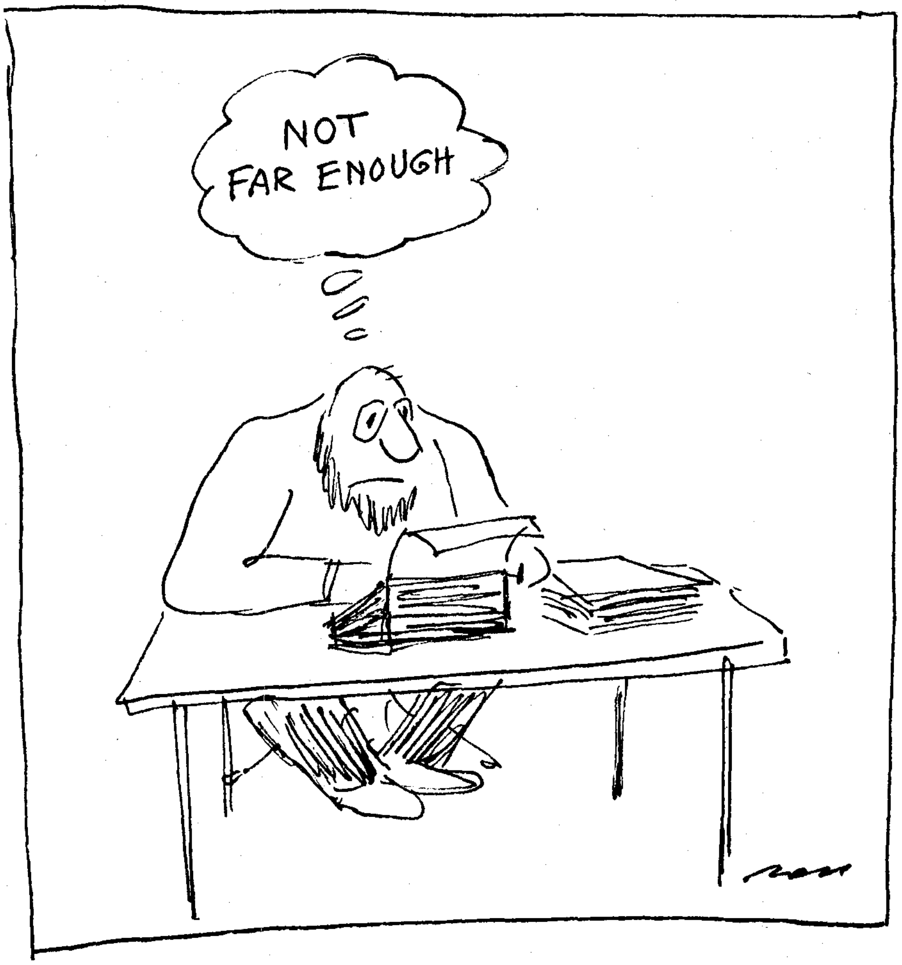
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

"SUPERSTITIONS" and "The Sad Lament of Pecos Bill on the Eve of Killing His Wife," imports from California that will be at La Mama through October 2nd, are one-acters in which the haunting, funny, enchanting words of Sam Shepard are combined with the music of a group called the Overtones. In "Superstitions," a man and a woman—Mark Petrakis and O-lan Shepard—speak and act out the words in a desultory fashion, skipping from one topic to the next, some of them indeed having to do with superstitions, as he or she picks up and plays a flute, a saxophone, a guitar, or a mouth organ, among other instruments, and as Catherine Stone, the composer and musical director, accompanies them on the piano. So mysterious and loose and free-form is the piece's construction that the audience seems to be entering the stream of consciousness of the most original humorous poet in the American theatre at his most personal.

"Pecos Bill," with lyrics by Mr. Shepard and music by Miss Stone, is an operetta about the first cowboy and his wife, Sluefoot Sue, whom he killed by allowing her to ride his horse, which threw her fifty feet, so she "cracked the sky and had to duck the moon." Here the songs are melodic and traditional, but the arrangements are modern and come in all varieties of jazz and blues. They are sung to perfection by Mr. Petrakis and Mrs. Shepard, to the accompaniment of four instrumentalists and Miss Stone, again at the piano. At the opening, Pecos Bill enters dragging behind him the body of Sluefoot Sue, lying on a mattress on the back of some gigantic insect or animal. She jumps down and joins him in his lament for the passing of his own legend and of the Old West that nurtured it, filling in his descriptions of his exploits, when "we did it all by hand." "Why," he asks, "is we both dyin' on this land?" Here we meet again the early Sam Shepard, repeating in a fresh and economical way the theme that has commanded his attention from the beginning of his career. "The Sad Lament of Pecos Bill" is a small, delightful show, and I hope it will be recorded. Set by Karen Schulz, lighting by Anne Militello, and costumes by Rita Yovino.



THE STORY THUS FAR

IN Andrei Serban's production of "Uncle Vanya," the entire roomy space of the La Mama Annex is given over to the action, which takes place on many levels; there is, so to speak, no stage, and the audience is seated around three edges of the floor. When, near the end, the professor (James Cahill) delivers his speech about selling the estate, he does so from a lectern, as if he were addressing his students in a lecture hall. The actors scurry upstairs and down—to balconies, and even into what looks like a conversation pit, at what risk to themselves God knows. "Uncle Vanya" hangs on the actor playing Astrov as much as any "Othello" hangs on the Iago. Since Astrov in this instance is played by F. Murray Abraham, we are in safe hands, as we are also, of course, with the Vanya of Joseph Chaikin—roly-poly, clownish, funny, ridiculous, and, with an inner dignity, pathetic. The beautiful Yelyena of Diane Venora is as young as, and far more volatile than, her stepdaughter, Sonya; she's bored, of course, and bitchy, but never languid. Frances Conroy, last seen here as the vibrant Mags of "Painting Churches," actually manages to make herself plain as well as sad and Spartan as Sonya. She opens the proceedings, by the way, walking on with book in hand, like Hamlet, and reading a portion of her closing ("We must work . . .") speech. There are any number of odd and/or effective touches: Mohammad Ghaffari, as Tyelyegin, strums a balalaika as he whirls and whirls, and that, along with the playing of Italian arias on the phonograph, takes any sentimentality out of the foolish, touching love scenes.

Every Serban production is chancy; either it works or it doesn't. His conception of "Uncle Vanya" is eccentric, to say the least, and though I don't think it does much for (or against) Chekhov it is moment-by-moment engaging (in spite of an inexcusably dull translation, by Jean-Claude van Itallie). It rushes along to a running time of only an hour and forty-five minutes. What anyone who is unfamiliar with the play would make of it I cannot imagine.

“A Weekend near Madison,” by Kathleen Tolan, at the Astor Place, is about a reunion of friends, some of whom have not seen one another since they were young, presumably in the sixties. The action, such as it is, takes place in the country house in Wisconsin of a psychiatrist and his wife. His brother, a painter given to long speeches on sculpture and other branches of art, has come on a visit from Philadelphia, and so has a rock singer who once had an affair with the painter and has now switched allegiances to become a militant lesbian, bringing her new lover—a rather funny Southern girl—along. As the play runs its course, a patient of the psychiatrist commits suicide, and he wallows in guilt; the wife confesses to her painter brother-in-law that she has become barren because of a botched abortion; the brother-in-law tells her that he and the woman he has been living with have broken up, and also reads an outstandingly fatuous letter from his mother, who has retired to an ashram in India; and the rock singer, heady with the success of a concert that she has just given and apparently oblivious of her devastating effect on both men—the psychiatrist seems to want to punch her in the nose, and the painter is depressed by her—persuades her former lover to attempt to father a child for her. (No go.)

“A Weekend near Madison” doesn’t add up to much of a play, but Miss Tolan (herself a good actress) has created in the lesbian rock singer an entertaining (and cheerful) character, on top of the world and seemingly unaware of the feelings of everybody else. She is an original comic invention, and she is played to the hilt, with bold rakishness, by Mary McDonnell. The other characters, plaintive, low-spirited types (except for the lesbian’s new lover), tend more to monologues than to conversation. The actors do pretty well by them, though; Randle Mell, as the put-upon painter and former lover, does very well.

—Edith Oliver

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HOW’S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin*]

Glenn said children entering kindergarten this fall must have reached fifth grade before Jan. 1, 1984.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Summer Sampling

JANÁČEK's fourth opera, "Osud" ("Fate"), composed in 1905, after "Jenůfa," has been much neglected. Even in Janáček-thirsty Britain—where there have been isolated performances of the early "Šárka" and "The Beginning of a Romance," and the six other pieces have been played in repertory—"Osud" has had only a BBC studio production, in 1972, and the concert performance that opened London's South Bank Summer Music in August. The latter roused its audience (which included the directors of several opera companies) to such a peak of enthusiasm that a stage production cannot be far off.

Not without reason, the libretto—drafted by the composer in prose and sent in installments to a twenty-year-old schoolmistress to be turned into "Pushkinesque verse"—has hitherto been found daunting. Desmond Shawe-Taylor, in a famous pioneering article on Janáček (*Proceedings of the Royal Musical Association*, 1958-59), suggested a British analogue to its action. Transported to America, it could run:

> Imagine Horatio Parker explaining to his composition class at Yale that the subject of his new opera derives from an amorous episode that took place many years before at Saratoga Springs. As the climax of the story is reached, there is a nasty storm over the Green, and poor Parker falls unconscious into the arms of his illegitimate son, now one of his pupils. Between them, the storm and recollected emotion have been too much for the old boy.

That corresponds to Act III, which at the opera's first performance (Brno, 1958) and in the BBC production was divided into two, and framed Acts I and II, making them flashbacks. Act I takes place at Luhačovice Spa. There are lively, glittering crowd scenes. The composer Živný and the beautiful Míla meet, and her first words to him when they are alone—"Have you come for your child?"—epitomize the laconic style of a libretto in which much is left unexplained. Act II is a domestic scene. Míla and Živný's son plays and prattles. Živný tears some pages from the score of the opera he has written about Míla, for now he feels he was unjust to her. At the end of the act, Míla's mother, who has gone mad, throws herself from the balcony, taking Míla with her.

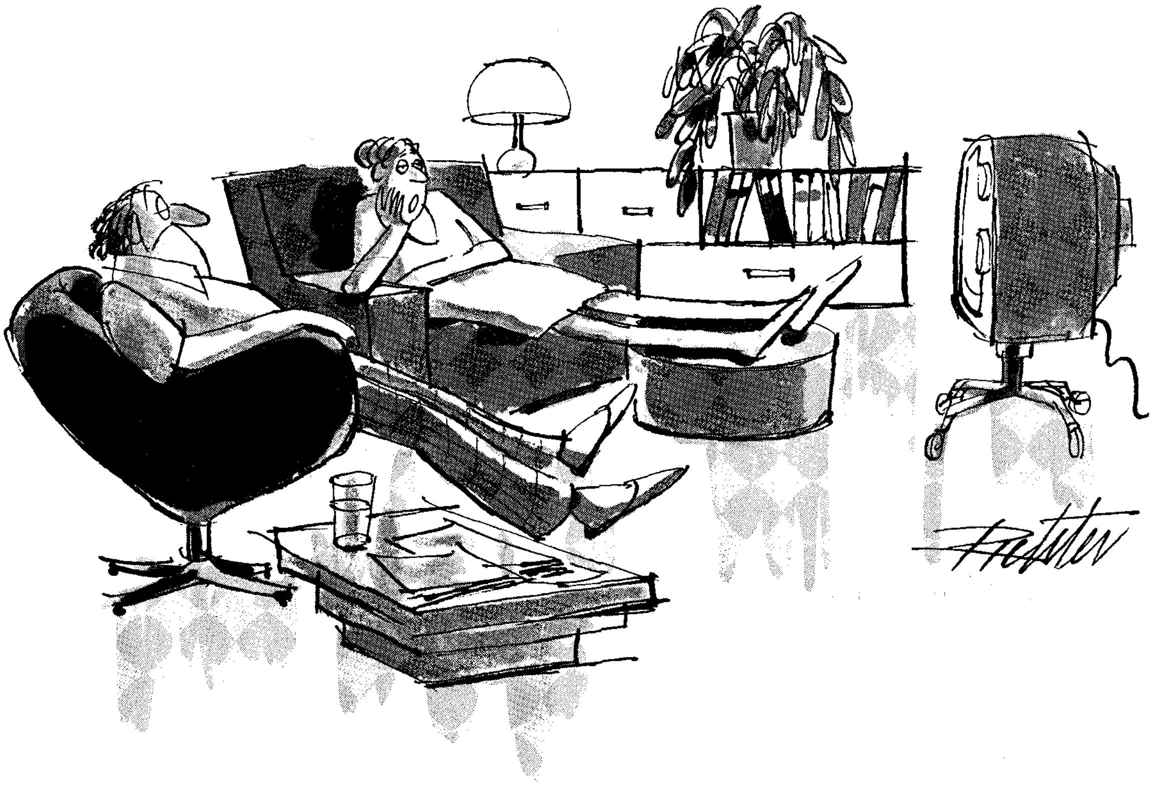
The Janáček operas that first conquered the world were "Jenůfa" and "Kát'a Kabanová," whose plots are realistic and romantic. But now that "Mr. Brouček," the "Vixen," "Makropulos," and "The House of the Dead," whose dramaturgy is altogether unconventional, are widely performed, there seems no reason successful productions of "Osud" should not follow. The lines of the libretto may read naïvely, but the music is wonderful, and in thrilling fashion it lays bare the characters' thoughts and feelings. Under Simon Rattle's inspired direction, the music leaped, danced, and dazzled in the spa scenes; was now tender, now searing in Živný's monologues; and held its listeners spellbound. The London Sinfonietta filled every sharp-cut phrase with color and with quick, keen emotion. There was an excellent cast, led by Philip Langridge as Živný; Eilene Hannan as Míla; and Felicity Palmer as the mother.

THE English National Opera season opened with a blunt, heavy revival of its 1976 "Don Giovanni" and continued with a revival of last year's already celebrated "Rigoletto"—Jonathan Miller's version, "set in Little Italy, that part of New York under the control of the Mafia, in the 1950s," which has been very successful with the public. On the whole, I prefer Verdi's version. (The show comes to the Metropolitan in June, and comment on it can wait till then.) At a public dress rehearsal, I saw David Blake's "Toussaint," a colorful, ambitious, and arresting grand opera, commissioned by the English National, and first performed in 1977. I praised it in these pages that year, and this year admired again both the work and the prowess of the company.

At the National Theatre, there was a fizzy "Guys and Dolls," done with a crispness and scenic bravura to make the "Rigoletto" chorus work seem lame and some recent Broadway revivals ("On Your Toes," for one) seem dowdy. Opera was represented at the Proms by Rameau's "Hippolyte et Aricie" and Rossini's "La Cenerentola." The account of Rameau's passionate drama was disappointingly tame and cool but was distinguished by John Aler's freshly sung Hippolytus and Enid Hartle's trenchant Œnone. The "Cenerentola," from Glyndebourne, was at times carelessly sung and far too broad but was distinguished by Kathleen Kuhlmann's piquant, fluent, and accurate heroine.

BUXTON is a Derbyshire spa town—its waters famous since Roman times—with a fine eighteenth-century crescent, by John Carr of York; a grand nineteenth-century hotel, by Henry Currey; and a delightful Edwardian ivory-and-gold opera house, holding nine hundred, by Frank Matcham, whose "sumptuous interior" (Pevsner) was restored in 1979. The splendors of Chatsworth and the romance of Haddon Hall lie close at hand. The country around is beautiful. Buxton is a good festival place, and since 1979 it has had a summer festival, devised by the conductor Anthony Hose and the stage director Malcolm Fraser. Most years, there has been a festival "theme" figure: Walter Scott (represented operatically by "Lucia"), Shakespeare (Berlioz's "Béatrice" and Thomas's "Hamlet"), and David Garrick ("Il Matrimonio Segreto") in earlier years, and this year Boccaccio. The "Decameron" was read aloud—a tale on the hour for ten days. An exhibition included glowing Victorian images of "Decameron" scenes by way of Dryden, Keats, and Tennyson. Boccaccian divertissements brought settings by Italian madrigalists and Tennyson's tushery play "The Falcon." The operas were Vivaldi's "Griselda" and Gounod's "La Colombe."

Vivaldi—as the Dallas production of his "Orlando Furioso," three years ago, made plain—is an opera composer underrated and underperformed. His "Griselda" is a bewitching score: a chain of exquisitely beautiful arias, attractively varied in temper, delicately and subtly accompanied, which ravish the ear by their melodic felicity. The story of Griselda, patiently enduring abominable treatment from her husband, ends the "Decameron." It's an



“I know it's prime time, but somehow it just doesn't feel *like prime time.”*

• •

equivocal tale and—like much in Boccaccio—was evidently meant to be so. Petrarch, Chaucer, Hans Sachs, Lope de Vega, and many others made versions of it. Vivaldi used the much-set Apostolo Zeno libretto, touched up for him by Goldoni. It is a satisfactory and moving drama, and a more than adequate framework for the lovely music. The Buxton singers—led by Cynthia Buchan as Griselda and John Mitchinson as her husband—were not Baroque virtuosi, but they sang with a fresh, warm, honest response to the melodies and the emotions. “La Colombe” is a Boccaccio tale by way of La Fontaine, with all sting removed from the story by Gounod's librettists, Jules Barbier and Michel Carré. Federigo's falcon becomes a dove, and in this version the bird's life is spared. The opera, written for Baden-Baden in 1860 and revived by Diaghilev at Monte Carlo in 1924, is a trifle—a deft and pretty one, gracefully composed. The “punk” setting devised for it in Buxton was grotesquely inappropriate, but its charm survived.

Each year, Buxton also puts on a children's opera. Herbert Chappell's “James and the Giant Peach,” after the scary story by Roald Dahl, has an eclectic, clever score—in the manner, roughly, of Bernstein's “Mass”—and was done with great freshness, naturalness, and zest by its young cast.

MAURICIO KAGEL'S music-theatre piece “Mare Nostrum” was composed for the 1975 Berlin Festival. Since then, several German houses have taken it up. It had its British première this month, at the Institute of Contemporary Art, in London, in a very skillful new English translation by John Patrick Thomas:

> Excuse, o pue-blic. We mate many mistates of talking. We are survivors what was lovingly stuck together, the remaindereds. . . . We tell you travels we did . . .

The piece is subtitled “discovery, pacification, and conversion of the Mediterranean by a tribe from the Amazon.” It's a ninety-minute episode in Kagel's long, lively questioning of our listening habits—his long exploration of the understandings, half-understandings, and misunderstandings that can result when we encounter music of other ages or other cultures. This I.C.A. production, based on Hanover's, was directed by Peter Beat Wyrsch, director of the Pocket Opera in Nuremberg. (It brought Marschner's “Der Vampyr” to the Edinburgh Festival fringe a few years ago, and a surrealist “La Wally” to the Vale of Glamorgan Festival.) A hexagonal blue paddling pool represents the Mediterranean. Around it sit six elegantly clad instrumentalists (flute, oboe, guitar, harp, cello, percussion). A baritone, who is also the narrator, represents the leader of the Amazonian colonists. A countertenor plays the inhabitants of the various countries. Portugal, Spain, France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Israel are “subdued” in turn, and the work ends with a “belly dance of death” in the pool and a “primeval scream” from the conqueror.

It's a work easy to grow impatient with at first encounter—to dismiss as babyish, old-hat avant-gardism. I was tempted to do so, but found that the piece went on nagging at me and demanded to be seen and heard again. At a second encounter, its brief, brilliant inventions fell into place within a coherent whole. Both baritone and countertenor are required to play on a wide variety of Latin-American instruments, and Kagel puts both their shapes and their timbres to highly effective symbolic use. Two American singers active in Germany—Lorenz Minth the baritone, Mr. Thomas the countertenor—gave stunning performances, as singers, speakers, actors, mimes, and instrumentalists. The six young players, conducted by David Sawer, played their music and their occasional roles in the action with high accomplishment. “Mare Nostrum” is not merely a warning against too easy acceptance of the traditional fare offered by opera houses and concert halls but also a fascinating music-theatre adventure in its own right.

—ANDREW PORTER

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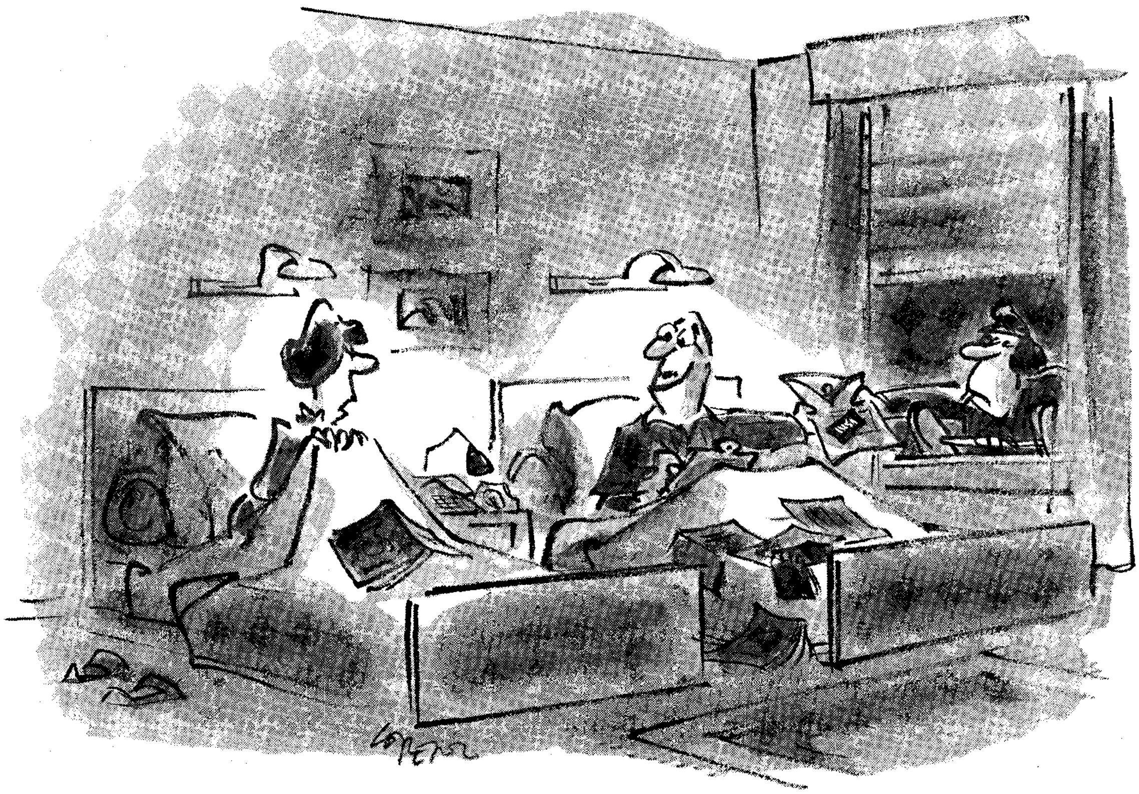
AROUND CITY HALL

ON THE ROAD

THE scene is familiar. A large share of the people at the party evidently wish they were somewhere else. You are encouraged to remember that they had other, grander plans, which didn't work out, mostly—as they spend much of the evening explaining—through no fault of their own. They will tell you whose fault it was. Since they are there, they will go through the motions of doing what people are expected to do at parties. If someone holding a camera hands out funny hats, they will put them on, wearing a big grin, but will stop grinning as soon as the camera moves away. Some of those on hand may offer a diversion by calling each other—or well-known figures who are not present—unpleasant names. Tempers tend to be short. Many of the company give the impression that their minds are on some future, surely more festive gathering. They may refer to the number of invitations they have had from other areas of the country as a reminder that their social life is not dependent on such boring local events. Anyone who has made it through a few such evenings would have felt at home in the corridors of City Hall during much of this year.

The three New York officials who were elected on a citywide basis, Mayor Edward Koch, Comptroller Harrison Goldin, and City Council President Carol Bellamy, along with their staffs and many of the people who have cast their political lot with this trio, have all had major political disappointments, which explains why they often don't seem to be having a high old time on the local political scene. Goldin, who when he was elected to the State Senate in 1965, at the age of twenty-nine, was the youngest senator in Albany history, is now serving his third term as comptroller, but his ambition to move on to some other office has been no secret. In 1974, in the annual musical satire put on by members of the City Hall press corps, a reporter playing the role of Goldin sang, "I'm Harrison J. Goldin, I am your boy comptroller, And when I'm four years older, I'll be your baby mayor." Belying the lyrics, Goldin ran for reëlection as comptroller in 1977 and, the following year, ventured into the state arena as a candidate for comptroller in Albany—a post that he could reasonably expect might lead to the governorship, or even, by one remarkable precedent, to higher office. Historians do not assign Millard Fillmore to the upper ranks of American Presidents, but he rates very well among comptrollers: he went directly from being New York State comptroller to the Vice-Presidency and from there to the White House. Contrary to most predictions, Goldin lost the 1978 race to the Republican candidate, Edward Regan, but that was not his only political disaster connected with that election. Several months later, serious questions were raised about his soliciting campaign funds from one of the owners of a company that, at about the same time, had been preparing to bid for the franchise to build bus shelters for the city. The charge was that the specifications drawn up by Goldin's office had been tailored to assure that the winning bidder would be his generous contributor. Over the years, the city comptroller has been the man who asks city agencies unwelcome questions about where the money went, pesters them with hit-and-run audits, and generally makes life as uncomfortable as possible for the mayor's end of City Hall. The job worked out well politically for Goldin's predecessor as comptroller, Abraham Beame, who in 1973 was elected mayor—whereupon Comptroller Goldin made Beame's life as uncomfortable as possible. In the matter of the bus-shelter franchise, it was the mayor—Koch, in this case—who had the chance to ask unwelcome questions. The bus-shelter negotiations halted—all these years later, the franchise has still not been awarded—and Koch turned the problem over to his commissioner of investigation, Stanley Lupkin. It wasn't until two and a half years later that Lupkin finally filed his report, which concluded that Goldin's actions had had "the appearance of impropriety and favoritism," although the evidence fell short of that needed for formal charges. During this long non-rush to judgment, Goldin, who, in the tradition, had previously been a big pain to Koch, mostly lay



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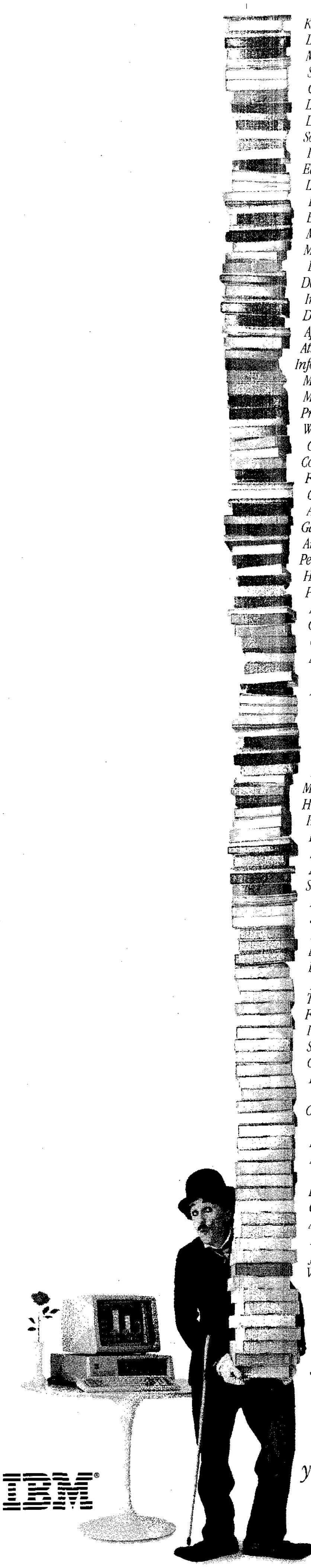

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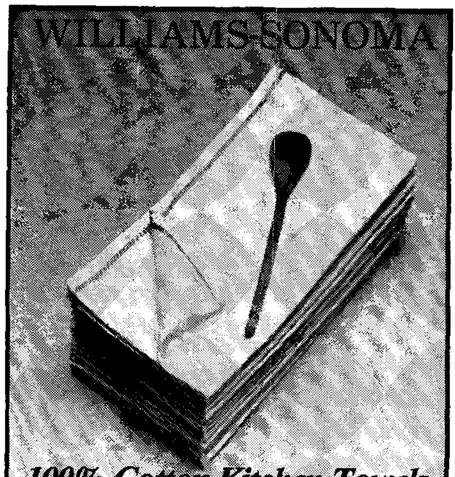
low, giving the Mayor almost nothing to complain about. He was also politically immobilized. There was no danger that he would do anything to give Koch a hard time in the 1981 municipal elections. If, after the release of the report, which he accepted as an exoneration, he had had any idea of taking a flyer in the 1982 state elections, the announcement early in the year that Koch would be a candidate for governor preëmpted that space. The Mayor's decision also spoiled the plans of Miss Bellamy. She had already passed around the word that she would be running for statewide office—either for governor or for comptroller—but under the city charter Koch's entry into the governor's race, in which it was widely assumed that he was headed for an easy victory, seemed to promise her a free ride to the top post in city government, and she stayed out of the statewide election. Koch's startling Democratic-primary loss to Mario Cuomo, who went on to win the general election, meant that Miss Bellamy, whose political allies were already leaking the names of who would be in and who would be out in the new Bellamy administration, was trapped in the cramped quarters of City Council president—an office that is relatively powerless, except for its vote, which is equal to those of the mayor and the comptroller, on the Board of Estimate. The cruelest adjustments of all were those that had to be made by the Mayor and his close associates, many of whom, in roseate moments, had allowed themselves to envision a future that involved a brief stop in Albany and then a shift to Washington and the Vice-Presidency—or even the Big One. ("ED KOCH ON THE MOVE: WILL NEW YORK'S MAYOR END UP IN THE WHITE HOUSE?" was the title of the cover story in the *Boston Globe* magazine for September 19, 1982, four days before the primary.) Even though Koch keeps reminding his supporters—and everyone else—that New York is the greatest city in the world, after last year's dazzling vistas they are bound to feel constricted within the perimeters of the five boroughs.

THE low spirits at City Hall are, to a degree, a reaction to the jubilant sounds coming out of Albany as the new governor gives the impression that he is having the time of his life overseeing every detail of state government—a process that is interrupted at intervals as he takes calls conveying the blandishments of Democratic leaders, including Presidential candidates, assuring him of the brightness of his national political future. The continuing happy hour in Albany is a party to which it is unlikely that many City Hall officials will often be invited except ex officio, on formal occasions. Every few days, there is some new indication that Cuomo, for all his air of enlightened benevolence, hasn't forgiven a single harsh syllable uttered against him during last year's primary campaign, in which Koch, who had defeated him in the 1977 race for mayor, portrayed him as one of life's losers. Despite their own sharp differences with the Mayor over the years, Goldin and Miss Bellamy joined nearly all the prominent Democratic leaders in the city and state in giving Koch their strong endorsement. On Primary Night, there was a curious development. Goldin was with the Mayor at his headquarters, at the Sheraton Centre Hotel, at Fifty-second Street and Seventh Avenue, as Koch made a graceful concession speech, urging his supporters to "be happy for Mario." At Cuomo's headquarters, in the Halloran House, at Lexington Avenue and Forty-ninth Street, his supporters surged forward to hear their candidate's response. Many of them, who had taken great political risks in backing what had been seen as a doomed cause against a powerful incumbent officeholder, seemed almost as stunned in victory as the crowd around Koch appeared to be in defeat. Suddenly, those at the Halloran House were startled to see the slight figure of the city comptroller edging his way purposefully along the front row of the small stage and into the winner's circle. Having made a quick dash across town, Goldin, in the glare of the television lights, leaned over and seemed to be about to kiss Cuomo's pretty wife, Matilda, when strong men intervened.

Now the question is whither politically for the city's three top officials, whose trade has been politics most of their adult lives. The next gubernatorial election isn't until 1986, when the three Democrats will have to run against an incumbent of their own party. Cuomo has insisted that he will keep his campaign vow to serve out his full four-year term. Since the next Presidential election—assuming that he continues to be talked of in national terms—is not until 1988, he would surely run for reëlection as governor. In last year's primary campaign, Koch frequently compared his own impressive achievements as mayor with Cuomo's eight years as secretary of state and, later, as lieutenant governor—assignments that involved more ceremony than substance. The Mayor made the point so often that, as he finished the summing-up for his side in a campaign debate in Buffalo, Cuomo chimed in, and the two men concluded Koch's gibing message in unison: "And *you*, Mario, have *no* record." Cuomo is determined that no one will be able to accuse him of not having stayed with the governorship long enough to establish a record. To demonstrate that he hasn't been distracted from his duties by the gratifying national clamor, he has announced that he will not even leave the state except to handle matters of urgent concern to his constituents. So far, he has been unmoved by reminders that no one apparently held it against another New York governor, Grover Cleveland, that he made a successful run for the Presidency in the year after he arrived at the state capital.

For ambitious local officeholders of a certain eminence, prospects for advancement in Washington are not promising, either. A seat in the House of Representatives would not be considered a step upward (Koch stepped up from there when he got to be mayor), and one of New York's senators, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, was just reëlected to a new six-year term. The seat of the state's Republican senator, Alfonse D'Amato, is not at risk until 1986. In any event, since D'Amato took office he and Koch have been so handy with the mutual compliments that some pol-watchers refer to the combination as "the Ed and Fonz show," and a Koch campaign to unseat the Senator would have to be a classic study in revisionism. The Mayor has now officially reverted to his pre-1982 position that his only ambition is to run in 1985 for a third term as mayor—with the amendment that after that he might run for a fourth term. Meanwhile, Goldin and Miss Bellamy are all dressed up for political advancement with, at the moment, no place to go. It is a strong possibility that after reviewing their options the three could end up, two years from now, running against each other for the city's top job—which now pays a hundred and ten thousand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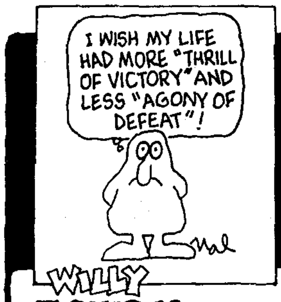
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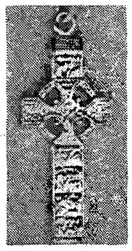
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dollars annually—although City Hall is the place that each of them has at some point tried hard to break out of. Often, the three-way contest appears to be already under way. Every few days, it seems, one of the three will throw a press conference taking credit for some newsworthy accomplishment, which is followed by angry cries of credit snatching from one or both of the others. Goldin's aggressive challenging of the Mayor in the attention-seeking department is already a familiar number on the City Hall entertainment schedule. Koch complained that Goldin—the baby mayor is now forty-seven—kept turning up uninvited for mayoral ribbon-cutting ceremonies, adding, jocularly, that he even brought his own scissors. Goldin now amuses himself by flashing his scissors as he arrives at such events. At one point this summer, there was a demonstration in the City Hall plaza of the Police Department's use of attack dogs. Several times a week, City Hall is the scene of shows that boost the stock of various city departments, local businesses, or ethnic groups and reap publicity for one politician or another—most often for the Mayor. This is not only because he is in charge but because his wonderfully mobile face adds a much-admired comic touch: for example, his mock-manic expression, a few days ago, as he donned a huge sombrero to proclaim Mexico Week. A dog act, however, is a comparatively rare event. When Goldin turned up, the Mayor commented that the least he could have done was bring his own attack dog.

WHEN you're not having much fun, really, at your usual address, a wholesome remedy is to get out of town from time to time. However, the Mayor had a more serious reason for announcing early last month that he would be making a series of appearances around the country. He explained that he would be doing his best to save the Democratic Party from certain defeat in next year's Presidential election by persuading it to attend to the concerns of the middle class instead of "pandering" to "left wing" special-interest groups. The Democratic Party's left wing "doesn't give a rap about the middle class," he said. A Koch speech later in August, in San Francisco, the only one of the series that he has given so far, hit this note exactly and was well received by members of the Commonwealth Club, a

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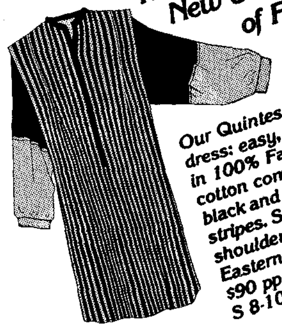
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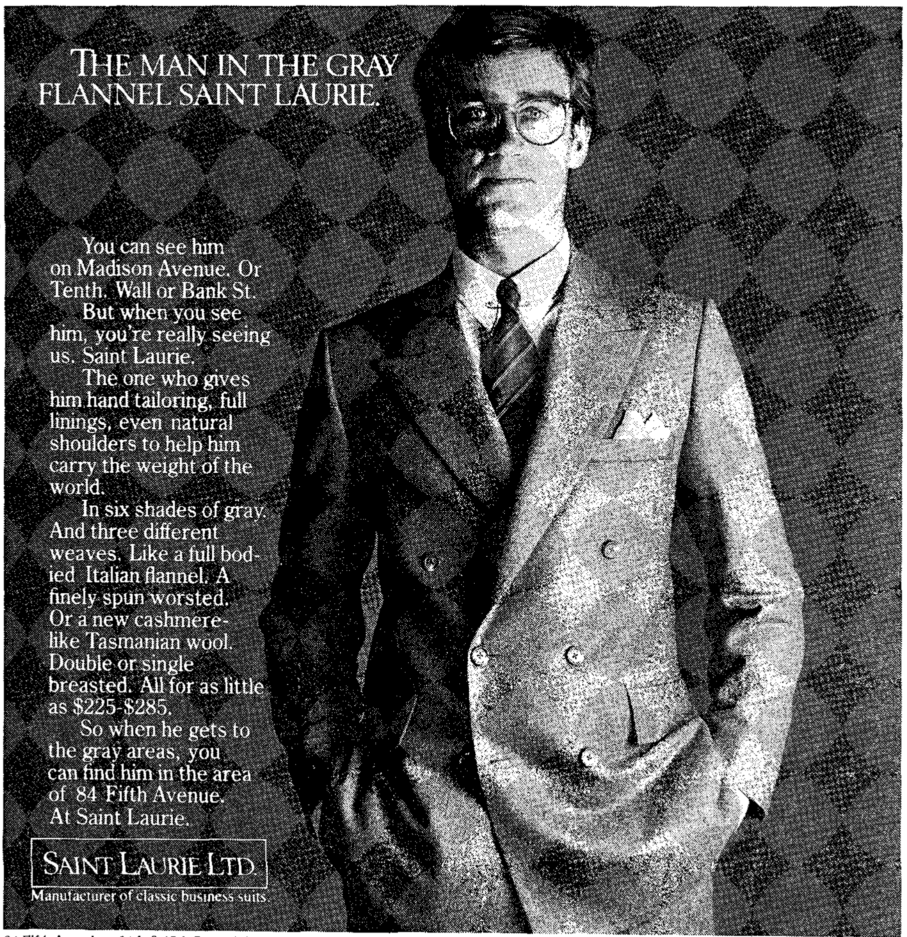
local civic group. The "special-interest extremists" whose "narrow agenda" Koch said that his fellow-Democrats must reject in favor of the people in what he called the American "mainstream" included unduly aggressive supporters of the Equal Rights Amendment and of a nuclear freeze, and advocates of "overly cautious and unrealistic" environmental policies. In pursuit of his theme that the Democratic Presidential candidates must change their tune or perish, the Mayor labelled their positions as, variously, "radical," "ridiculous," and "asinine" and accused them of relying on ideological romanticism rather than good American common sense. Most of the members of the San Francisco audience were presumably unaware that what they were hearing was a reargument of the 1982 gubernatorial contest in this state, in which women, proponents of a nuclear freeze, and environmentalists, as well as blacks, Hispanics, union members, classic liberals, and Cuomo's fellow Italian-Americans, in an alliance that they may have believed to be part of an American mainstream, helped sweep Cuomo to victory over Koch in the primary and, later, over the millionaire businessman Lewis Lehrman in the general election. On one level, Koch seemed to be going national with his side of things, having persuaded himself that last year's returns in his home state had been an aberration. New York, after all, was not America—a proposition with which he would find little disagreement in what is thought of locally as the Great Out There. However, he also indicated to San Francisco reporters that there was some hope for his home state. He said that his great mistake in the primary had been in not stressing to New York voters his philosophy on, for example, narrow agendas versus the concerns of the middle class. If he had done so, he said, he might well have won. In fact, his position as the candidate of middle-of-the-roaders as opposed to Cuomo's allegedly extremist supporters was frequently invoked during the 1982 campaign, as it had been back in his first mayoral race, in 1977, when the concerns of the middle class were mentioned so often that Cuomo, referring to Koch's salary as a member of the House, said, "Eddie thinks being middle class is a bachelor making $57,500 a year."

Since the policies of Ronald Reagan were not really at issue in Koch's San Francisco speech (although the Presi-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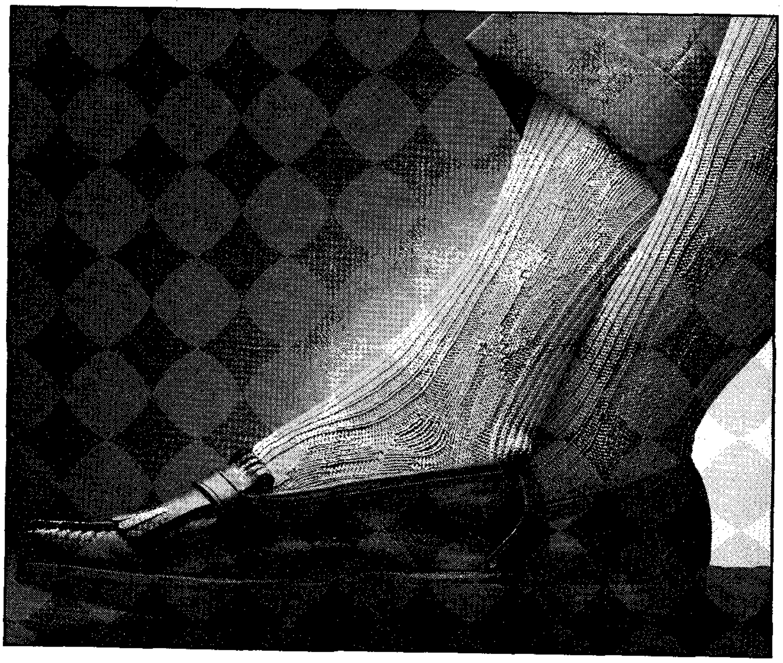
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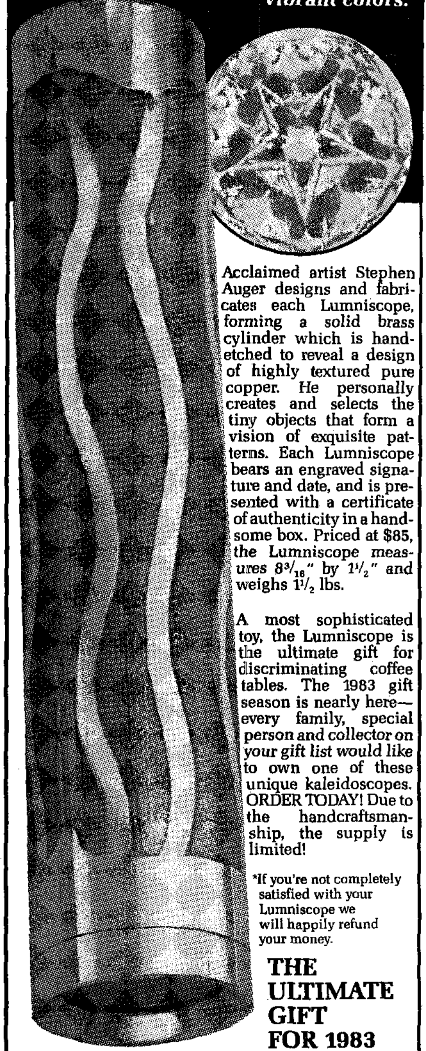

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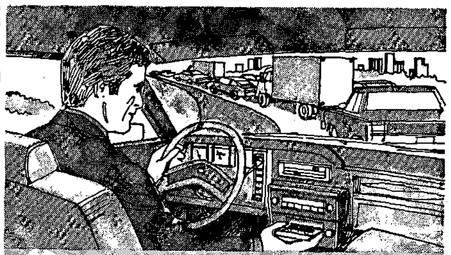
dent had also been denouncing the Democrats for catering to "special interests"), Koch directed only a few passing jabs at the President, and some listeners took his basic message to be that if the Democrats didn't shape up as he suggested the voters might just as well stick with the incumbent President. The next day, the Mayor attracted local media attention as he sampled roast pork in San Francisco's Chinatown and shrimp and crab at Fisherman's Wharf. A few hours earlier, he had spoken at a breakfast meeting of a San Francisco Jewish group. He had previously called Reagan's policies toward Israel far superior to those of Jimmy Carter. Had Carter been reëlected, Koch told the breakfast gathering, "Israel would have been sold out." Carter, the Mayor told them, was "no good. Not only on Israel—he was just no good." He said that although he had supported the Democratic Presidential candidate in 1980, he had done so while "holding my nose." The admiring verdict on the visiting New Yorker of one Commonwealth Club member was "He comes across like an arch-conservative. He's the most sensible politician I know."

Understandably, Koch's message brought him no outpouring of gratitude from the Democratic Presidential candidates. The conservative columnist William Rusher, describing him as "one of the nation's shrewdest politicians," commended him for his astuteness. His philosophy so appealed to William F. Buckley, Jr., that the columnist, quoting Koch's statement that he was a Democrat and would always be a Democrat, referred to a joke about a devout Englishman and a Scotsman; the punchline was "Mon, have you no ambition?" The fact that Koch's appearance in San Francisco—the expenses for which were paid by his 1985 reëlection committee, as a means, it seemed, of making sure that his message got to the five boroughs—seemed to be more popular among Republicans than among Democrats came as no surprise to anyone who had had access to some polls taken this summer by Bill Johnson for the *Post* on the popularity of Reagan and of Koch. They had shown striking parallels between the ratings, favorable and unfavorable, given the two men by various voting blocs. Not only did both do very poorly among blacks but in both cases their support was relatively unenthusiastic among older people, the less affluent, those with the least



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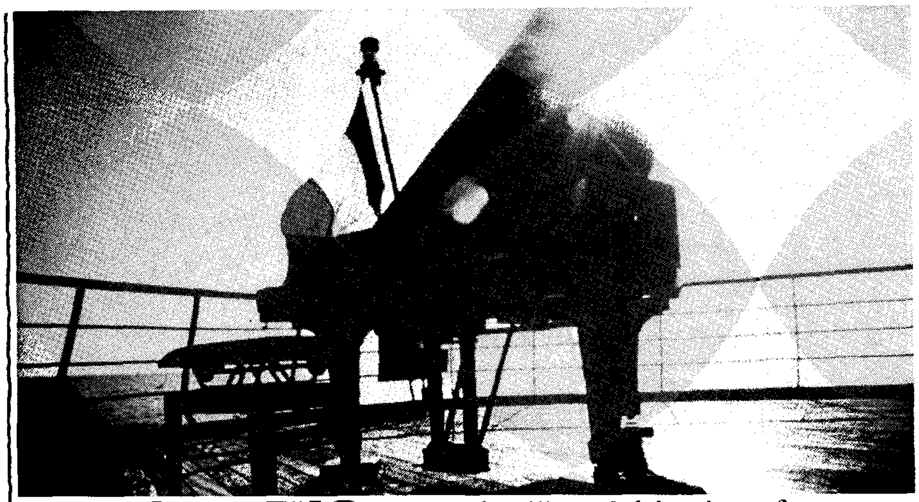
schooling, the most highly educated, and women. According to a Johnson poll, if the mayoral race were held then the most formidable candidate against Koch—far more so than Goldin or than any of the black or Hispanic leaders who believe that 1985 will be the year when they will make the big difference—would have been Carol Bellamy.

TWO days after the Mayor returned from his San Francisco trip, a front-page headline in the *Times* was "HEALTH CRISIS FOUND BY NEW YORK STATE IN TWO HOTELS IN CITY." At the urging of a Legal Aid Society lawyer, a medical team was sent to investigate conditions in two of the fifty local hotels to which the city had assigned over two thousand welfare families—about eight thousand people in all, most of them small children and their mothers—who had been evicted from or burned out of their former homes. The hotels must be used because there are no apartments available for such families at the legal rate of two hundred and eighteen dollars a month for a family of four. The cost for so-called emergency housing in the hotels—emergencies sometimes last for over a year—is about twelve hundred dollars a month for a family of that size, half of the sum being paid by the federal government and a quarter each by the state and the city. According to the investigators' report, which was released by the State Department of Health, many of the children in the hotels were "more than malnourished. They were weak, underweight, apathetic, diseased, and suffering from serious and possibly irreversible physical and mental impediments." There was mention of a seven-month-old girl who weighed only nine pounds, of one crib for twenty families, and of roaches, rats, and urine-stained bedding, despite the huge rents. Although city social workers were assigned to the hotels, many of the children had not been going to school. Calling the conditions "Dickensian," the Governor was also quoted as saying that although it "is theoretically a city management problem . . . I said do everything that needs to be done immediately. . . . I said get food in there." "THE SHAME OF THE CITY" was the headline over a *News* editorial the next day which charged that Koch and his associates "lack genuine concern and compassion." A *Times* article by Lisa Belkin began, "Just days after Mayor Koch entreated Demo-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CHRISTIE'S

crats around the country to pay more attention to the middle class, he and other top city and state officials last week inadvertently rediscovered poverty."

Koch's response was to deny that many of the children in the hotels were malnourished. "KIDS HUNGRY? ED DOUBTS IT" was the *Post* headline. If they were, the Mayor said, it was not the city's responsibility but that of their parents, who, he suggested, were spending food money—since the hotels provide no cooking facilities, the families receive about two dollars a day per person to eat in restaurants—on expensive stereo sets. "It takes people to put the smell of urine there," the Mayor added, and he reminded reporters, "Look, these are third-rate hotels, they're not palaces. But they are comparable to the accommodations these people came from when they were burned out or evicted, and that means they are apartments the middle class wouldn't live in."

The Governor's mind was boggled again. "*Is the Mayor saying we should be satisfied with this?*" he asked. Goldin quickly reminded reporters that he had released an audit last December that questioned the city's arrangements for welfare families. Carol Bellamy introduced a resolution before the Board of Estimate pointing out that during the current fiscal year it would cost forty million dollars to house welfare families in such hotels and proposing a series of stringent changes and specifications that the hotel owners must comply with in order to be eligible for such funds. Since then, more social workers have been assigned to the hotels. At Cuomo's suggestion, the city has announced a plan to condemn such hotels, take them over, and try to improve conditions, using the large sums previously paid in rents. Whether, some months from now, the lives of the children in such places will truly be better, no one can tell, but there is a terrible sense that if it hadn't been for the ugly headlines nothing would have been done at all.

Although one of the problems in locating permanent apartments for welfare families was that the rental limit, set by the state, was not high enough, the Mayor mentioned that even if it were much higher many landlords would not rent to such families, believing that they cause buildings and neighborhoods to deteriorate, and that the city could not force them to do so. A couple of weeks later,

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he made it clear that the city, too, was not enthusiastic about such tenants. At a ceremony dedicating the first seventy-two of a planned four hundred and forty frame houses to be built by the city with federal assistance in the Coney Island section of Brooklyn, he said, to the applause of onlookers, that his predecessors at City Hall had used the neighborhood as a "dumping ground" for welfare families, and that in the future when public-housing units in the area became vacant many of them should be rented to the so-called working poor, rather than to welfare families. He then professed to be so taken with one of the newly built small houses, which were surrounded by abandoned buildings, that he asked, "When can I move in?"

"As soon as you vacate Gracie Mansion," said Comptroller Goldin, who had just arrived on the scene, scissors at the ready.

ALTHOUGH the Mayor is assiduous in his attendance at parades, sometimes making a welcome appearance at three or four ethnic or neighborhood festivals in a single day, for the last two years he has been booed at one of the biggest of these local events, the Labor Day Parade. This month, he skipped it, leaving the place at the head of the march to the Governor, whom the union members—as they keep reminding him—did so much to elect. Instead, Koch spent the time with friends on Long Island. During the Labor Day weekend, he was invited to a big fund-raising party for Judith Hope, who is running for supervisor of the Town of East Hampton. Some of the day's speakers referred to the challenge she would face, if elected, in trying to cope with the proliferation of real-estate development in the community. Koch, in his remarks, assured the guests, as a number of them reported later, "If *I* were governor, I would settle this matter as I do as mayor. I would do it administratively. I would issue an order." Perhaps jokingly, he added, "Of course, it was your will that I shouldn't go to Albany." At the words "If *I* were governor," there were sounds from the crowd—murmurs of excitement, a few groans. The political ramble ain't restful.

—ANDY LOGAN

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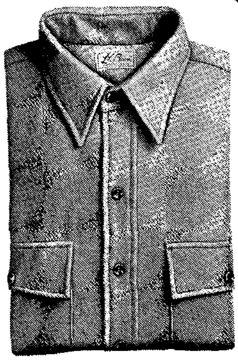

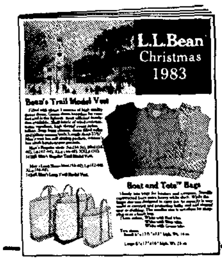

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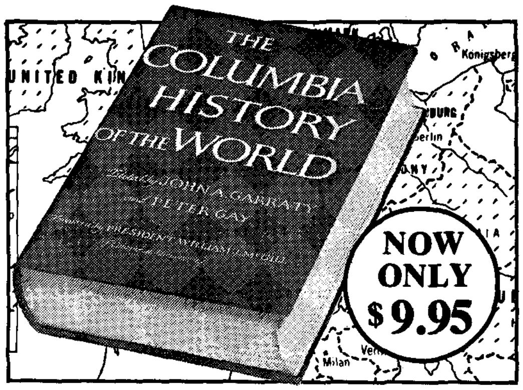

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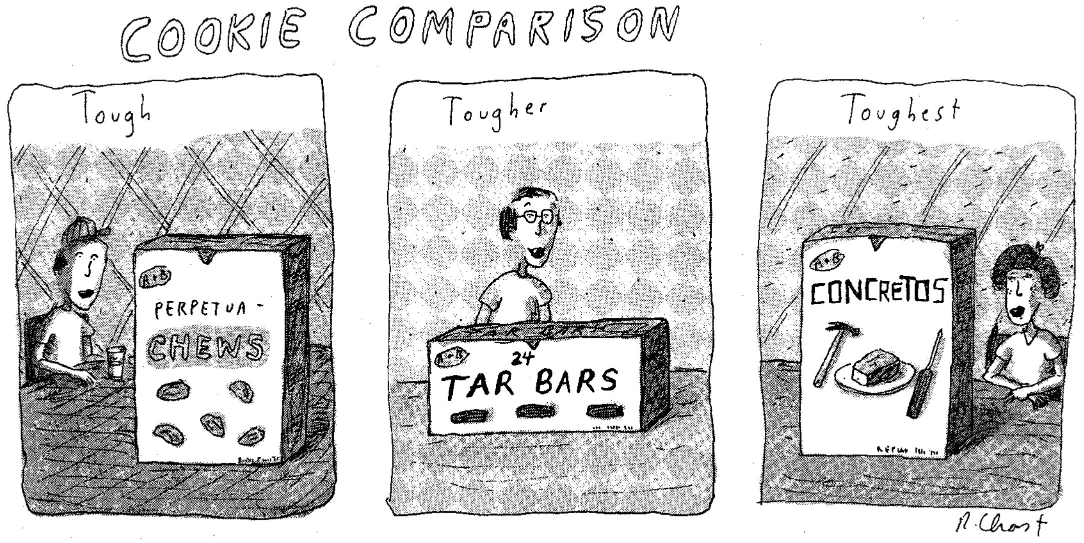
A POLITICAL JOURNAL

WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER 18

FOR all the expressions of shock, dismay, and concern over the news, which broke on Thursday, September 1st, of the shooting down by the Soviet Union of the Korean passenger airliner, and over the fatalities suffered by American Marines on a "peacekeeping" mission in Lebanon in the same week, it was actually not without some relief that Congress turned to these matters when it returned to Washington from its August recess. Though there was little that Congress could do about them, or perhaps because there was little it could do about them, and little was expected of it, members of Congress preferred these new subjects to the one that was on their minds when they recessed—the enormous and seemingly open-ended budget deficits. Neither the White House nor Congress had the political will to solve the deficit problem. The paralysis, and fear of its consequences, had been making many members of Congress increasingly uncomfortable. Having taken the initiative last year to raise taxes without endorsement by President Reagan until the last minute, Congress was in no mood to undertake such a politically perilous action in the face of outright Presidential opposition this year. Therefore, a kind of circular logic was at work: Congress, it has been widely assumed in Washington, would not take significant action until interest rates shot up and/or the financial markets panicked; as long as the markets didn't panic, little would be done about something the markets were most concerned about. Washington has chronic difficulty in concentrating on very many things at once, so the foreign-policy news—for a time, at least—blotted out almost everything else and made it unfashionable. It has long been said that when domestic issues seem intractable Presidents like to turn to foreign affairs; there is an analogue in congressional behavior.

Patrick Caddell, the pollster, talked to me a few months ago about what he saw as the ever-increasing emphasis in our political system on style, verve, audacity; we are developing a political system in which substance means very little, he said. We don't debate anymore—we react. He placed a good bit of the blame on his own profession. "We force politicians to react," he said. "We make them jump; we don't let them think." One couldn't help remembering this in recent weeks. There were the news stories over the summer about the White House "repositioning itself" vis-à-vis important electoral groups—blacks, women, Hispanics, and so on. And some of the reaction to the shooting down of the Korean plane, horrible as the event was, had the aura of politicians wanting to be seen to be reacting in a certain way, rather than of authentic reaction. The self-conscious expressions of outrage had the effect of devaluing the awful event. On the day that the news broke, the politicians who were in Washington flocked to the congressional television galleries to express their indignation. (Congress was not due to reconvene until September 12th.) Some sounded as if they were reading from a thesaurus. (Robert Byrd, Democrat of West Virginia and the Senate Minority Leader: "Revolting, revulsive, repulsive.") There was no premium on keeping cool—on suggesting that, terrible as the event was, too much should not be concluded before more facts were known. Nobody ever went broke in this country by being anti-Communist. Right-wingers used the occasion to say that the Soviet Union was just as bad as they had always said it was, and to assail any attempts to deal with it. They expressed a shock that, logically, they should not have experienced. Democrats took the opportunity to try to outflank Reagan on the right—to show that they could be as tough on the Soviet Union as anyone else. Thus, in the course of a day the "climate" was established; sitting in Washington, one could feel the fever rising.

The President, vacationing at his California ranch, got caught by the emotional pitch that was building in Washington. His first official reaction—the release of a statement by his press spokesman, Larry Speakes, in Santa Barbara, saying that the President was "very concerned and deeply disturbed" about the incident and wanted a full accounting from the Soviet Union of how it had occurred, and would be kept abreast of developments—seemed about right under the circumstances, but it was soon overwhelmed by the emotions of the day, and by the goading of reporters who were asking why the President was not returning to Washington at once. From then on, the public relations of the situation took over. The question of whether the President is on top of things is among the most sensitive ones for the Reagan White House, and his seeming out of touch during an international incident has been a symbolic problem ever since his counsellor, Edwin Meese, failed to wake him when United States planes shot down Libyan jets over the Gulf of Sidra in August, 1981. (Reagan was in Los Angeles at that time.) Moreover, on Thursday evening CBS News showed telephoto pictures of Reagan riding his horse that day. The heated rhetoric in Washington was threatening to take the act of defining the situation away from the President. So in the course of Thurs-



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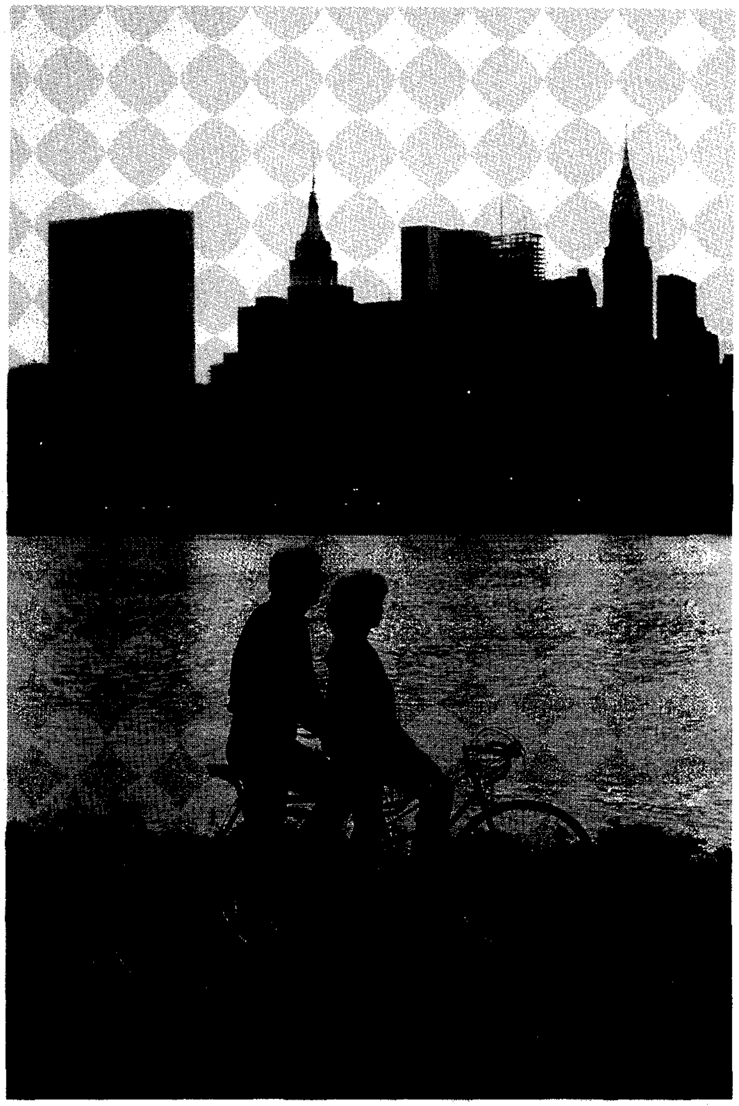

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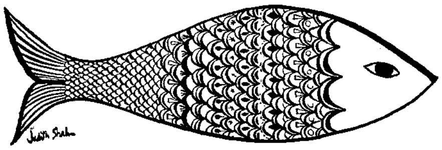
day the President gradually raised the temperature of his own rhetoric and, in stages, moved up the day of his return to Washington from Monday to Saturday to Friday. On Friday, the President was asking, in a planeside statement, "What can be the scope of legitimate mutual discourse with a state whose values permit such atrocities?" and by the time of his televised address the following Monday, Labor Day, he was referring to "the Korean airline massacre." The fact that Reagan was loath to do anything but try to whip up world opinion against the Soviet Union, and urge other nations to suspend flights into their countries by Aeroflot, the Soviet airline, brought him under attack from his own right; if, say, Jimmy Carter had followed the same course, it would have brought heated attacks from Reagan and his political and journalistic supporters. That Carter took stronger action following the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in December, 1979, is one of history's ironies. (Among other things, he cancelled grain sales to the Soviet Union—sales that Reagan resumed in 1981 and had recently expanded in a new long-term agreement.) But Reagan, unlike Carter, had not been accused of being insufficiently muscular toward the Soviet Union. Still, his problem was that his rhetoric was out of proportion to his actions. What's more, rhetoric is policy, too, and no one could be sure what the effect of all this would be on the balance of power within the Kremlin, and on American relations with the Soviet Union, which the Reagan Administration had been noticeably trying to improve—by the grain sale, and also by a recent decision to sell oil-pipeline equipment to the Soviet Union. Both agreements had domestic political benefits, but they also conveyed the Administration's hope of arranging a summit meeting between Reagan and the Soviet leader, Yuri Andropov, and of reaching some arms-control agreement before the 1984 election.

The consensus in Washington was that the Korean-airliner event had sharply altered the political atmosphere. When the atmosphere changes, so do "realities." Just as the SALT II arms-control agreement reached by the Carter Administration was a dead duck as a result of the atmosphere following the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, it was assumed that criticism of the Administration's arms-control policy, and opposition to the MX missile, would not be in fashion for a time. "The atmosphere" is sometimes used as an excuse to justify an action the politicians wish to take anyway. The Senate Democratic leaders had no stomach for taking up the SALT agreement in 1980, an election year; some people who had doubts about the MX but were afraid of the political consequences of opposing it would use the atmosphere as a rationale for supporting it. (Reagan helped set the stage in his Labor Day speech when he linked—by means of a considerable stretch—the shooting down of the plane with a plea for the MX.) Thus, the Senate, on the day after Congress reconvened, approved overwhelmingly a House-Senate compromise of a military-spending-authorization bill that contained funds for the MX; only eight senators voted against it. Two days later, the House approved the compromise by a majority of more than a hundred votes. (The bill also authorized the production of nerve-gas weaponry, for the first time since 1969. The Senate had approved the nerve-gas production earlier this summer by a one-vote margin after Vice-President George Bush broke a tie. The House had rejected it.) In July, the House approved the MX in the authorization bill by only thirteen votes—far fewer than approved it in another bill earlier in the year—and House opponents of the MX had hoped to muster enough votes to defeat it when the bill appropriating money for the military comes up later this fall (though whether they would have ultimately prevailed is dubious). Now they are simply hoping that their defeat will not be of major proportions; and consideration of the appropriations bill is being delayed until passions cool. The authorization bill increased military expenditures by about five per cent after inflation—the amount specified in the congressional budget resolution after a protracted wrangle between each chamber and the Administration, which had sought a ten-per-cent increase. (The Senate, controlled by Republicans, had voted for six per cent and the House for four per cent.)

Democrats were chagrined that the Korean-airliner episode had put them in an awkward position on the subjects of arms and arms control—at least for a while—and were generally of the view that the episode had helped Reagan politically. (No event escapes analysis of its political implications.) Polls taken for the White House pointed to the same conclusion. One Democratic senator said to me, "Reagan's come out ahead here. What he had been saying about the Soviet Union seems to have been validated. And any time you show yourself to be cool under fire, you're helped; he needed that kind of help badly." The fact that the story of the Soviet action turned out to be more complicated, as more facts were known, than the Administration had at first suggested—that there was evidence of a Soviet miscalculation, that an American reconnaissance plane was in the same area for a while, that the Soviets are known to have standing orders to shoot down planes that invade their territory—did not change the domestic politics of the situation. The climate had already been established—and political climates are, by definition, not rational. There was some difficulty on Capitol Hill in arriving at the wording of a resolution expressing Congress's wrath: the hope was to find wording that would receive unanimous support, but getting five hundred and thirty-five members of Congress to agree on anything would be something of a miracle. Various senators—citing polls and other indicia of constituent reaction—wanted to register various degrees of outrage. Senator Jesse Helms, Republican of North Carolina, who is up for reëlection next year, insisted on forcing votes on propositions that would embarrass other members (as he often does)—propositions that, for example, would demand the recall of our Ambassador to the Soviet Union and the expulsion of Soviet diplomats from this country. Other senators would have to vote against Helms' amendments with the knowledge that Helms' allies would be working up mailings criticizing them for it.



THE struggling of Congress over what to do about Lebanon was an example of another political principle: in difficult foreign-policy matters Congress often wants a role but not responsibility. It wanted to be consulted, and to have something to say, about the stationing of Marines in a situation where they were in obvious danger, but it didn't want to take it upon itself to decide when they should

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be removed. The War Powers Act of 1973, the vehicle by which Congress sought to establish its prerogatives, is an odd law that got exactly backward what Congress really wanted. It was passed in reaction to the undeclared wars in Korea and Vietnam, in an attempt to reinforce the Constitution's giving of the authority to declare war to the Congress. The theory was that under the Constitution the President, as Commander-in-Chief, has the authority to manage the armed forces but not to take the country into war without the consent of the people's representatives. One problem was that it was difficult to define "war." The result was a compromise that gave the President the right to do pretty much as he pleases for sixty days, after which, if Congress has not passed a resolution approving his action (and if there is still a world), he has to desist. The sixty-day period was to begin when troops were introduced into "hostilities" or facing "imminent involvement in hostilities." The act was a clumsy attempt to codify the uncodifiable. In the case of Lebanon, Congress was once again presented with an accomplished fact: twelve hundred Marines were sent in as a "peacekeeping force" last September in the wake of the Israeli invasion of Lebanon. At the time of the invasion, Alexander Haig, then the Secretary of State, was telling people that this presented a fine opportunity to bring peace and unity to Lebanon—a proposition that seemed illusory to some. When the Marines were stationed in Lebanon, President Reagan said that they would remain "only for a limited period" and that the United States' arrangement with the government of Lebanon "expressly rules out any combat responsibilities for the U.S. forces." When Congress went home in August, some members were already becoming anxious about the seeming indefiniteness of the Marines' stay, and about the apparent danger of their position. On August 29th (three days before the news about the Korean airliner broke), two Marines were killed, and fourteen were wounded. Two more were killed on September 6th. Now two thousand additional Marines and a naval task force are stationed offshore, and the Marines have been empowered to call in air strikes from the task force. Thus, the United States has become intricated in the Lebanese civil war, with a policy based on improvisation and hope. Congress is nervous about the policy,

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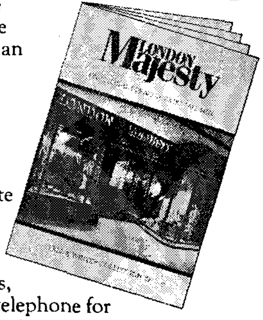

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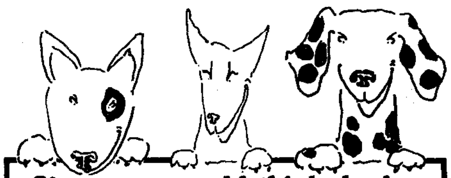

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such as it is, but doesn't choose to reverse it. What Congress is insisting on in this instance is the right to tell the President, under the War Powers Act, that it approves of what he is doing. (It would not need the War Powers Act to do this, or to stop the Administration's actions, just as it could have voted at any time to end the war in Vietnam by cutting off funds for it—though such action would require the support of two-thirds of each chamber, to override a presumed Presidential veto.) But the Administration objected to any use of the War Powers Act. Like Administrations before it, it dislikes congressional involvement in the conduct of foreign policy. Moreover, it would prefer to preserve the fiction that it had not got American troops involved in "hostilities." (Some members of Congress, of both parties, think the Administration is skirting the law in Central America as well.) Secretary of State George Shultz was reportedly in private agreement with some Republican leaders on Capitol Hill that the President should proceed under the War Powers Act, but William Clark, the President's national-security adviser, and Caspar Weinberger, the Secretary of Defense, are said to have been adamantly opposed. Weinberger and Clark have not been notably astute in understanding the psyche of Congress. Once its institutional pride is up, it must be appeased —even if only symbolically. At one point, House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill suggested that Congress would approve, under the War Powers Act, the stationing of the Marines in Lebanon for at least eighteen months —a period that would last, as it happened, until after the next Presidential Inauguration. Senator Charles Mathias, Republican of Maryland, proposed invoking the act and approving the presence of the troops for six months. But since the Administration balked at the use of the act at all, the negotiations were stymied. A number of Democrats were upset at the length of O'Neill's offer, yet few members of Congress want to take responsibility for voting to remove the Marines, for fear the possible collapse of Lebanon would be blamed on them; and there is still substantial sentiment for putting the whole question off until after the Inauguration, keeping it out of electoral politics. At the week's end, Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker, who had been trying for days to persuade the White House to be more flexible, decided to introduce his own

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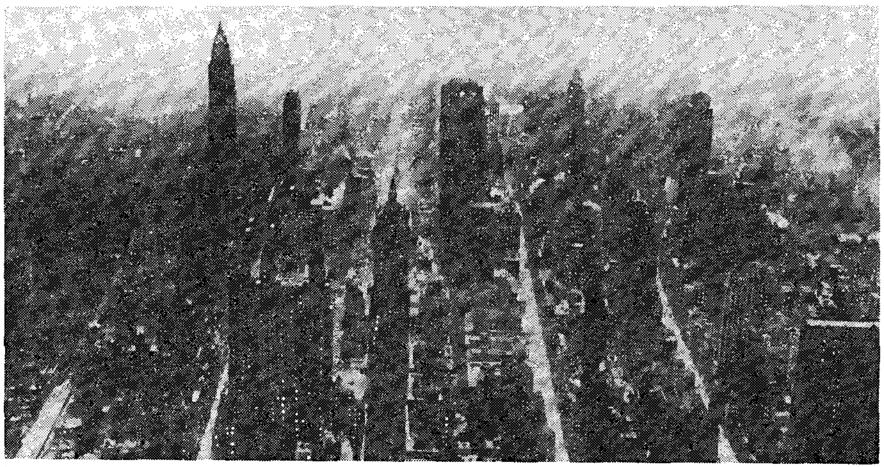

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resolution under the War Powers Act.

Central America was, for the moment, virtually forgotten—there being no immediate crisis, no particularly clear ideas on Capitol Hill of what to do about Central America, and little ability to focus on very many subjects at once. Shortly before the recess, the House did vote to end the "covert" aid to the rebels in Nicaragua, but the Senate was not expected to go along, so the action constituted a "message"—one that the Administration did not enjoy receiving. There had been a brief uproar in late July over the disclosure that the Administration was planning to send warships to conduct maneuvers off the Central American coast, and to send some four thousand combat troops to Honduras, for "exercises" that would last five to six months. The purpose of these moves was variously described as intimidation of the Nicaraguan government, a quarantine of Nicaragua, and an attack on Nicaragua. These actions were taken without Shultz's knowledge—and this provided new grist for the aficionados of the Clark-Shultz relationship. (Shultz is widely presumed to be enjoying a bit of a resurgence these days—thanks in large part to his untypical display of anger over the Korean-airliner incident—but this underestimates Clark.) The appointment of a commission, headed by Henry Kissinger (whom Reagan had made a target during his try for the Republican nomination in 1976), to study the "underlying problems" of Central America coincided with the news of the new military action. The appointment was the subject of much speculation here, because of Kissinger's celebrity and because his motives are always the subject of speculation.

THE death of Senator Henry Jackson, Democrat of Washington, on the day that the news of the Korean airliner broke, came as a blow to Washington. Even those Democrats who disagreed with his ultra-hard line on defense and arms-control policy feel the loss of Jackson deeply. Not only was there much in his career that they admired—his standing up to Joseph McCarthy, his championing of the environment and of domestic programs—but they also admired him as an honorable and effective senator. Jackson respected the Senate as an institution and worked hard at the job of legislating; the number of such people is declining. Jackson liked publicity as much as the next senator, but everyone knew that, unlike some of his contem-

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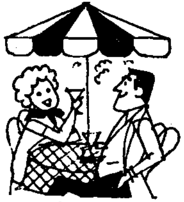

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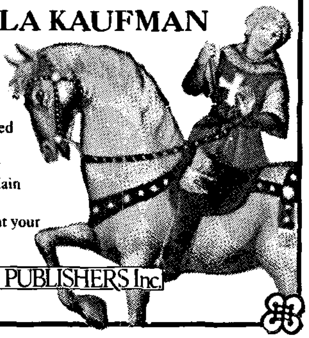

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poraries, he took the job seriously. Moreover, Jackson was a very decent man with his colleagues: political differences did not become personal with him; he contributed no rancor to Senate debates. In an institution that appears to be losing its moorings—its sense of history and of how to make things go—the loss of Jackson is major.

As for President Reagan, the speculation goes on, however futilely, about whether he will run for reëlection. The consensus remains that he will, but there is also good reason to think that he won't. Every move he makes is studied for clues to his intentions. But it only makes sense, whatever he plans (assuming he has made up his mind), for him to postpone his announcement as long as possible. His aides and associates can proceed with the reëlection effort that they have already begun. Meanwhile, if Reagan is planning to run he is “Presidential” rather than another candidate, and should he not run he is not a lame duck. There is also a practical consideration: as soon as Reagan is a declared candidate, the arguments begin over which of his activities are “political,” and so should be charged to his reëlection effort rather than to the federal treasury. Not all of Reagan's advisers believe that the elaborate efforts in recent months to woo disaffected groups are such a good idea. It is suggested that what became known as “Hispanics Week,” “Black Week” (which ended with television shots of black children standing on the White House lawn and waving to the Reagans as they departed in a helicopter for Camp David), “outreach” efforts to placate women, and so on can backfire. One adviser says that such events lead the Administration to make exaggerated claims for its record, thus undermining its credibility and providing forums for its critics. (During a trip to Minneapolis, in June, in the course of trying to establish himself as “pro-education” the President seemed to be unable to recall what his education program was.) Reagan's response to the fact that malnutrition is rising in this country, and that his own budget cuts are being blamed—the appointment of another commission, containing a number of people opposed to increases in programs providing aid to the hungry—did not help him on the “fairness” issue. The question of the “pilfered” papers from the Carter White House and un-

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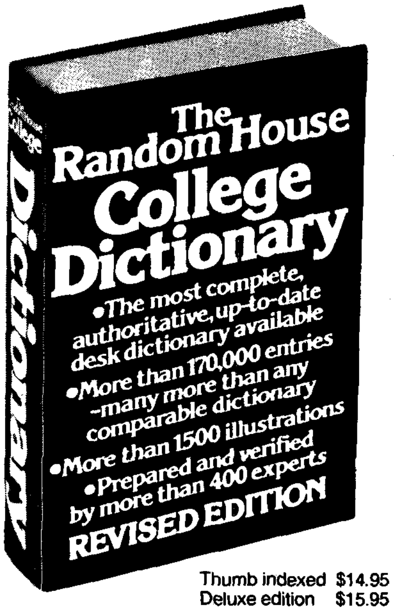

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usual political espionage during the 1980 campaign has virtually receded from view, but the investigations are going forward, and some reporters are still at work on it, and there is still considerable tension within the Administration over who might be fingered. The economic recovery, which proceeded last spring at a much faster pace than the experts had predicted, appears to be calming down, and much now depends on the effect of the deficits on interest rates—a subject over which the President's chief economic advisers are publicly feuding. (Personal savings and business investment, which supply-side theory had held would be increased by the tax cuts of 1981, are below what they were before the Reagan Administration came into office.) Some of the President's advisers do not want a very strong recovery, for fear it might set off inflation, or fear of inflation. Polls conducted for the White House show the President to be getting good marks for holding down inflation and for the fact that unemployment is easing somewhat (though it is now nine and a half per cent—higher than when Reagan took office). One adviser suggests, however, that the most important thing that has occurred politically of late is that the focus on the economy, which the Administration had established as the key political and policy question for the past two and a half years, has yielded to foreign policy. This is something that the President's advisers had sought to avoid all along, but events have not proved so manageable. Flag-draped coffins coming home from Lebanon, the potential political "downside" of the Korean-airliner incident (the presumed increased difficulty in obtaining a summit conference and, perhaps, an arms-control agreement), the warships in Central America—all combine, this adviser said, to undermine the impression that the Administration sought to give of achieving "peace through strength." The more emphasis there is on these kinds of foreign-policy developments, he said, the worse it is for the Reagan Presidency.

—ELIZABETH DREW

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MOST FASCINATING QUOTATION OF THE WEEK

[*From the Boston Globe*]

"I have no comment on John's behavior," said John McEnroe Sr., who watched his son's outburst from 2 yards away in the front row. "And don't quote me."

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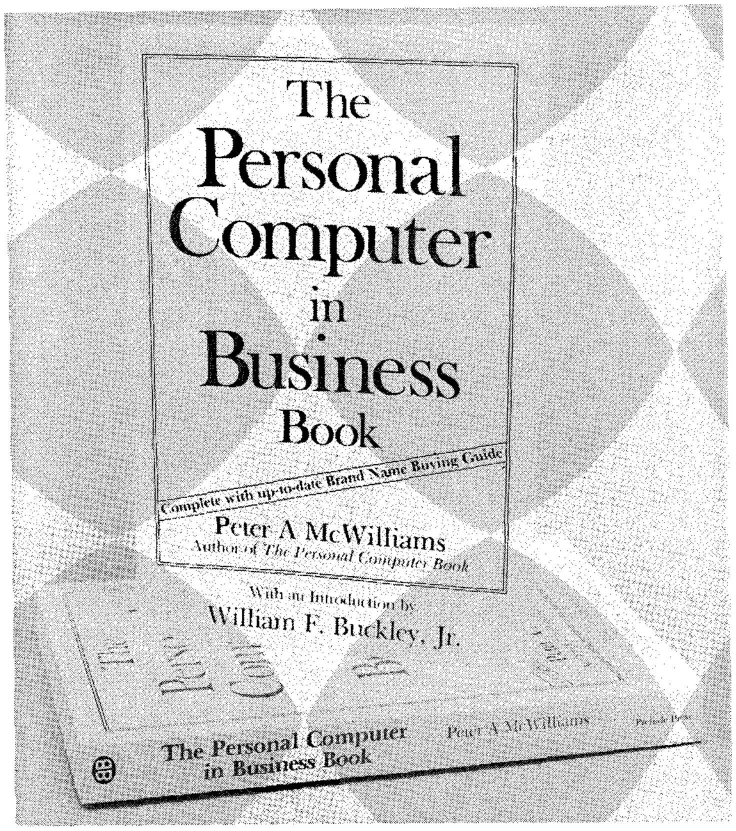
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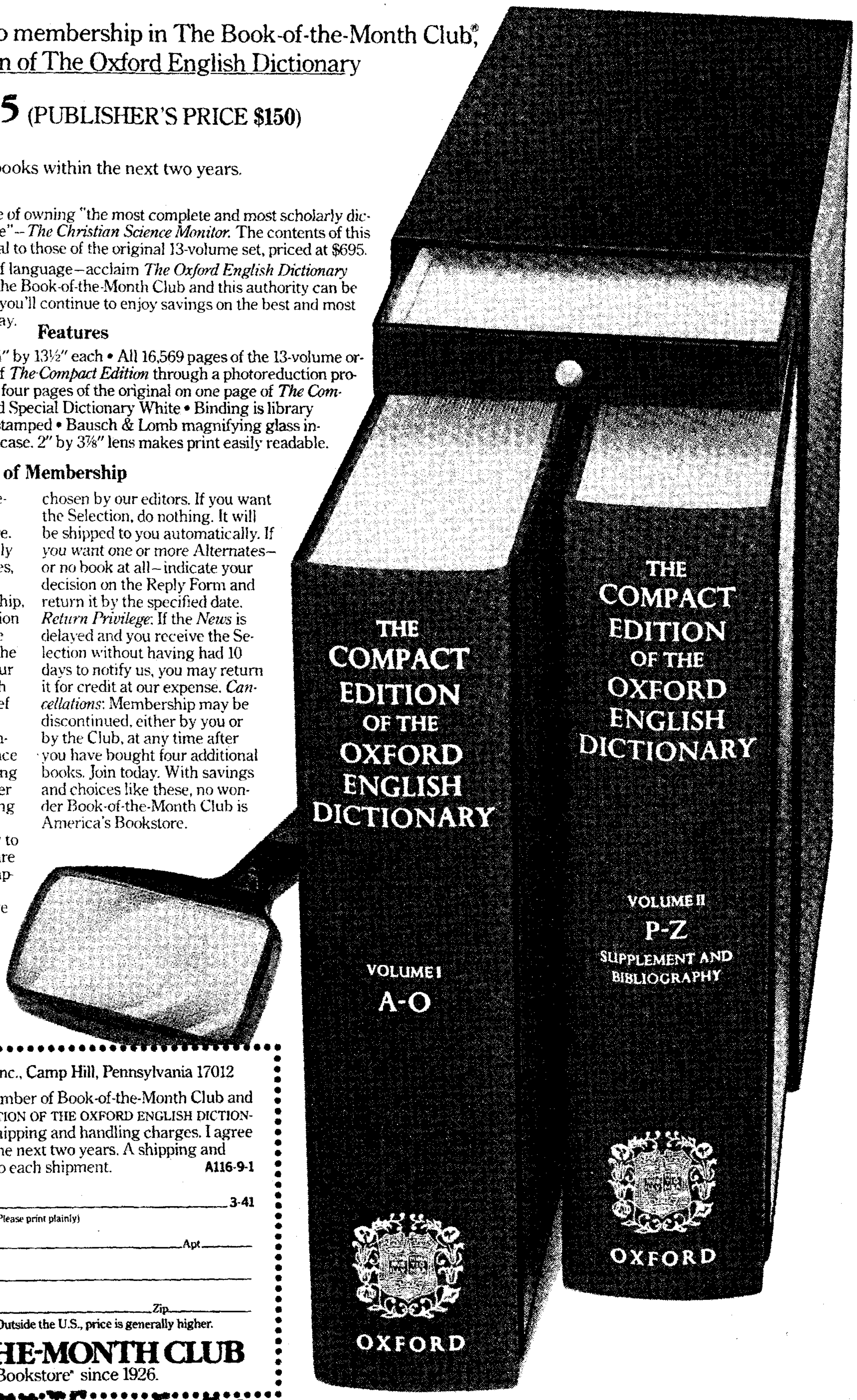
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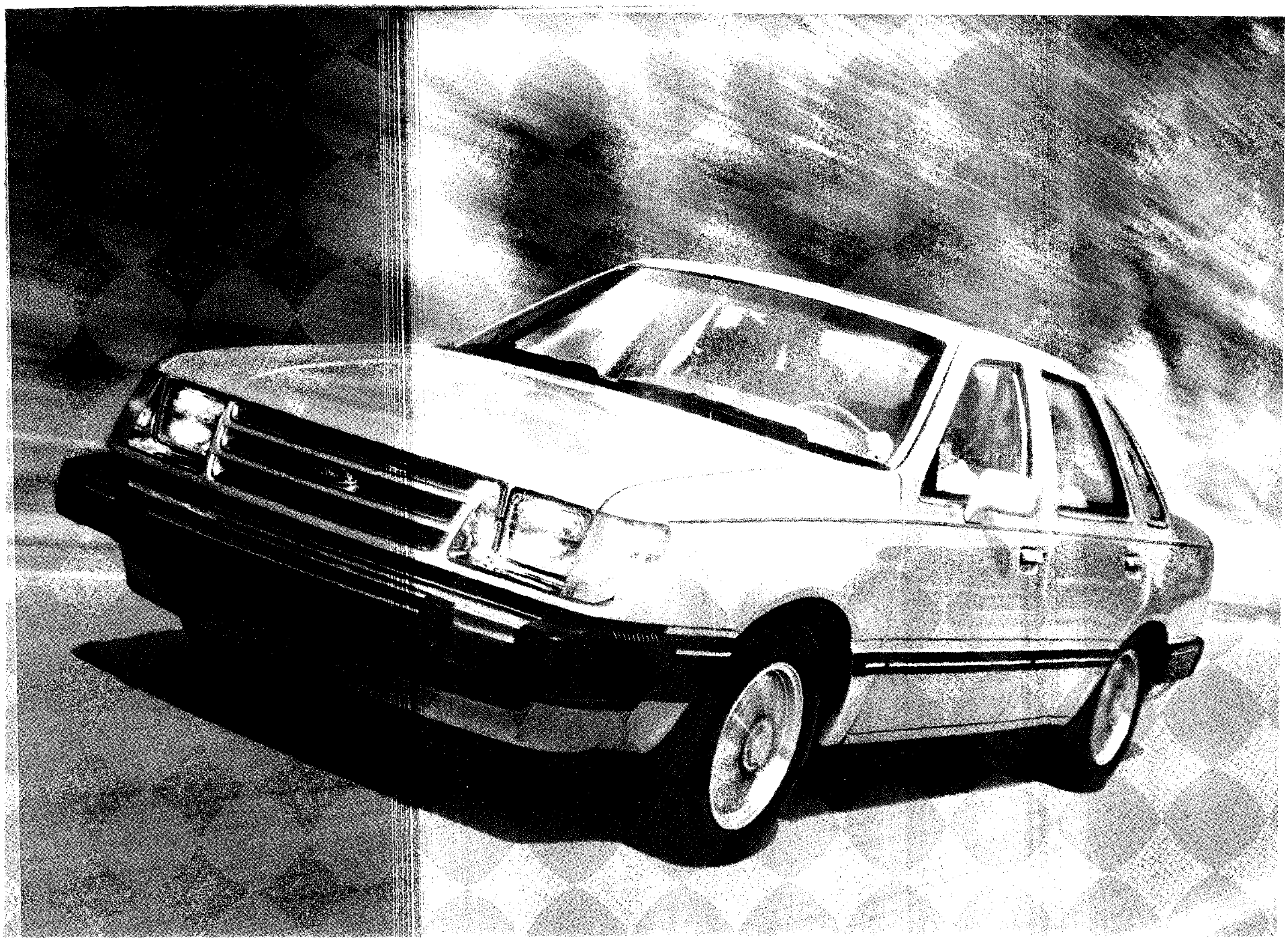

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